THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

AUGUSTA'S BRIDGE—By John Taintor Foote
PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE—By Albert J. Beveridge

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AUGUSTA'S BRIDGE

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

IT WAS something of a coincidence that Augusta and I were born at precisely the same hour on precisely the same day. It pleased both families, so I have been told, to couple us during infancy in romantic speculations. We were thrown together by smirking nursemaids when we could barely toddle. Our childhood was afflicted by the jeers of playmates. In spite of all this we became inseparable.

As far back as I can remember I counted on Augusta. I learned to slink dismally to her when in trouble. I learned to strut before her as she turned pink and breathless at some tiny triumph. On our twenty-first birthday I asked her to marry me. She was sweet about it and cried a little:

"But," said she, "I'm only a habit with you, my dear. Some day you'll fall in love."

"In love!" I said. "I am in love. What must I do—drool at the moon? That only happens in books."

"It happens," said Augusta softly, "here!" Her hand pressed some lacy stuff just over her heart.

"Rot!" I told her. "How do you know?"

She flushed and turned away and did not answer.

For the next four years Augusta suggested the paths my tentative wooings should take. I followed them dutifully but found them empty of the thrills she promised.

And then one day I nearly lost her. Because of her absurd notion that my habit, as she called herself, was between me and a mythical passion, she nearly accepted Douglas Winthrop the last time he proposed. She slipped away from him when his arms had all but closed about her, and came like a breeze down the drive to where I was feeding ginger cookies to Blather and Beedo Beed.

"Well!" I said, not looking at her.

"I couldn't," she said. "I thought I could until—the last minute, and then I couldn't."

"That being the case," I said, "will you kindly step in here behind these gooseberry bushes?"

Presently she tightened her wrists at the back of my neck.

"Boy, oh, Boy," she said, "it comes once to everyone, I think. You'll meet her, some day, and then ——"

"Silly ass," I interrupted. "I won't be paying any attention to that sort of thing. I'll be seeing that Dick Deadeye, Chief of Scouts, does a little arithmetic now and then."

Instead of the scornful look which I got as a rule when I dared greatly, her eyes widened, deepened; then, quite to herself and staring off at the garden: "Yes," she said, "that may save the day."

"Where Have You Been for a Week?" She Wanted to Know

I cannot remember why I selected Jummy Leeds to stand up with me. He was still working for his M.D. and smelled, at all times, of iodoform. Besides this he had the manner and presence of a grampus. He lived next door, however, and I presume the gap in the hedge between the two places, which was not quite grown together, decided me.

As it turned out, Jummy contrived to have a hole in his pocket, which led into the lining of his waistcoat. When urged at the proper moment to produce a ring he seemed to attempt an abdominal operation on himself. It was a failure, and I tore his seal ring from him, slipped it over two of Augusta's fingers, and so was married.

Douglas Winthrop did not come to the wedding. He was trying an important case that day, so he wrote Augusta. He sent four superb candlesticks, a little too massive, I thought, and his best wishes.

Some few months after that I was swinging Augusta in the swing. The seat was a board with notches for the rope. I had swung there, a whalebone youngster, tough as leather, ten hundred times. I could have fallen from the treetop without harm; but when Augusta was well out and up and away from me, the board decided to break in half.

"You fool!" said Doctor Leeds, Jummy's father, two hours later. "You young fool!"

"I didn't know," I stammered. And then, because he had lanced a boil of mine long before and I had been afraid of him for years, I added: "She hadn't told me."

He laughed at that, not a pleasant laugh, and went upstairs again.

Augusta was well in six weeks or so—that is, she seemed well; but the days ran into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years, and the Chief of Scouts failed, somehow, to join us.

I did not miss him—at first, that is. Quiet, efficient, grave-eyed Augusta was enough for a time.

And even later, when the house seemed very still and my work would not altogether shut out that stillness, I could call from my window to Miss Mouse, playing in the Leeds' yard, with one eye on my study.

She was twelve and I was the most interesting of all her possessions, including the yellow kitten, which had lost its voice and mewed horribly without a sound.

Then suddenly she was fourteen and no longer insisted that she would marry me when she grew up. Our games changed, they became less make-believe, and, therefore, less real. I found myself involved in compositions which began: "Dilagents is the cheef necessity of mankind," and ended: "And so you see we must be dilagent."

Soon after that she was sent away for two years at boarding school, her summers to be spent abroad. The stillness in the house became a shout, which drove me to long fishing or shooting trips in the calmer stillness of the woods.

Augusta did not mind. "Come back when you are—rested," she would say.

And now I must write slowly, and tell exactly what happened when we had been married seven years.

Doctor Leeds had died and Jummy, despite his elephantine bedside manner, had acquired an enviable deftness with his big fingers, and could snip away one's appendix with the best of them.

He used his father's old consulting room in the west wing. It was only a step across the lawn from my study to the ground-glass door. I took to sliding through the gap in the hedge and smoking a bedtime pipe with him.

One night a phonograph burst into syncopation from somewhere in the house. I raised inquiring eyes.

"The kid," said Jummy. "Got back to-day. Brought it with her. Going to teach me the new dances." He grinned.

"I think I'll go in," I said. "Has she grown any?"

"Good Lord!" said Jummy.

I understood him a moment later when I had crossed the hall and followed the sound of the phonograph to the living room. She was tilting, floating with the music—and a tall flower swaying in a breeze was coarse, was clumsy, in comparison. I watched from the darkness of the hall until the record was over.

"Hello, Miss Mouse," I said from the doorway. "I've come to pull your hair."

She flashed about on me. "You can't, Gee Gee," she cried, turning her head to show its smooth, dark coils. "It isn't pullable, you see."

"You're not Miss Mouse any more then, are you?" I asked, coming into the room.

"Oh, yes," she said, but gave me her hand quite formally.

"Well then," I said, "I think I'll have to have a kiss. Just like that ——"

"I hoped you would," she said. "Have I changed very much? Do you think you'll like me?"

"Good Lord!" I said, quoting Jummy.

At breakfast next morning I told Augusta. "Catherine Leeds is home," I said. "Quite grown up and absolutely lovely."

"Yes," said Augusta, "she'll have her mother's beauty. I wonder if she'll still trail round after you with big, adoring eyes."

I smiled a wry smile. "Well, hardly," I said. "Wait until you see her."

When I got to my study Miss Mouse was just beyond the hedge, watching my window.

"Go away," I said as I had said so many times before. "Go play with the kitten. I'm busy."

"I want to dance," said she, "and Jummy won't. Will you?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"I want to try some steps," she went on. "Do you know the one-step?"

"It's one of these new dances, isn't it?" I asked.

She nodded.

"I haven't danced for five years," I told her. "But if you'll go away now I'll come over this evening, and you may see if I can learn."

I could and did learn. Miss Mouse was delighted. I promised to come for tea next day and dance with her. I did come for tea next day, and the next, and the next.

We became, as the summer passed, more and more proficient, so that people took to dropping in to watch. Older people at first, who disapproved of the new dances, as they were called at that time, and who later would be the maddest of them all. Then the younger crowd began to come, and begged to be taught, and Miss Mouse and I gave lessons. After an hour or more with the beginners we would float away together, while awed strugglers watched earnestly and with sinking hearts.

Augusta came quite often but did not dance. She had never danced well, even in the old days, and she had grown heavier since then. I persuaded her to try, but gave it up when I found that our efforts together were agonizing.

"Don't drag me about any more," she would say. "There's that lovely Boston. Go dance it with Catherine. I want to watch you."

That I should have given so much of what I regarded as my precious time to this sort of thing was unbelievable. A letter or two from my publisher, asking for a manuscript past due, set me at work for three whole days, although Miss Mouse came to the hedge and informed me that she was having a dreadful time and that I was spoiling everything. On the fourth afternoon someone knocked on my study door.

"Come," I said.

Miss Mouse walked boldly in, helped herself to an easy-chair and regarded me silently.

"You know this isn't allowed," I told her.

"Are you coming over to dance?" she demanded.

"I think not," I said.

"I'm very unhappy, Gee Gee," said Miss Mouse.

I felt my heart leap curiously.

"Life is not all dancing," I said. "It's all right for you kids, but I, unfortunately, must work. You can dance with the others. There's the Kelser boy and Jimmy Lathrop and a dozen more. Why do you come and bother me? Go pick on somebody your own age!"

"I'm very unhappy," said Miss Mouse again.

I wanted to ask why, but thought swiftly better of it.

"You're a spoiled brat," I said. "I'll dance with you to-day—wait a moment—provided you do not bother me again this week."

"Oh, thank you, Gee Gee," said Miss Mouse.

Late that night I thought of that sudden leap of my heart. It was disconcerting. I did not sleep until I told myself that I would go at once to Michigan on a fishing trip.

I went next day and fished the Big Sturgeon for a month. For half of it the wilderness seemed to whisper "I'm very unhappy" at every pine-hung bend. Then the trout came thick and fast and the wilderness grew speechless. I came home fit, sunburned and cured of—what? I dared not name it.

Augusta greeted me from behind the vines of the porch as I came up the walk, rod case in hand.

"I'm glad you're back," she said when I had kissed her. She held my hands in hers closely for a moment. "I've missed you quite a lot this time."

"Good girl," I said. "It's good to know you can feel like that after these years."

"Only seven," said Augusta. "Has it seemed long to you? Oh, it hasn't seemed long to you, has it? If I thought it had I'd ——"

"Hush," I interrupted. "What's happened lately—anything?"

"The town's gone mad," said Augusta—"dancing mad. They dance all day and most of the night. You've been missing it. Did you have good fishing?"

"Yes," I said, "but I broke my best rod. Had a fall and rolled all the way down the rapids. So I've been missing it, have I? Has Catherine found a partner?"

Augusta laughed. "A partner!" she said. "My dear, they hang about her in swarms. Mrs. Leeds is delighted, of course, but a little worried, I think. She's such a tremendous success, and willful too, perhaps. She's been taking long motor rides of which her mother doesn't approve, but somehow can't seem to stop. I'm afraid you're cut out, old married man. The Jeffrey boy is the one who takes her motoring. Agnes Jeffrey's son. He was at New Haven this year and dances beautifully."

As Augusta finished I felt a pang like a knife stab. It lasted only an instant. It left me as quickly as it had come, but with a hopeless hollow feeling, with dry lips and my knuckles white on the railing. I was conscious of a curious hatred of life and what went to make it up. I hated the rays from the setting sun streaming through the vines. I hated the porch and its furnishings. I almost hated Augusta, sitting there, calm as the evening, unalterable as fate. By no miracle of the mind could she become a flame of a girl into whose eager, pulsing life sleek youths were crowding, until at last one of them would take the radiant mystery of her for his own.

And then I heard footsteps, light, rapid, but beating through me like a throbbing heart.

They took the porch steps in four staccato beats and Miss Mouse stood there, her bare throat and arms turned to pink ivory in the last of the sunlight, and the dusk of evening in her eyes.

"I saw you from the window," she said.

It came to me that from this instant life was to be a problem. I would solve it as best I could. How, must be worked out. I must work at it from day to day. Each day a problem in itself. A problem in which one searched for the unknown x of tranquillity through a sum of aching hours.

"I'm Going to New York," I Explained, "for—Several Months"

"Why, what's the matter?" faltered Miss Mouse. "Why do you look at me like that? What's the matter with him, Aunt Augusta?"

I heard Augusta rise and come toward me.

"He's a savage," she explained; "he's just out of the woods. Perhaps he takes you for a wood nymph." Then she spoke my name and I felt her hand on my shoulder.

"Now for it," I thought. "It begins with lies."

I laughed—easily it seemed to me. "When you came up the steps," I explained, "it came over me that you were spindly-legged, pigtailed and freckle-nosed just—yesterday. And now look at you!"

"I still have three freckles," said Miss Mouse. "Look!" She touched the bridge of her nose with the tip of her finger.

"While you two discuss freckles," said Augusta, "I must tell the cook to have more of a dinner than I'd planned. Will you stay, Catherine?"

"I'd love to," said Miss Mouse. She perched herself on the porch railing and stared at the doorway through which Augusta had disappeared.

Her look was tense and a little troubled, I thought. She turned it on me at last.

"Something has happened to me, Gee Gee," she said. "I think I'll tell you. I've always told you everything."

I nodded and lit a cigarette.

"Since you went away," said Miss Mouse, "I've been doing things that mother doesn't like. I don't know what got into me exactly. I couldn't sit still a minute. I just couldn't stand the house and Jummy and mother and—everything. I had to keep going every second. I had to dance like mad, or motor like mad, or something, all the time. If I just sat still I wanted to scream. Do you know what I mean?"

"Go on," I said.

"I've done dreadful things," said Miss Mouse. "I've gone motoring alone with Carl and Eldridge and a lot with Walter Jeffrey, and I made them speed—imagine if mother knew. I flirted with all of them—oh, with dozens. I've been sort of crazy."

"What do you mean by 'flirted'?" I asked.

"Oh, you know," said Miss Mouse.

"But I don't," I said.

She avoided my eyes. "Well, I let them hold my hand," she explained. "And I've squeezed back a little—sometimes. Oh, you know."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Nearly," said Miss Mouse. "Don't look at me like that, Gee Gee, or I can't tell. Walter has—held me in when we went fast—three or four times."

"Kind of him," I said.

"I won't tell you any more," she cried, and sprang off the railing and away from me.

"Come back here, Miss Mouse," I said.

She shook her head. I stood where I was and waited. She came back slowly.

"Well, what?" she asked.

"Go on," I said.

Her eyes filled with tears. Then all in a breath she shot at me: "I've smoked cigarettes, I drank a cocktail—two of them. I've let Walter Jeffrey k-kiss me."

The tears ran over.

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know, Gee Gee," she said, wiping her eyes. "I've had a funny, reckless feeling. I've been wanting something—I didn't know what. I kept trying things. That's why I let him kiss me—to see if that was it."

"Well, was it?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"You didn't like it?" I asked. I waited a long time for an answer. It was a confession when it came.

"A little," she said, and then quite suddenly she was sobbing in my arms. "Oh, Gee Gee," she gasped, "I liked it because I closed my eyes and pretended it was someone else."

How long I held her close against me I cannot say. At last I heard a sound in the hall. I looked over my shoulder and wondered if I saw something white move in the darkness of the hall and disappear. . . . Augusta was in white.

"I'm going home now," whispered Miss Mouse presently.

"Yes," I whispered back, "I think you'd better."

I was still wondering about that shade of white in the hallway when I went in to dinner.

"Catherine changed her mind about staying," I told Augusta. "I'd like a cocktail, if you'll ring, please."

Augusta smiled at me, her grave eyes calm and friendly. "It's nice to have you back," she said. "Bronx or Martini?"

"Then who was in the hall?" I asked myself.

After dinner I went to my room and began to pack.

An hour later Augusta came to my door and looked in. She raised her eyebrows inquiringly at the room's disorder.

"I'm going to New York," I explained, "for—several months."

"New York," she said softly. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" She came and took my hands and brushed them against her lips. "Can I help you about—anything?" she wanted to know. "Anything?" she repeated earnestly.

"I think not," I answered.

Augusta helped me finish my packing in silence.

When I left that night she gave me a fiercely gentle shake.

"Now listen, Boy," she said: "There isn't anything in this wide world I wouldn't do or say or be if it would help you. Will you remember that—always?"

"Always," I said. "I've known it always, for that matter." I kissed her and picked up my bags and left her standing there with her hands clasped tightly together.

II

I HAD learned that the pines and the water and the wind could whisper, over and over, a single phrase, and so I mistrusted them. Surely crowds and noise and lights were better. I would try the swift, stupendous, passionate futility which is New York. Nothing could seem as real where the end is dinners and dollars. Surely a girl's trembling, clinging body, the breath from begging lips, two humans welded into one for just a blinding flash, could not wipe out a world where skyscrapers stood unbowed.

New York! New York! I craved it as some screaming wretch might long for anesthesia.

The high, serene blue dome of the New York Central Station promised well. I stood beneath it and my whirling thoughts grew calmer. "Bug! Worm!" I told myself. "You have an ache inside of you—what of it? They'll put a lacy thing over her hair, and a youth with white flowers in his buttonhole will mumble some hocus-pocus and lead her away, and it will be as though she dies. You have had the faint promise and it was more than all this world. He will have fulfillment and that will be more than all the spheres and heaven besides—what of it? A few years more and you'll be something in a wooden box to be put out of sight quickly lest you become an offense; and then millions of other bugs and worms, all with little aches inside, will scuttle back and forth beneath this placid dome and know you not."

I followed my red cap then, out to the line of taxis; and so began the first of those days in which I learned that New York was made up of four million human beings and—myself.

The division was as absolute as Time. I might have been a disembodied spirit who mingled with them, striving, striving to share their joys or sorrows, work or play, hopes or fears.

I stood it five weeks.

One night I dined, surrounded by the ardent murmur of a hundred tête-à-têtes, and never since the world began has mortal man been more alone.

At last the musicians picked up their instruments. I eyed them listlessly. The cellist sat facing me. He had a tremendous, a startling shock of coarse red hair. Then, as he drew his bow across his cello, I shriveled where I sat; it was a waltz—our waltz, Miss Mouse had called it—and it rose and sobbed and died.

The big blue dome welcomed me next day, eager, human, alive—for I was going back. Back to where the world was real and wonderful, because it contained her voice, her footsteps, her laughter.

I would see her now and then—never alone, of course—but when others watched and judged how faithfully I served convention.

I had been a coward to run away without a single word. We would have one talk. I would speak of that moment in which I had held her in my arms. I would refer to it lightly as a sort of foolish fondness, in which my attitude had been almost paternal.

I would become the Gee Gee of old, who listened to troubles, advised, sometimes scolded—so the next few years would pass somehow. I refused to think of the youth with the white flowers in his buttonhole. Perhaps, when the time came, I could bear it better than now.

I left on the Twentieth Century. The train seemed to bore forever through black velvet shot with stars. Ages passed, in which I snapped on the light from time to time to find that years of tossing and turning or staring straight up at the unwinking shimmer of the upper berth were only fifteen minutes on the dial of my watch.

I arrived at last. The motor did not meet me, and I thought this strange. Then I remembered I had forgotten to wire. As I entered the house I heard voices in the study. When I reached the study door I heard Augusta speaking. "I must! I must!" she said. I opened the door quietly, fearing callers.

Augusta was standing by the desk, half turned from me. She was looking out at what the frost had left of the garden. Close beside her, with his arm about her shoulders, was Douglas Winthrop. He was leaning forward, peering into her face. "You are the most wonderful woman on God's earth," he said. I closed the door softly and went up to my room.

For an hour I sat there thinking. Had it been any woman but Augusta! I doubted my eyes and my ears. Augusta! Augusta! It simply could not be. But what if it were so? What if a wise, a kind, an adorable God—whom I had come to hate—had contrived to save me. Had given me back my life to do with as I pleased. . . . Why then—"Miss Mouse," I whispered, holding out my arms. . . . But first it was necessary to make sure. If there was some explanation Augusta would make it, of course. If she avoided it, the case was clear and I could tell her—everything.

I went downstairs and found her still in the study, alone. She was in my work chair, one arm thrown across the desk, her head bowed in the other.

"Augusta," I said.

She raised her head and straightened up slowly. I was distressed by her appearance. Her face was thin and her eyes, though big and bright, were sunken.

"My dear," I exclaimed, "have you been ill?"

"A little," she said. "Did you just come?" I was close to her chair by now and stood looking down at her. In some indescribable way she contrived to make a kiss seem awkward.

She did not avoid it by the slightest withdrawing, and yet it became easier for me to seat myself on the desk without even touching her hand.

"Why didn't you let me know?" I asked. "You've been ill—I can see it. Why didn't you let me know in one of your letters? I'd have come home at once." She replied that she had not been really ill, and that she did not wish to worry me. As we talked on it became clear that she was not herself. In her voice, her gestures, her eyes, was a sort of timidity. It was as though she expected a reproach at any moment. She did not mention Douglas Winthrop, although I made a point of giving her an opportunity to tell me who her caller had been. I said that I had heard voices when I had first come in and had then gone to my room.

"Yes," she said, "I was here in the study most of the afternoon. Are you going to dress before or after dinner?"

"Dress!" I exclaimed. "Why should I dress? Are you expecting someone?"

"The party," she said, "Catherine's coming-out party. Aren't you going?"

"I've seen no one except you," I said. "How should I know about a party?"

She dropped her eyes to her hands, folded in her lap. "I thought perhaps she'd written you; I thought perhaps that was why you came home."

"No," I said gravely, "she hasn't written me."

"Well, you must go," said Augusta.

"You don't sound very keen about it," I said. "I don't think you're up to it just now. Perhaps we'd better stay home this evening."

"Oh, I'm not going," said she. "Mrs. Leeds will understand. But you must. It would break Catherine's heart if you didn't. I'll put your studs in while you're shaving."

We settled it that way. I was to tell Mrs. Leeds that Augusta did not feel equal to the party.

"Don't come home early on my account," said Augusta when I left. "I'm going straight to bed."

"Well, good night," I said, and hesitated; but Augusta had turned back and already had one foot on the stairs.

I crossed the lawn to the gap in the hedge. The stars were out in bright millions, and I raised my eyes to them. "She loves him," I thought, but not exultantly. Somehow this undreamed-of situation, which promised to solve my problem to the last fraction, brought crowding memories of Augusta, grave-eyed Augusta, and the quiet and friendly years.

They were swept away later that evening under those same bright stars. I had danced twice with a creature more lovely than mere humans have a right to be. She had given me one flaming look, and then not the smallest sign. I might have been one of fifty others who pressed about her. Perhaps this was responsible for the madness which seized me later. For when I had asked myself ten thousand times "Has she forgotten?" to be answered by a perfunctory smile when her eyes chanced to meet mine, I became hideously certain that some high destiny, in which I could not enter, would claim her, and that her instinct told her so. She seemed to have become the impossible and I the hopeless fool.

Then I would have left, and so I waved good night to her from the doorway as she floated past. In an instant she was beside me.

"Don't go, Gee Gee," she said. "Please, oh please! Wait till the others go."

I nodded with a beating heart, and she returned to her partner.

Later, when only a happy mother, a proud though yawning Jummy and myself were left to worship, she darted from the room and came back in folds of downy white.

"Why, where are you going?" faltered Mrs. Leeds.

"Out on the terrace," announced Miss Mouse. "It's been so wonderful, Mumsy, I must talk it over all alone with Gee Gee."

"Go to it," said Jummy. "I'm going up and talk it over with the old oaken bedstead."

"Perhaps you can quiet her down," assented Mrs. Leeds. "Make her come in as soon as you can."

"In ten minutes," I promised.

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"Life is Not All Dancing. It's All Right for You Kids, But I, Unfortunately, Must Work"

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

By Albert J. Beveridge

WE ARE told that we must prepare for war; and, according to our forefathers, this is the voice of prudence. But are the ideas of those who favor military preparedness comprehensive and practical? They direct the popular mind to the necessity for training our citizens to be soldiers, which is plainly right if we are to have an army; for, of course, a man cannot be made overnight into a soldier any more than he can be instantly transformed into an engineer. Just as a bookkeeper would wreck a train if he tried to run an engine, so an officer who did not understand his business would sacrifice a regiment, and an untrained private would be in the way of his comrades.

Actual warfare, however, requires not only disciplined armies but also swift mobility. Immense numbers must be moved long distances quickly and easily. The problem of transporting men, with their equipment of horses, provisions, guns and ammunition, is as important as that of training them. Yet this vital matter does not seem to have engaged its proper share of the public thought.

While we are educating our young men in the manual of arms, should we not also and equally be improving our facilities to move them when the hour of danger suddenly strikes? This means putting our railways in a high state of efficiency—the improvement of roadbeds, repair and increase of rolling stock, coördination of lines and, especially, enlargement and unification of terminal facilities.

This large task will take as much time as the instruction of a million men in martial duties. It needs doing even for the activities of peace, and is indispensable for the emergencies of war. Yet our financiers have loaned five hundred million dollars to warring nations while practically no money can be borrowed to improve our railways and increase their efficiency.

Next to well-equipped and thoroughly up-to-date railways, transportation means good, solid wagon roads. Even in normal times the economic value of such roads is well-nigh incalculable; but in a period of armed conflict victory or defeat may depend upon the condition of the common highways. All this is well known. And yet though far-seeing men have for some years been urging the good-roads movement upon the people, and some progress has been achieved, our highways in general still remain among the worst in the world.

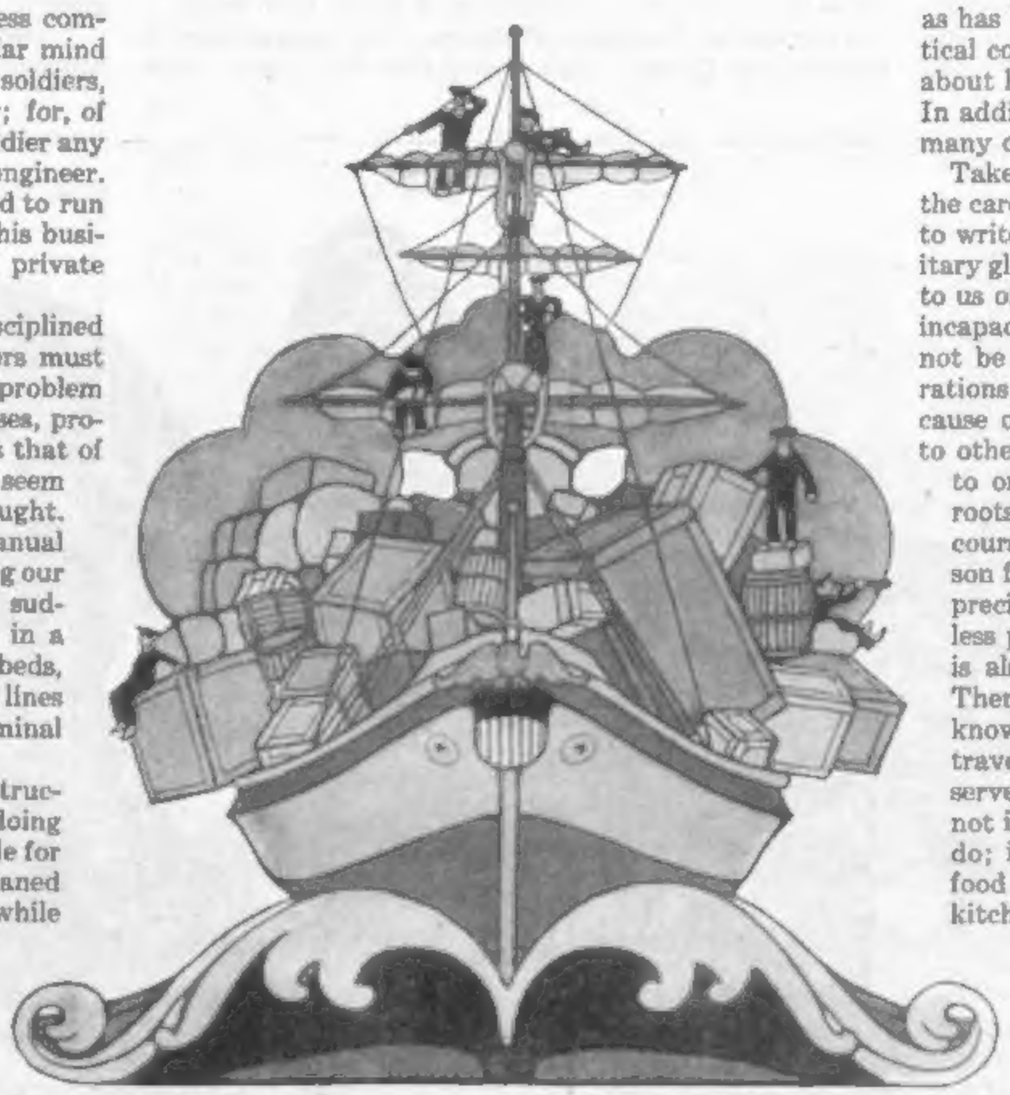
If we ever have war it will, of course, be one of defense, which means an attack from oversea. Troops will have to be landed on our shores. The navy rather than the army is plainly the first means to prevent that. If it be assumed that some foreign power will strike us, then we must conclude that any foreign power may strike us. All history shows the truth of the maxim that "There is no sentiment in international politics." For instance, who would have believed, eleven years ago, that England and Russia would to-day be allies instead of antagonists in an actual war? It is only necessary to recall English literary attacks on Russia, such as Kipling's famous poem, to appreciate the adage that "Politics makes strange bedfellows."

So, conceding the possibility of war, nothing is unthinkable as to whence or when it will come upon us. Nobody can say with certainty what nation or nations will assail us. History and common sense advise us to have an eye on those whose interests conflict or are most likely to conflict with our interests. Sentiment has not the least thing to do with it. The most ruthless wars have been between kindred peoples; and fervent international "friendships" of long standing have become international hatreds in a day, made so by the collision of interests. I am not arguing whether this ought to be so or not; I am stating the fact.

Modern Wars Economic Struggles

AT BOTTOM most modern wars have been economic struggles—conflicts of trade or expanding populations or both. A large and steady growth of our exports to foreign markets is indispensable, for we must dispose of our surplus. Our location for world trade is excellent; we face the two great oceans that lead to both Europe and the Orient, and are adjacent to Central and South America.

But, by the same token, we have a longer and more vulnerable coast line than any other country. Should we be attacked at all, it is possible that we shall be struck a double blow from over the Pacific and Atlantic at the same moment. For several years grave portents have appeared in a certain quarter where we have large interests and where our trade naturally tends; and we now are in a trade controversy in an opposite direction. If, then, it be conceded that we should prepare at all for hostilities, does it not follow that the navy has the first claim upon our consideration and our pocketbook?



And does not a navy adequate for our defense mean a navy larger than that of any other nation? For, granting for the sake of argument that war is possible from some quarter, it cannot be too often repeated that the attack may come from any quarter. Unless we fix that fact firmly in our minds we cannot think practically about preparedness at all; and we had better call the whole thing nonsense and become outright pacificists—they at least have a clear-cut if dangerous program and a noble if bizarre ideal. If we are not to be ready to ward off the strongest force that can possibly be sent against us from oversea we might as well make no preparation. Half preparation is double folly—it spends much money and gets no security.

The Possibilities of an Adequate Navy

IN THE purely defensive view our own history proves the value of the navy. For instance, it is reasonably probable that if we had then had a navy the ravages of the French Republic upon our sea-going trade, which caused the establishment of our navy department in President Adams' administration, would never have been committed; and although we then began building ships as fast as we could, our naval war with France continued for almost two years. Naval preparedness would have prevented it altogether.

Again, it is fairly certain that if we had possessed ships of war anywhere near equal to those of Great Britain in number, size and efficiency, that power would not have impressed our seamen, plundered our commerce, or indulged in any of the lawless and high-handed acts which brought on the War of 1812.

Omitting other similar instances and coming down to recent years, it is well known that with two more first-class battleships the American Navy would have so far outclassed the Spanish Navy that Spain would have had the excuse—for which she was so eager—to avoid conflict with us, could have saved her face before other nations, and would gladly have yielded to our demands about Cuba without war, thus saving her the expense and at the same time preserving the Philippines.

It is believed by some moderate-minded and well-informed men that if our naval program had been heavier President Roosevelt might have been able to secure, from The Hague Conference, further agreements looking to the avoidance of some causes of modern conflict.

Yet, plain as is the preponderance of the navy for defense and war prevention, it is a curious fact that it occupies a secondary place in the appeals of the advocates and opponents of armed readiness, and, in the public mind, is completely overshadowed by arguments for and against and discussions about the training and equipment of armies.

Does there not then appear to be a flaw in our thinking even upon the simplest elements of the much-talked-of subject of preparedness? Indeed, as has been pointed out, this want of thorough and practical consideration of the problem is apparent in our ideas about land forces, which so engross our mental processes. In addition to the item of transportation, already noted, many others may be cited.

Take, for example, such a simple and obvious matter as the care of the soldiers' teeth, not the most romantic topic to write of nor one calculated to arouse ambition for military glory. Nevertheless, it is vital. Accounts are coming to us of large numbers of men in certain European armies incapacitated by bad teeth. It is obvious that a man cannot be a soldier who cannot thoroughly masticate army rations; and all modern physicians will inform you that the cause of many ailments, formerly believed to be confined to other portions of the body, are now positively known to originate in defective teeth, and particularly in the roots, hidden and unsuspected by the patient. And, of course, a man with an aching molar is not an ideal person for patient marching or the cool-headed execution of precise orders. Much the same may be said of the still less poetic item of the care of the feet; which, however, is also a necessary element of the problem of armies. Then there is the small matter of food. Everybody knows the truth of Napoleon's epigram: "An army travels on its belly." How many cooks are necessary to serve a million men? And how many have we? You cannot improvise a cook. Just any kind of cooking won't do; indigestion is a first aid to the enemy. Also soldiers' food must often be prepared on the march; the field kitchen is as important as the machine gun.

When we are listening to stirring arguments for military preparedness we are thrilled with patriotic emotion, and through our veins runs the divine fire of loyal ardor for the defense of our land. But while, in our praiseworthy exaltation, we hear the blast of bugle, roll of drum and thunder of giant gun, and behold visions of uniformed marching thousands and gallant squadrons charging to victory, very few of us visualize in this martial picture the chiropodist, the dentist or the cook.

Peaceful Foundations for Martial Readiness

IF IT be conceded that the humble details of teeth and feet are essential parts of military preparedness, modern science and, indeed, everybody's experience teach us that attention to these must begin very early in life. Such items are, of course, only examples of many others. Correct breathing is another; so is proper eating. In short, to make a nation of good soldiers we must make a nation of sound men. But such men would make better and happier citizens in time of peace as well as strong and effective warriors in periods of conflict.

I have written all this in an attempt to make plain the primary and simple truth that military preparedness cannot be dealt with in a thoroughgoing and practical fashion if we consider it as a separate problem—a thing apart from and alien to our ordinary daily life. Real military preparedness is only a branch of universal preparedness—preparedness in education, in industry, in life. Real efficiency in war means equal efficiency in peace. It signifies not only physical fitness, but mental development and an appreciation of the spiritual. It denotes not only vigor of body and an informed understanding of the care of health, but the trained ability to work in intelligent harmony with others, and a comprehension of ideals for which men are glad to fight and die as well as to work and live.

So we must adopt a deeper and broader theory of life if we are to make the best preparation for war; for, of course, if we are going in for war preparation at all we want to do it in the very best possible way. And perhaps we shall find that a fuller and more thorough philosophy of the purposes, duties and results of life, together with the practice of that philosophy, is what we need even more for our useful happiness in time of peace than for our destructive efficiency in time of war.

The present conflict of nations well illustrates this principle. We hear that Germany was prepared for war, and this is true; but it is also true that Germany was even better prepared for peace. This is shown by the startling facts that seventy million people, in a country only three-fourths as large as Texas, were living so comfortably that for many years there has been practically no emigration from Germany and some immigration to Germany; that her cities are without slums; that practically every foot of her soil, by nature very poor, is cultivated; that poverty throughout the country is less than in most countries, including our own; that her foreign commerce was,

comparatively speaking, overtaking or had passed that of all other nations—and by many other similar facts.

On the contrary, we are told that Great Britain was not prepared for war; and again this is true on land, although she was overequipped on sea. But Great Britain was even less prepared for peace. This is shown by the labor upheavals of recent years; the vast and growing numbers of unemployed; the terrible slums of her cities; the comparatively small quantity of her food-producing soil under cultivation; the extreme poverty of large numbers of her common people alongside the incredible wealth of a small part of her population; and by the decline, again comparatively speaking, in the growth of her foreign trade, on which her national wealth depends.

It has been observed that these British conditions are the results of democracy; but as earnest votaries of government by the people we cannot concede this. For we observe that Switzerland is as well prepared for war as Germany was, and that in Switzerland the population, although dense in its habitable areas, is so prosperous and content that there is practically no emigration from the mountain republic; that Swiss cities have not even their poor quarters in our sense of the word; that practically no Swiss man or woman is without employment; and that poverty as seen in England and America is unknown in Switzerland. Yet Switzerland is a democracy—indeed, the only pure democracy on earth.

Nor can Germany's fine economic conditions be the result of her so-called "autocratic" government, as so many people mistakenly think they are; for Russia has a far more absolute rule than Germany has or ever had. Yet with her incalculable natural wealth and resources, economic conditions in Russia are worse than those in England. And we are informed that Russia was as unprepared for war as she certainly was unprepared for peace.

On the other hand, France is a democracy, although a limited one compared with Switzerland; but the French people are so well off and content that there is no emigration at all from France except to her colonies, her cities are well managed, her soil is all cultivated, and the curse of poverty, which so plagues Russia, England and America, is negligible in France. Also, as events have proved, France was better prepared for war than any other country except Switzerland and Germany; France had a larger standing army, per capita, than any other first-class power, and the great Schneider artillery and naval works were the finest and largest in the world except those of the Krupps—many considered the French establishment superior to the German in both quantity and quality of output. Prior to the war it was selling artillery and arms to more countries than the Krupps.

Conversely, Turkey's government is autocratic; yet the conditions of the common people are so much worse there than in Switzerland, Germany or France that there is no basis of comparison. As to war preparedness, it did not exist at all in autocratic Turkey.

Canada, on the other hand, presents an example in both peace and war. Canada is a much purer democracy than the United States, because her constitution permits of party government and flexible elections, which automatically refers everything to the people if they wish such a reference. Also, Canada's fundamental law gives to the nation all power not specifically bestowed on the provinces, which is the exact reverse of our Constitution. And Canada is far ahead of us in solving certain vital problems of peace, as, for instance, the settlement of labor disputes, the management of the trust question, the relation of banking to business, the regulation of railways, the handling of the tariff, and, above all, the superb administration of her admirable immigration policy, which peoples her prairies with the best stock and leaves her cities without slums. All this does not account for that orderliness of life and respect for law which make Canada unique on the Western Hemisphere. When war came Canada's mobilization of men and resources was only less notable than the splendid gallantry of her troops.

It has been said so often that it is taken for granted that we Americans owe our wonderful progress solely to our republican form of government and the energy of our people, which our political orators declare and all of us admit to be unrivaled. But it is not true. Our politics, which we mistake for liberty, absorbs valuable time and energy without intelligent results, while the splendid enterprise of our people is shackled by absurd, obsolete and utterly unscientific business legislation.

The truth is that free land has thus far delayed for us industrial and social problems which other countries have had to face and solve without such aid. For a long time before the beginning of our present government, up to within fifteen or twenty years ago, the poor, homeless or distressed in America always could get plenty of fertile and virgin soil almost without paying for it. Even now our population is scanty. If it were as dense as that of France or Germany we should have more than a billion people in the United States instead of a hundred millions.

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THE MAN HUNTERS

By Melville Davisson Post

THE DRAGNET

THE young Countess Marie Baranow was traveling out of Russia. She was accompanied by an old servant, Ivan. It was night and the countess was alone in her compartment. As the train approached the Russian border the door of the compartment swung open and a man entered. He was bareheaded and in evening clothes. He seemed greatly fatigued, as from some extraordinary exertion, and he was wounded in the hand. He begged the countess to help him across the frontier.

"In an hour and twenty minutes we shall reach the boundary of Russia," he said. "If you do not help me I am lost."

The countess sent back her servant, retained his passport, and helped the mysterious stranger out of the kingdom of the White Czar.

These are the dramatic incidents upon which famous stories of unknown Russia have been skillfully built up.

Mystery lies everywhere about the vast autocratic police system of Russia. It is a system forming an invisible net from the palace of the emperor to the remote borders of the empire. Every variety of secret agent is included. It differs from all other systems of great national detective centers in that it undertakes to clean the empire of undesirables by a wholesale dragnet.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Captured Nihilists Being Taken From the Chateau Ringmundorf to Riga for Court-Martial

There used to be a "black cabinet," it is said, connected with the "Third Section" at Petrograd, of so secret a character that the agents who worked under its supervision were not recorded by name; not even a number was used to indicate them. There was a glass door to this cabinet. The agents used to appear at certain times before this door, breathe on the glass, write their names in the mist which their breath formed on the cold pane together with the sum due them. The cashier inside opened the door and handed out the money. The agent passed his coat sleeve over the glass and the transaction was ended.

This extreme secrecy and this vast system of intricate internal secret service were forced on Russia, not so much by foreign enemies as by the revolutionary societies grouped vaguely under the name of Terrorists. These societies included some of the ablest and most determined persons in the empire, moved by the cardinal doctrine that the end they sought justified any form of violence.

A celebrated physician charged with being a member of these secret orders was arrested and sentenced to exile in Siberia. The crown princess endeavored to save him. She sent an agent into Siberia, and offered him his freedom provided he would give his word of honor not to engage in any conspiracies against the government. He refused and died in the mines of Kara, in the most bleak and hideous penal institution in Siberia.

Against such determination only the most searching and drastic system of secret service could be of any value.

The women belonging to these secret orders were no less determined and dangerous. Vera Zasúlich with her own hand killed the chief of police in Petrograd. Sophie Perófskaya was one of the assassins of the Czar, Alexander II, and Madame Kutitónskaya, with a deadly determination, undertook to murder the governor of one of the northern provinces.

She had finished a sentence of penal servitude in Siberia and had been transported as a forced colonist to the Mongolian frontier. As soon as she arrived she purchased a revolver, slipped out of the colony, and hiring horses at the village made her way to the governor's residence. When she arrived she was arrested by a village official, who was not accustomed to seeing young women traveling alone in that part of Russia. She explained that she had come to call on the governor and was taken into his house. She sat there, with the cocked revolver covered by a handkerchief, until the governor came in, whereupon she rose and shot him.

It is a mistake to imagine that desperate persons are confined to low criminal orders.

The most persistent and deadly enemies with which the secret service of any country is forced to contend are the Terrorists of Russia.

The militant suffragists of England are mistaken when they imagine they invented the hunger strike. The whole population of the political prison of Kara went on a hunger strike for thirteen days, in order to force certain concessions out of the governor. Twenty-five years ago it was the common resort of political prisoners and called by the police the *golodofka*.

One of the favorite devices of the detective department of Russia is the police trap. It is a method known to all criminal-investigation departments, but its complete efficiency is attained only in those countries where the police have an autocratic control. The essential object of this method is to secure all the accomplices of a suspected criminal. The plan as practiced in Russia is to enter the house of the suspected person at an early hour in the morning and remove him to the police headquarters. No guard is put on the outside of the house, but the interior is taken over by the police. The house remains in appearance as usual. Every person who goes to the door is permitted to enter, but once inside he is arrested and held. The officers in charge of the trap have one inviolable order—to arrest

and hold everybody who enters the house. So inflexible is this rule that members of the ruling house of Russia, generals in command of the army, and persons of the highest civic distinction, if they should happen to enter the door of one of these traps would be held by the officers in charge precisely as though they were porters or women from the market.

Kennan says, in describing this system, that a correspondent of the London Standard happened to hear that a number of Terrorists had been arrested in a certain apartment house in Petrograd. He thought he might pick up some interesting details for his newspaper, so he went to the house. He knocked on the door and asked if he might come in. The officer in charge politely permitted him to enter and he was allowed to go over the house, making such notes and inquiries as he wished. He then thanked the officer and started to go out. But here the demeanor of the police agent changed. He was sharply informed that the police were very glad to have him come in; but he was now under arrest and would be taken to the guard-house.

He sat down at a window and looked out into the street.

Presently he saw the English correspondent of the London Times approaching. The man was looking up at the windows as though he were searching for a particular house. He called down to the Times correspondent and asked what he was searching for. The man replied that he was looking up the house in which the Nihilists had been arrested. The Standard correspondent assured him that he was at the right place. The Times man asked if he could come up. The Standard correspondent said he could, and offered to show him all the points of interest. The Times correspondent entered the house and, of course, presently found himself under arrest in company with his accommodating associate.

Stories abound of the efficiency and also of the absurdity of these police traps.

Almost a whole regiment has been taken up by the police as they entered one by one to look for their disappearing companions.

Of all the systems used by the Russian detective centers the police trap is the most dreaded by the secret orders. The hidden place of meeting of any of these revolutionary groups may be discovered by the police and turned into a trap on any night. Only by the most extraordinary system of signals is it possible for these groups to be certain that the police have not turned their place of rendezvous into a trap.

A Cossack Police Type

The detective departments of the Russian Government have to deal with the most skillful secret organizations in the world. The devices at the command of the secret orders, especially their methods of communication, are of the most extraordinary character. An authority who has made the closest study of the Russian prison system has assembled these devices. The members of the secret societies of Russia assert that they can communicate with one another in any prison, no matter how carefully guarded. No method of prison supervision can prevent it. This communication is by a system of tapping, either on the floor or walls of the cell in which the prisoner is confined. There are two codes, as described by the prison authority (Kennan). One is primitive and cumbersome, namely to indicate the letters in the alphabet by the number of taps, as, for example, one for A, five for E, ten for J, and so forth. This is a code of ancient usage. It was found too slow and complicated. A new system was presently devised.

The Checkerboard Prison Code

TAKING the English alphabet as an example, it can be easily illustrated.

Leaving out one letter, as for example K, and using the letter C wherever one would use K, the working alphabet is reduced to twenty-five letters. One wishing to put this system into practice will imagine a checkerboard of twenty-five squares—five columns of five squares each. He will place a letter of the alphabet in each of these squares, beginning with the top square on the left and going straight down the column. Thus, A would be in the first square of the first column, beginning at the left; E in the bottom square of the first column; F in the first top square of the second column, and so on. With the letters thus set in this checkerboard it is a very simple matter to spell out any word by indicating the column by one, two, three, four or five taps, a slight pause, followed by the number of the square in the column corresponding to the letter in the word to be spelled; thus G would be two-two, and so forth.

When the cells of the old stone fortress of Petropavlovsk at Petrograd were filled with Terrorists they talked among themselves by this tapping system quite as freely as though they were assembled in one of their places of secret meeting in the Russian capital. The police tried to prevent it by putting the prisoners in alternate cells only. But the cells were so small and the stone walls were such excellent conductors of sound that even this device did not prevent the communication. The most inconsequential article was sufficient to carry on the code. A bit of broken cement, fragments of bone, a button or coin was all the prisoner needed. This code was also used when the materials were available to communicate by systems of pinholes in paper or other materials; or by marks on the surface of a wall, door, or any article that the prisoner thought would come to the attention of his friend outside.

It was also a device to unravel any article of clothing or prisoner's equipment and by series of knots tied in the threads to spell out messages according to this code.

Another system was to secrete a little fat from the prisoner's food, and when one passed a window, if exercise was allowed in the prison courtyard, to make a sign on the glass. When the warm grease from the prisoner's fingers froze on the glass the signal became visible. Bits of broken glass, if they could be obtained, were also used to carry these messages, which were invisible until the glass was frozen.

Systems of signals used by the friends of the prisoners to acquaint them with current affairs were no less ingenious. The whole of the prisoners in the cells of a political fortress in Petrograd were kept constantly informed of what was going on in the capital by the simple device of a man reading a book by the light of a candle. From a certain window of the prison at night it was possible to see this man read his book in a room of a house opposite the prison. By the way in which the book and candle were handled as the man turned the pages and read, complete information was signaled into the prison, and by the tapping system it was conveyed to everybody confined in the whole fortress.

A Russian Police Type

Not every Slav genius is engaged in political adventures. The highest order of criminal intelligence sometimes issues from Russia. When the Slav happens to be a genius he is beyond all others accomplished and convincing.

The extraordinary adventure reported by an assistant commissioner of the metropolitan police could not have been accomplished by any ordinary member of the criminal class. It was the work of a convincing genius. The story of what this remarkable person actually accomplished with the members of a banking house in London would be regarded as the idle fancies of an after-dinner story-teller if its essential incidents did not rest upon the authority of this late official of the metropolitan police. The accomplished person engaged in this adventure appeared in London. He was able to make the acquaintance of certain members of one of the oldest banking houses in that city. He convinced these hard-headed, practical men of affairs not only that he was a learned chemist but also that through the medium of his experiments he had discovered a method of increasing the bulk of gold bullion.

It was a complicated molecular process.

It must be observed that this man did not pretend to transmute metals or to change lead into gold after the manner of the old alchemists. His process was chemically logical. He demonstrated it by synthetical formulas. He was able to show by a logical and scientific analogy that the weight of any substance and its bulk could be increased by introducing into its molecular structure certain other elements without changing the physical characteristic of the substance thus chemically forced to grow.

Growing Gold by Hothouse Methods

PERHAPS the process could be best described as a method of metallic growth. A certain character of inorganic growth seems to be recognized by scientific authority. There appears to be a sense in which one may say that ledges of stone grow or that nuggets of gold grow. The tendency of the elements forming metals in nature to assemble and to form a central aggregate mass is well known. The process which this man carried to the London bankers was to force in a laboratory this growth of metals in nature.

The chemist asserted that, given a certain bulk, he could by his discovery cause this bulk to grow as nature caused a grain of gold to increase into a nugget. There was nothing occult about the thing. It was merely that this genius had discovered a common process of nature.

'It is impossible in a bald narrative to show how convincing an intelligence of the first order with a commanding knowledge of chemistry could make his process appear. Between such a man and the common sharper who every day imposes on persons apparently of sound common sense there is a great gulf. The dominating qualities of what we call personality or temperament are the controlling factors.

This man finally persuaded the London bankers to assist him in making a proper test of his discovery. He said that he had been able heretofore to conduct only trifling laboratory experiments, on account of his inability to command a sufficient bulk of precious metal. He pointed out that the virtue inherent in a nugget increased with the mass, according to a ratio that he had worked out. This theory was reasonable and convincing when advanced by a scientific man of comprehensive knowledge. It was well known that certain virtues in matter increased with the bulk according to established laws. It was not unreasonable to believe that the virtue in a grain of gold, which caused it to assemble the chemical elements in nature necessary to enlarge its bulk, would appear in a greater intensity as the mass of metal was increased. The chemist explained that the process would take two or three months and would require a large bulk of metal. He was willing to undertake the experiment under any conditions that the bankers imposed on him, provided they put at his disposal a sufficient bulk of metal to insure the success of the experiment.

The final result was that the bankers determined to permit him to make the experiment, but under conditions which would conclusively insure them against any possibility of loss. They selected a house in London, fitted up a laboratory in a room of it, and provided the chemist with twenty thousand gold sovereigns. The man was permitted to put his chemicals into this laboratory. The bankers then put in the gold coins; but they took the same precautions to guard this treasure as though the laboratory were a vault in a bank. The room was practically transformed into a vault. All the exits were closed except one door. Guards were placed in the house, above and below, practically surrounding this vault, and in every direction the house and its approaches were all as rigidly guarded as the Bank of England. The only condition that the chemist insisted on was that his process should remain his own secret, and that he should not be disturbed by the entrance of any person into the laboratory until his labors were ended.

He was quite satisfied with all the other precautions taken by the bankers.

No one, under any circumstances, was permitted to enter the house except the chemist. Each time he went in or out

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One Hundred Per Cent Efficient

He Was Not Prepared to Find Her Over Her Machine in Tears

By Cameron Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

SUCCESS had always been inscribed upon his life program, and he put high value upon attaining it. To him it was a bulwark of happiness and embraced a degree of wealth and reasonable elbowroom in the world. But it was not until he fell afoul of certain propelling doctrines of a material and individualistic day and seized upon the broadest aspects of the philosophy of efficiency, with its cardinal principles of ruthless sacrifice to a supreme aim, that Frederick Tonner became particularly significant and formidable.

He was then twenty-seven years of age, of moderate build, graceful carriage and easy manners. A high forehead attested to a good mental equipment and a knoblike chin to a firm will. His gray eye was cool and critical, but his smile was friendly, and he was a young man whom people liked and respected, and who, in turn, liked and respected people.

In so far as he had had up to that time any definite theory of attainment, it was to work hard, deal squarely and regulate his existence wisely. He accepted what each day offered, exercising his powers, without strain, to a healthful extent, and took his pleasures and recreations casually and uncritically, as he found them, in his home or with men whom he happened to like. This system of life had placed him in a conspicuously good job. He was something more than private secretary to Harrison Holmes, who, in the capacity of president of the Cardover Shoe Company, was one of the eminent figures of the business community. Frequently Tonner was called "assistant to the president." At any rate he had a stenographer and an office boy and a private room adjoining his chief's.

The post was one of considerable responsibility and carried with it a salary which, even when it had not been so large, had been sufficient to enable Frederick to marry, join the Fellowship Club, and take up a variety of agreeable pursuits, including golf, a more or less regular attendance at the theater and now and again a modest game of cards. Regarding the future he felt secure. There was every assurance that he would rise by normal gradations to a position in the Cardover Company lucrative and honorable enough to conform to his idea of success.

Most particularly, however, his scheme of living gave him solid enjoyment. There was a kind of moral or spiritual satisfaction in the business of existence. For example, he had scores of friends whom he enjoyed; most especially, perhaps, big, hearty, back-slapping Merle Safford and his gentle, timid little brother-in-law Jimmy Perceval, who also worked for the Cardover Company and was forever seeking Frederick's advice. Then there was his home, where his wife Nora adored him, and where, during evenings, his easy-going brother Edward, dropping in, made conversation an art. He enjoyed his child, a boy of three, who was growing up with the fine promise of companionship in later years. His vacations were rich in the delight they gave his mother, with whom he spent them.

Nothing could have been more genial than his relation with Mr. Holmes; it was never austere nor exacting nor challenging to a man's loyalty; on the contrary it was comfortable, sympathetic, upbuilding to self-respect. There was pleasure for him in even smaller ways: in his stenographer's bashful attempts to mark her appreciation of his friendliness by now and again putting flowers upon his desk; in the office boy's excited comment upon baseball scores; in the friendly interest of the old newswoman on the corner near his home; in books; in the cheerful banter of acquaintances at the lunch counter every day. He found zest in life and a warmth and friendliness in all his human contacts. There was nothing irksome, cold or shut in about existence, and thus he was proceeding upon a pleasurable and profitable career when the change came.

It would have been difficult for any doctrine as widely heralded as efficiency not to have found some lodgment in Tonner's mind. Moreover, from the first those attributes of his nature which were evidenced by the high forehead, the firm chin and the cool eye seemed to find in the new ideas a correlating force. His character being what it was, and already fertile with ambition, Tonner instinctively seized upon them with eager interest. He read, pondered and inquired. At length to his casual brother Edward, Frederick unbosomed himself.

"Edward," he said, "I've discovered the modern economic serum, the elixir of success, the one sure road to 'get there.' Until now I've been floundering, wabbling about in stupid fashion. I might have won out, but my chances were not a bit better than those of any other young man. Now, by the grace of twentieth-century thought, I see how the trick can be turned. I tell you I'm going to be somebody in the world."

"Be somebody?" caught up Edward. "I think you are very much somebody. You're a very important cog in the economic machine; you're the head of as sound and well-regulated a home as there is in America; you're part of a social group which like every other social group makes life richer and broader for its various members. Why, my dear Fred, you're what I call a 'regular fellow'—a prize citizen. 'Somebody'? You're more than somebody. In the most real sense you're a big person."

"You miss the point," retorted Frederick. "I've always thought that attainment was the thing that really counted and that the measure of a man was the measure of his achievement. What I'm discussing now is method. I'm laying before you the wonders of efficiency."

"What! All that stuff about card indexes and not turning your wrist over more than once when you write your name?"

"Yes, that 'stuff' too. But those are only small manifestations or detailed extensions of it. It's fathomlessly greater than that. It's tremendous and overpowering. Why, it's a whole working scheme of life. For the man or the business or nation that desires to achieve it's the only plan; for the strivers there is just one way to live, and that's by efficiency."

"Well, what is it?"

"To begin with, it is premised upon a state of mind that glorifies achievement and declares that results are the units of success. Its first rule is that if you want to succeed make it your business to succeed—not seventy-five per cent of your business, or ninety per cent of your business, but your entire business. Select an objective—definite, certain, unmistakable—and go straight for it. Don't wander off in foolish bypaths.

"Wandering is inefficient. Keep to your mark twenty-four hours of every day, and don't let anything block your path.

"Remove all obstacles with the utmost possible speed and avoid waste motion in doing it. Above all, remembering every minute precisely the one single thing you've set out to win."

"That's more than method—infinitely more than method."

"How so?"

"Now you are accomplishing a variety of worthy ends. You're an economic factor, contributing your part to the business machine which gives us our livelihoods; you're a social factor in maintaining that chief social unit, a home; and you're a man developing your own character and powers of discharging your obligations to yourself. You say 'center upon a single objective.' If you do, other equally worthy objectives must be sacrificed. You can't be well rounded. Doesn't that involve more than method? Won't you be destroying the democracy of your individuality, altering your entire code of existence? That doctrine of yours cuts to the very heart of life."

"Only superficially," Frederick argued in return.

"It can't be done," declared Edward.

"It can be done, and it is as ridiculous to lead the inefficient life, the life of scattered aim, as to refuse to take a toxin against disease or to shoot with your eyes closed."

"You're a fool! Go on just as you have been going—working hard and being the best of husbands and fathers and friends. Why, in ten years you'll be the head of one of those departments of the Cardover Company, drawing a decent salary, with a private life every one of the values of which will be right, and entirely at peace with yourself."

"In ten years," returned Frederick solemnly, "I'll have a private life you'll envy; I'll be as happy as a king and I'll be ——"

"Well, don't hesitate."

"This efficiency idea," went on Frederick with an apparent detour of subject, "has an odd manifestation. One sees how much more it is possible for a human being to attain by it, and its first and most immediate effect is to heighten the scale of ambition. At least, it has worked that way with me. Two months ago I should have counted a department managership success. Now I feel that it's in me to climb higher."

"And what has become of your dizzy peak?"

"The presidency of the Cardover Company and efficiency will carry me there within ten years."

"Phew!" whistled Edward, and shook his head.

The first step which Tonner took toward his chosen goal concerned his stenographer, a bleached-out, mild-mannered little person of the name of Emma Carroll. She and her sister, who was employed in another department of the Cardover Company, were orphans and maintained a home for themselves and their younger brother whom they were supporting through high school. Frederick was one of the most magnificent persons whom Emma had ever known and she offered him a respectful worship from a humble distance. But there were days, and a number of them, when Tonner's dictation outstripped her pencil. Frederick, his watch before him, made note of the delays. He discovered that the girl cost him seventeen minutes of working time a day. That settled it!

He knew before he stepped to the door of the adjoining room to summon her that she had sensed the change in him. But he was not prepared to find her over her machine in tears. A sharp twinge came to him as he noticed the

thinness of her neck and wrists and saw upon a side of her desk some foolish flowers which she had not had the courage to arrange for him. But he downed his emotion and called her.

"Miss Carroll," he began, keeping his eyes averted, "there is no need to tell you of the pain which this step causes me. Last week your inability to keep up with dictation cost me one hundred and two minutes. It is necessary for me to replace you with a more efficient person. I am sorry, but that is all. I must not waste time in discussion."

The girl, dazed and sobbing, got from the room. All that day Frederick felt like a whipped dog. But a contemplation of the glories of his goal and further reflection upon the soundness of the theory of efficiency soothed him, and by the time his new helper, Miss Trina McNish, was installed he had suppressed feelings of compassion to a point where they were no longer annoying.

Simultaneously with the coming of the rapid and precise Trina McNish, Frederick rearranged his desk in reference to correspondence files and card indexes in order to cut out needless steps, and showed Miss McNish how to do likewise. He blocked out every moment of his day and hers—so much for dictation, such and such an hour for the signing of his mail, reduced the laborious name of Frederick to the more expeditious form of the simple initial, put a time-check scheme upon his office boy, and in a dozen small ways speeded up his work. A problem confronted him in connection with the wiring of a push-bell system.

In the executive offices of the Cardover Company it had been Mr. Holmes' custom, when he desired to summon Tonner, to cross the broad floor of his own room and open the communicating door to Frederick's.

"Mr. Tonner," he would say, "are you free now?" At which the subordinate would follow his chief to the president's desk.

Frederick had adopted the same method when he wished the service of his stenographer. But in studying the mechanics of his job he saw that a push button would eliminate effort for him. At the same time he saw that a push button at Mr. Holmes' elbow would eliminate effort for that gentleman. There was not any question in Frederick's mind when it came to stringing a wire to the room in which Miss McNish worked, but he hesitated at presenting to Mr. Holmes the suggestion for such a device. Would it be efficient to do so? He backed and filled upon the issue for several days.

"I think you're fretting yourself needlessly," his brother Edward told him. "I don't believe for a moment that Mr. Holmes would have a push button with which to call you even if you put forward the plan of having one."

"It would save him time, from five to eight minutes every working day of his life."

"No doubt," was the rejoinder. "But your boss, Frederick, is a great big, broad man. There is something friendly, personal, courteous in his method of coming to you and asking you if you're free to step into his room. There is nothing friendly, personal, courteous in the sudden and imperious buzz of a push button. Menials are summoned that way. Maybe Mr. Holmes figures it out that a sense of dignity and self-respect in you for eight or nine hours a day is worth more than five or six minutes of his time."

"That's sentimental," argued Tonner.

"Not altogether," said Edward. "But doesn't sentimentality of any kind have a place in your new code?"

"Absolutely none at all. Results are all that count."

At length Frederick made his decision. No efficiency device was to be placed in Mr. Holmes' hands, if his henchman could help it.

"And upon what article of your creed did you reach that determination?" inquired Edward.

"Every man in the Cardover Company," explained Frederick, "has become in a sense a possible rival of mine. Certainly all those who hold important jobs, including Mr. Holmes himself, are rivals. If he can save steps by calling me with a bell he is just that much stronger. As it is he is weakened by daily loss of time. A rival's weakness may turn out to be my strength."

"Disgusting!" ejaculated his brother. "Your advantage is small and your attitude is disloyal."

"Small! No advantage is too small for the truly efficient. But is the advantage too small? With his trotting back and forth across the floor, Mr. Holmes can get through, we'll assume, six minutes less work in a day. That's thirty-six minutes a week or about eight working days in a year! That's what he chucks away, squanders, which means that there is that much more labor for someone else to perform. Most of it will come upon me, and by just that degree I can increase my usefulness and indispensability. So the advantage lies not only in his weakness, but in my increased strength."

"But loyalty, friendship ——"

"Efficiency is entirely impersonal. You can't be efficient if you take your eye for a moment from the target. It's very pleasant to indulge oneself in loyalty and friendship, but they are to be considered only as they further the selected purpose. No, impersonality is a corner stone."

"But suppose Mr. Holmes discovers your treachery—your disloyalty? You wouldn't call that efficient? You are absolutely dependent upon him for advancement."

"But I'm not disloyal or treacherous," retorted Frederick. "I merely withhold my loyalty and friendship. I keep such handicaps out of my business. There's a distinction."

"A miserable one!" declared his brother, but from this conversation Frederick arrived at a fresh point in his thinking. He saw that he was sailing under a false flag; that he had begun his relation with Mr. Holmes on the easy basis of mutual regard and consideration. That was a blunder to be remedied, but meanwhile was it not inefficient to take advantage of that situation? It made him guilty of duplicity in circumstances in which he had guaranteed against duplicity. Was it not passing from the borderland of the efficiency doctrine—"Let the other beware"—into the realm of fraud? Positive fraud had no place in Tonner's scheme, theoretically or otherwise. One's position must always be strictly correct and defensible upon the letter of the law. Accordingly he determined to hoist the necessary colors and approached Mr. Holmes.

"I think it only proper that I should tell you," he began, "of my new attitude toward my work and toward my business contracts. I have been converted to the idea of efficiency, the idea of 'get there,' the idea of the paramount importance of results."

"Well, well, well!" laughed the president of the Cardover Company. "But why so serious, my boy?"

"I thought I ought to tell you, that's all," said Frederick. This satisfied Tonner that he had placed himself within the pale and given, technically, proper notice that the old relation had been altered to the new. If Mr. Holmes failed to grasp the full significance of the declaration, that was Mr. Holmes' fault.

It was not only into the field of business but into all of the pleasant pastures of his life that Frederick carried his new theories. His thinking upon the matter of his relations with his employer turned him to an examination of friendships in general. He believed that he had three divisions with which to deal—cumbersome friendships, merely useless friendships and valuable friendships. Of the first it appeared that he had none at that time; there was lurking danger in his brother-in-law, innocent-minded Jimmy Perceval, but that was remote; of the second, jovial Merle Safford stood conspicuously forth. Of the last he had several, and it was to this class that the scheme of his career demanded that he address himself. Accordingly he sought to fix upon the men who might prove of advantage to him.

Concerning one merest nodding acquaintance there was not the vestige of a doubt. That was Sidney Hemingway, whose father, John Hemingway, a lawyer acting for the Cardover estate, was not only the chiefest actual power behind the shoe company but chairman of its board of directors. The senior Hemingway could make and unmake presidents of the concern, and his son, a young man who smoked gold-tipped cigarettes and wore concave-waisted suits, was about Tonner's age. Also he was a member of the Fellowship Club. Frederick made various inquiries and then closed his desk half an hour early one day.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed when he found his man in the club grill. Tonner had spoken with all the semblance of affability and easy fellowship he could summon.

Sidney Hemingway looked surprised, but Frederick was adroit. "They tell me you're challenging a quarter a hole at golf. I'm your man."

"Me challenging a quarter a hole? I didn't know it, but if that is what you're after, you're on." Thus that campaign was begun.

Nor did Tonner's home escape. In pursuance of a theory that a contingency might arise in which a substantial sum of money might be required, he determined that greater care must be exercised in the disbursement of his income. It had been his wife's practice and his to conduct the family finance on a chatty and informal basis, with due regard for the needs and desires of each and not overlooking a decent savings fund. Frederick decided that this savings fund must be increased; also that he could no longer give time and thought to the economic problems of his home. Accordingly he set aside so much more for a weekly deposit against the future, reserved what was necessary for his personal wants, and told his wife that her dresses, the child's requirements and the maintenance of the house must come out of the remainder; that he would hold her accountable for its management and that most particularly he could not be bothered and distracted by a discussion of domestic difficulties.

"Don't have difficulties," he concluded.

"But, Fred," she pleaded, "it was so much nicer the other way. Why can't we go on? It wasn't much trouble, was it?"

"Not much," he acknowledged; "but, Nora, I have set out to do this thing and I've got to carry it through; even little things must not interfere. I must win!"

"Oh, Fred, I wish you wouldn't."

"What? Wouldn't win?"

"No, try so hard."

"It's the only way to succeed."

Tonner's interpretation of efficiency found other expressions. He altered his habits of reading, turning to books he thought he ought to read, not to books he wanted to read. Time and time again he would catch his mind trailing off the type lines and would have to bring it back with a sharp effort of the will. Golf was a sport which he enjoyed, but he would give up the hours necessary for eighteen holes only when there was commercial advantage to be gained. Instead, he adopted handball as his usual exercise. At first he played with Merle Safford, but upon several occasions his friend was late and Tonner, not to dissipate a moment, made arrangements with the professional, who was always to be found at the court and would therefore never be tardy, to act as his opponent.

He gave up the small lunch counter where many of his acquaintances congregated at noon. Their chatter interrupted useful thought and besides the place was invariably

Most Especially He Enjoyed Big, Hearty Merle Safford

"For One Thing I'm Certain That Your Wife Isn't Nearly So Happy"

"Mr. Tonner, the Boys Want You to Umpire for Them. It's Only a Couple of Hours"

crowded and the service slow. Cards at the Fellowship Club he abandoned entirely as a profitless occupation. He ceased to patronize the old newswoman near his home. For years he had purchased his morning paper from her. She knew Frederick and his wife and had seen his child. Every morning she greeted Tonner with friendly inquiries. But the newswoman was put to one side because her stand was half a block out of the way to the car line, where at the very corner a young man plied the same trade.

"That much more warmth gone," commented Edward.

More and more Frederick came to think about his business. He forced his mind upon it, and when he did permit it to wander away it was only upon the theory that a change of thought was necessary for efficiency. But he never allowed his meditations to go cavorting off into other channels for more than an allotted time each day. It soon came about that little else than business topics ever suggested themselves to him for talk. As it was unwise to discuss business, he kept silent. Merle Safford, Jimmie Perceval, his brother Edward still gathered about the fireside, but evenings in the Tonner home were corpselike effigies of what they had been.

"What has come over this house anyway?" once asked Jimmy Perceval when Frederick and his wife were alone with him; "it's altogether different."

"Efficiency!" sighed Nora with a sad shake of her head.

"Well, it's not much fun," declared Jimmy, and departed.

With the passage of a full twelve months, under the new system of life, Frederick took stock of himself and of his situation. In his job he was devouring work, lifting it by handfuls and chunks from Mr. Holmes' desk and then transporting much of his own to the efficient and trained Miss McNish. In recognition of his value his salary had been increased. A number of potentially valuable friendships had been initiated and were being sucessfully prosecuted, notably a growing intimacy with Sidney Hemingway. His savings had mounted satisfactorily. When they had reached a really sizable figure he called upon Philip Grant, president of the Loan and Trust Company, and, armed with a glowing letter of introduction from Mr. Holmes, opened an account there—an account which he rarely touched and persistently allowed to grow. Concerning the history and development of the shoe business he had acquired, through reading, an amazingly wide knowledge. It seemed reasonably certain to him that promotion was on its way.

"Surely, I don't doubt that when the next big vacancy in the Cardover Company occurs," said Edward, "you'll be pushed forward to fill it. But you're paying a frightful price."

"How?"

"In lots of ways. For one thing, I'm certain that your wife isn't nearly so happy."

"She's not unhappy."

"I'm not so sure. Where are those evenings of good talk? What's become of those books you used to read together? What's become of that open free and easy life of devotion that you used to lead in your home? Do you suppose she likes to see you almost neglecting your boy?"

"Well, Nora's going to share in a big way in my success. She's got to make some sacrifices."

"Did you consult her? Did you find out if she wanted what you want? Is she willing to make the sacrifices? You never asked. You simply ruthlessly decreed that she should. Is that fair? Certainly not; but my case isn't closed yet. The most serious indictment is against you—that you are crushing your own immortal soul."

"That's absolutely wrong," flared up Frederick Tonner, jumping to his feet and standing over his brother. "My soul is what it has always been—just as warm, just as true. The change is all in externals, in viewpoint—in mode of thought. Do you think that I didn't have to use a pocket handkerchief over that Emma Carroll affair, or that I don't miss those silly flowers of hers on my desk? Do you think I want to cut out Merle Safford or like golfing with that ass Hemingway? Lord, you can't believe I wouldn't like to give my evenings to talking books with you and trying to tease Nora into paying five dollars more for a gown? And the kid—I'd give a lot for a week to play with him. Edward, I'm the one who's making the big sacrifices. Me crushing my soul? No, no, Edward; efficiency may be a stern master, but it can't do that."

Shortly came Frederick's reward. He was advanced to the managership of an important department. Under his direction were more than fifty men and a fair-sized office staff, which included his brother-in-law, Jimmy Perceval. Almost the first person upon whom his estimating eye fell when he and his invaluable "trusty," Miss McNish, had moved to the new office was Miss Louise Carroll, sister of Tonner's one-time helper. She was engaged at a small wage as a record clerk. Immediately Tonner determined that she must go.

"I can't take the smallest chance—efficiency is cautious to the last degree," he told himself. "Certainly I did not win her affection by discharging her sister."

"But you know nothing of my work," the girl pleaded when he made known his determination.

"Nevertheless, I think you had better go," rejoined Frederick, and Louise Carroll went. Within a few hours Tonner had forgotten the incident.

Not so easily put from his mind, however, was the next turn of affairs. Examining the machinery of his department Frederick made a discovery and found confirmation of a long-standing suspicion. He discovered that by the introduction of several short-cut methods at least one man under him could be eliminated, and that that man's work, consisting of checking wastage, had not been particularly well performed. The man was Jimmy Perceval.

"Well, Nora, it's a nasty job," he said to his wife, "but it has got to be done. I can't pack your brother along on my back."

"You don't mean, Fred —— You can't mean ——"

"I do! I'm going to discharge Jimmy."

"My brother, your friend, the boy who looks up to you almost as if you were his father!"

"Exactly. He's an obstacle. He must be removed. Of course I'm sorry and of course it's hard for you, but that has nothing to do with the case. He's not efficient, and I don't need him anyhow."

"Oh, but Fred, you're strong, you're successful. It would be easy enough for you to carry Jimmy along."

"Not in the office. If you insisted I might make him an allowance personally and privately."

"And break his self-respect."

"That would be unfortunate, but my career must be my first and only consideration."

"Oh, the selfishness of that!" cried Nora Tonner. "Isn't there an atom of kindness in your creed? Think what you are doing! Jimmy will never come to this house again. You will break my heart. You lose a dear and loyal friend who has counted on you. You'll get the contempt of Edward, of Merle Safford. You'll ——"

"I have one objective," pronounced Frederick, "and only one." And despite Mrs. Tonner's pleadings Jimmy Perceval, aghast, was turned adrift.

"Ah, yes," said the boy with a thin smile, "I know. I'm another sacrifice to Moloch. It takes a lot of victims like me to make the kind of bright, shining success that you're getting—a lot of victims, a lot of heartaches, a lot of tears. I realize that heartaches and tears are nothing in your philosophy, but they sting and burn just the same. Absolute efficiency, I suppose, must be inhuman. I suppose, too, that you'll make capital for yourself by letting Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hemingway know that you discharged me, even if I am your brother-in-law, because you thought I was inefficient. Also you'll proclaim my inefficiency to excuse your heartlessness. Oh, I understand. You won't care how much all that will hurt me nor how much harder it will make it for me to get another job. You see an advantage for yourself. That's the whole answer."

"You're entirely correct," admitted Frederick.

Tonner's relations with the men under him were gradually being determined. The shop underwent a revolution. A system to keep tally upon individual production records had been installed. This weeded out a number of men, and in the nature of the case most of them were those furthest advanced in years and, therefore, theoretically and actually, of longest employment in the Cardover Company.

"It's inevitable that the thing should work that way," explained Frederick to the foreman when the latter came to protest; "young hands are always more nimble."

"But the hardship it works and the ill will it generates even among those who aren't discharged! Good feeling among the men is worth a lot."

"No doubt, but production is worth more, and all that I am concerned with is top production. It's too bad if the men hate me, but it would be worse if I couldn't make a showing to the directors."

"Some day you'll pull a strike down round your ears," warned the foreman. "That will cost you more than you've gained."

"We'll check matters before they reach that point. It would be inefficient to allow that to occur. We'll pamper the men the moment it is necessary to do so, but not before."

Another change was in the signing of what was known as the "bonus letters." For many years it had been the custom to give monthly bonuses for particularly good work. The additional money was placed in an envelope, together with a letter written and personally signed by the department manager. Frederick did not abolish the bonus system, but he drafted a form letter and had a rubber stamp made for his signature.

"It's pure waste to dictate and sign fifteen or twenty separate letters," he explained to the foreman.

"I'm not so sure, sir. That individual note, making a man realize that his boss knows he's alive, means as much as the money. It's a little trouble, Mr. Tonner, but you'll be repaid for the time in the enthusiasm and spirit that you'll get."

Frederick stuck to his own program. Soon the feeling against him reached a point where the foreman sought to bridge it over.

"Now, Mr. Tonner, the boys are going to have a ball game next Sunday afternoon," he said, "and I've fixed it up so that they want you to come out and umpire for them. It's only a couple of hours. The game's at four."

(Continued on Page 61)

MRS. MURPHY BREAKS IN

By Mary Brush Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

She and Muriel Were in England, Stalking the Aristocracy

II

I THINK I shall put in a window box there!" Mrs. Murphy pointed a long and exquisite finger at Jane Mortimer's back-library window.

This seemed to me an astonishing observation, considering the occasion and the hour. It was eleven o'clock on the morning after Mrs. Trotter, Jr.'s, big charity bazaar, and even I, who was a good many years younger than Mrs. Murphy, could feel the circles under my eyes. Yet here she stood, looking much fresher than when she had first come from the mountains, and expressing herself on an entirely irrelevant subject. She wore a lovely, long, pink dressing gown.

I had dragged myself out of bed to go over to talk with her about her triumph of the evening previous in getting her picture taken with Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, Jr. Not that I had expected her to waste any time in living over the details of the night; but I thought she would speculate indefinitely on where these might lead. Would Mrs. Trotter call, and if so, would not all the rest of the social register come too?

Mrs. Murphy was even planning a campaign one lap ahead of these events. My mind had not projected itself so far. At the bazaar there had been a horticultural booth, and round its green wicker boxes all of the smartest women loitered to chatter about twigging and branching and hedging. Gardening was the fashionable fad.

"Is there anything against a window box in the lease?" demanded Mrs. Murphy. There had been something against Mr. Murphy's amiable purpose of drinking a glass of beer in the shade of his rented back yard.

Mr. Goodblood's Hereditary Servants

IT IS curious how the circumstances of that window box and subsequent events stand out in my memory. They do not have any particular bearing on the subject of social climbing as such. To outline the main facts in the history of Mrs. Murphy's rise during the next year: Mr. Trotter, Jr., cabled his mother the news of Mrs. Murphy's proposition to buy the estate. The dowager Mrs. Trotter answered: "Starting immediately." The Trotters asked the Murphys to dinner. We put the fact in all the papers, and the fashionables of the city pricked up their ears. Everybody demanded to know what the Murphys had that the Trotters desired. Of course they discovered it, and then they competed with one another to take up the Murphys too.

Mrs. Murphy took her hurdles superbly. As the dinners she attended decreased in size she expanded in freedom and dignity. One of the fashionables gave a house party for Mr. and Mrs. Murphy at her country place. My pupil conversed with the élite on the difficulty of getting what one really wants. Money could not always buy green vegetables in the winter, a chauffeur who could be depended upon not to upset one, a valet who would do all of one's thinking, a cook who would give up a day off for an eleventh-hour dinner party.

Mrs. Murphy, with lifted eyebrows—they were lifted a good deal of the time now—mentioned to Mr. Goodblood, brother-in-law of Mrs. Trotter, at the Highflyers' jolly little dinner party of six: "I've been having such a frightful time to get a gardener. I do so need one." She had installed her window box, and it was planted at one end with pansies, at the other with bachelor's-buttons. Grandmother's flowers are very "stylish," as you are doubtless aware. The month was June. Mrs. Murphy stayed in town that summer.

"We've got a rawther nice boy," drawled Mr. Goodblood, at the same time giving the impression that his mind was wandering through other spheres of thought.

"Only a little ambitious," annotated Mrs. Goodblood, seated opposite; "that's his only fault."

"We've rather wanted to lift him to a place. Thompson's a little rough on him because he's new blood. He wants to use modern methods. Thompson's belonged to us for a generation, and when he's gone we're going to take his son as head gardener. We've installed the hereditary system in servants."

"Oh, Mr. Goodblood, I do so envy you! I so long for a place. I cannot do without my garden. Absolutely not. You may imagine what it means to me who come from the West. What is so very dear to me about England is the gardens."

You can deduce from the above that Mrs. Murphy was almost a graduate pupil, and you can likewise figure out for yourselves how the remainder of the conversation went. That was on a Friday; the boy was to come to see us about work on Monday. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Murphy, her husband and I went motoring. The head of the family, who was in his prime, looked a little old. There was a dimness in his eye not due there for many a day. Mrs. Murphy's sudden interest in gardening, however, temporarily brought back the light.

It was the only activity of hers in which he had for some time been able to participate.

We passed the Community Gardens that afternoon, where vacant ground had been converted into truck patches for workingmen. He was interested, and asked the chauffeur in passing them to slow up. Near the roadside, bending over a tomato vine, his coat on the moist, upturned furrow behind him, a slim youth tied a stalk with a white string to a stick plunged into the ground. He had long, fair hair parted on one side, and it blew a little in the warm breeze. Either his throat was very taut from his attitude or was a trifle plump for his slender build. Mr. Murphy had the chauffeur stop while he got out to talk to the boy. When he returned he said with pleasure in his mild blue eyes: "Here's a gardener for you, Bess. He'll be a fine one." He handed her something written on the back of an envelope. But Mrs. Murphy scarcely answered him. She had quite made up her mind to take the one recommended by her smart friend.

The next day at eleven he appeared. Mrs. Murphy, Muriel, the governess and I were assembled in the back library. A tall, slim youth with fair hair came in. Mrs. Goodblood had sent him, and by one of those strange coincidences of fortune he was likewise the boy of Mr. Murphy's choice. As his employer had remarked of him, he was ambitious and ever on the lookout for opportunity; hence his affiliation with the Community Gardens.

I shall never forget how he appeared as he stood, tall and supple, with the white-paneled and mahogany door for a background, his soft hat in his hand. He might have been the Marble Faun—or perhaps Hermes, just as he was about to assume his famous pose for flight. He said almost nothing, although Mrs. Murphy asked him several questions. What was his name? Jon Frandsen; a Dane. Had he been born in this country? No, on the royal estates of Denmark, twenty years ago. His father was undergardener to King Christian. He himself had learned English from one of the royal tutors. What relation was the royal house of Denmark to Queen Alexandra?

It did not matter. Jon's fate was sealed. Mrs. Murphy engaged him, with the instruction that she would presently have a place, which she should wish laid out in the form of an English estate with English gardens. Were not English lords to court Muriel therein?

Meantime, she wished some lessons in the small talk of gardening.

The arrangement worked out well, as Muriel was sadly in need of a congenial companion, and she was captivated with him. Indeed, she had been standing alertly, all elbows, throughout the interview, beside the little bronze Bacchus. Jon said to her—it was the only remark he volunteered: "We'll have some little beds for the little girl." Thereupon she made herself into a cross between a sprite and a jumping-jack—if only the latter were more graceful, and the creatures of the imagination more like a flesh-and-blood girl.

The Murphys Build a Country House

STILL, it was not for superficial details of this kind that I noted the circumstances of the affair so minutely. Not little girls nor Danish gardeners were my concern, but the social success of Mrs. Murphy. And in this connection facts were now scarcely significant. Her ultimate arrival was assured. I was by this time interested in the philosophy, the psychology, of her ambition.

She had already employed her sex in furthering her ends. Would she again use it for mere pleasure? Did her instinct or her ambition dictate its boundaries? Sex has no frontiers. Her face registered the sweet appeal of Jon's earnest boyishness and stole into a smile.

What turn was the end of that slow, grave smile to take—the uplifted curve of wide-eyed welcome? No, it was intellectual. It noted a mere mental realization of his appeal, with perhaps a silent comment on the pity that it did not come from one of higher class.

I had often thought that she was endowed with every faculty which could contribute in any way to her ambition and that she had those faculties in just such degree as they could serve her purposes. She was interested in nothing that did not advance her toward her goal. She gave nothing to the peace movement when she found she could meet the king without doing so, and she now even economized her sex where it served no end. Jon Frandsen was a nice boy, but of no particular significance to Mrs. Murphy or me, now that he had put me in the way of proving my philosophy.

Events moved rapidly from that day. Mrs. Murphy's summer was one long series of garden parties. People remained in town to entertain her. After enjoying the hospitality of those wishing to sell out she decided to build. She and her husband bought some land on the edge of town, in the bow of the river, where she could have a spacious park. They built a low, rambling house surrounded by terraced lawns and walled gardens. All the while Mrs. Murphy enjoyed the hospitality of the select. Curious as it may seem, when people enter the smart set they are practically never evicted, no matter how spurious the agencies which carried them in. Fashionables may laugh at the struggles and see through the attempts of the unaccepted, but the minute one arrives one is accorded a grave sanction obliterating the past. Only a few things are not countenanced: One may be tried, may even be

convicted in a court, but one must not wear stripes; one must not marry outside of one's class.

The time of building and of early residence in the new place was a great period for Muriel. Every day she ran in from the outdoors to announce new discoveries. You found her deep in rocky recesses and back of grassy mounds. I saw that at last she had found her setting. She was no daughter of the drawing-room, but a spirit to preside over places; the hostess of a forest dell, the genius with loosened hair to stand in the burnished glory that rests on mountain tops at sunset. I wondered how she would mate with one of the hereditary peers of the British realm.

Mrs. Murphy was two years in establishing her place. She was allowed two years more of enjoyment of it, and a gratifying social sway. Then one evening she read a headline in the paper before Mr. Murphy arrived home. "Murphy Called by Eastern Railroad. Head of Pacific and Western Made Chairman of N. Y. and S. E. Board." Mrs. Murphy wasted no time in wonder or hysterics. She had talked with Mr. Murphy but little lately or perhaps she would have heard a hint of this. No matter! She looked out reflectively through the glass-inclosed porch at Jon Frandsen beside an arbor over a hedged gravel walk. He was explaining an autumn flower to the tall, buoyant Muriel.

"I shouldn't have enjoyed it here much longer," philosophized Mrs. Murphy. "Of course I should never rest contented not to be acquainted in New York." Her remarks indeed had been frequently of late about Newport. She wondered what one did to get "acquainted" there. That was her present substitution for the old vulgar phrase "get into society." She said it with a neatness of enunciation and a carelessness of manner that signified a self-respecting indifference as to whether she accomplished the feat. Her loose, unaffected ways had gone. She seemed to act as if by machinery, and to hold the key to regulate her conduct in the hollow of her hand.

On the Trail of an English Baronet

AS I SAT beside her on the porch, engrossed in these reflections, Mr. Murphy came home. He got out of his motor a little heavily, and as he stepped on the gravel I thought that the reverse of all I had said about Mrs. Murphy was true of him. He used to take such pleasure in punctilious dressing as is the delight of all selfmade men. Now he looked somewhat stooped and careless. Still, a light burned in his eyes that had not shone in them for many a day before. It had been lit there by appreciation. He was a genius, too, and he had his game. As his wife long ago said about him, what he touched he turned into money. A large group of Eastern capitalists now wished him to come and perform his magic for a road that was doing poorly.

The newspaper was correct. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were passing beyond the pale of our Middle Western sorrows, out into a more important field of activity for them both.

At first Mrs. Murphy wished me to go with her. I knew, however, that I could be of no assistance to her in the metropolis. I had established the practice, on leaving college, of "going on" once a year, and the big city had me cowed. By this time Mrs. Murphy knew her technic so well and demonstrated such an uncanny instinct for opportunity, that I thought she had little need of me.

Whether or not this was true, the metropolis for a time swallowed her up. She never wrote letters, and although I scanned the Eastern papers the only mention of her I ever saw was that Mr. Murphy had presented his wife with a sixty-thousand-dollar pearl necklace for Christmas. His utterances were quoted frequently. In the spring I went to New York, and of course telephoned her first thing.

Her voice registered a distinct note of welcome, although she had forever departed from the frank unreserve of her earlier days.

"Who did you say it was," she said remotely. "Who?" It was quite the thing not readily to place people. "Oh, why, of course, I shall be so glad to see you."

The Murphy family had room after room on one of the high floors of a smart hotel. The vast parlor was in a corner looking up Fifth Avenue. Leading off from it and also facing on the famous street, Muriel was installed in her own quarters, with an attending French maid. Mrs. Murphy's room was on the cross street and divided from the others by a small private hall. Where Mr. Murphy had his quarters I do not know. There was a private dining room and a sitting room for the servants. There were flowers about and maids, as well as a barking dog, but nothing that indicated any particular social activity. No one was telephoning. Mrs. Murphy had two little perpendicular lines between her eyes, and the old look of starved longing. Even her dark hair, done low over her transparently fair brow, could not conceal a certain ugly worry that was gnawing at her prettiness.

Muriel was past seventeen years old now and assuming Juno-like proportions. The last year of her growing girlhood she was giving to a fashionable school. It was the style for the young to be a little socialistic. People were sending their daughters to educators from whom they came home and in the evenings lectured their fathers on the sins of predatory wealth. This was considered by parents to be a "cunning" thing for their children to do. Muriel was still very charming, but I seemed to detect signals of an unbecoming snobbishness in her. She told me the names of the girls in her school and I thought expected me to be impressed by their social importance. Her mother looked on her dependently, as if she were the hope of the race.

When we were alone together she began to tell me of the awful mistake she thought for a while she had made. There was an aëroplane meet on Long Island at which a noted English aviator was to make ascents. The papers said that women of the Four Hundred were going up. She was invited by the management to do so, and accepted. When the occasion came she was the only one to go with him. The papers were full of her adventure, but she feared—her lip almost trembled as she said it—she had been a laughing-stock. Still it had turned out advantageously, although no one knew it yet. She took me to her room with something of her old gayety, and slipped a crested note out from under the embroidered and laced pillow at the head of her bed. It was a letter from Sir Alfred Nottingham, the head of an English aëroplane factory. He had read of her interest in flying and would be glad to talk with her about it during his prospective visit to America.

"A baronet!" Mrs. Murphy's voice rang clear. "It'll be the first one I've ever seen."

She Passed Most of Her Hours Chatting With Girls on Subjects Dealing With Dear Knows What

The Murphys Invade London

"YOU must see to it that he is not the last." I fell into my old way of engineering Mrs. Murphy. "You must go to England; nothing will advance you so much in New York as for you to be accepted there. The West does not think about it particularly, but the East is demented on the subject of the English aristocracy. Now anybody can meet the royal outfit who has the cash. There are some of the aristocracy who cannot be approached, but it doesn't matter. There are enough who can. Get hold of this Sir Alfred and find out whom he knows. Have him introduce you as far as he can. He will be sure to be acquainted with somebody to whom you can make it clear that you will pay a round sum to get presented at court. Whoever it is will find you a sponsor for cash. If Sir Alfred turns out not to be the right person, advertise; but try him first. It's a little safer. But in any event, get introduced!"

So saying, I departed for the Middle West.

The next year when I came down she and Muriel were in England, stalking the aristocracy. In another twelve months I, too, came to the metropolis to remain. Mrs. Murphy was in New York. Sir Alfred had been a real find. He was so rich that the throne treated him most kindly. He had himself introduced her to someone who presented her to someone else, who took her to court for five thousand dollars cash. This naturally did not include two thousand dollars for a court costume with a train to it, which she could never wear again. She had to stand up two hours for her turn. The room was so packed with flowers that the smell of them made her sick. There wasn't a window open anywhere.

Muriel had not been presented. It would have cost five thousand dollars extra and they would have had to find another sponsor. The woman who did the job for Mrs. Murphy had been found out some time before by the court. As a punishment she had been restricted in her introductions to two people a season—one relative and one close friend. The woman ran Mrs. Murphy in as the latter, but did not dare attempt to make out Muriel to be a relative. Mother and daughter both, however, took lessons in how to curtsy, and the girl had a chance to practice her new accomplishment. Mrs. Murphy kept saying to me: "At a garden party Muriel curtsied to one of the princesses, and Her Highness noted her especially."

(Continued on Page 40)

"Muriel Curtsied to One of the Princesses, and Her Highness Noted Her Especially"

CARMEN—By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Even if the Prices Was Awful High, They Didn't Have Nothin' on Our Seats

WE WAS playin' rummy over to Hatch's, and Hatch must of fell in a bed of four-leaf clovers on his way home the night before, because he plays rummy like he does everything else; but this night I refer to you couldn't beat him, and besides him havin' all the luck my Missus played like she'd been bought off, so when we come to settle up we was plain seven and a half out. You know who paid it. So Hatch says:

"They must be some game you can play."

"No," I says, "not and beat you. I can run two blocks w'ile you're stoopin' over to start, but if we was runnin' a foot race between each other, and suppose I was leadin' by eighty yards, a fluvver'd prob'ly come up and hit you in the back and bump you over the finishin' line ahead o' me."

So Mrs. Hatch thinks I'm sore on account o' the seven-fifty, so she says:

"It don't seem fair for us to have all the luck."

"Sure it's fair!" I says. "If you didn't have the luck, what would you have?"

"I know," she says; "but I don't never feel right winnin' money at cards."

"I don't blame you," I says.

"I know," she says; "but it seems like we should ought to give it back or else stand treat, either one."

"Jim's too old to change all his habits," I says.

"Oh, well," says Mrs. Hatch, "I guess if I told him to loosen up he'd loosen up. I ain't lived with him all these years for nothin'."

"You'd be a sucker if you did," I says.

So they all laughed, and when they'd quieted down Mrs. Hatch says:

"I don't suppose you'd feel like takin' the money back?"

"Not without a gun," I says. "Jim's pretty husky."

So that give them another good laugh; but finally she says:

"What do you say, Jim, to us takin' the money they lose to us and gettin' four tickets to some show?"

Jim managed to stay conscious, but he couldn't answer nothin'; so my Missus says:

"That'd be grand of you to do it, but don't think you got to."

Well, of course Mrs. Hatch knowed all the w'ile she didn't have to, but from what my Missus says she could tell that if they really give us the invitation we wouldn't start no fight. So they talked it over between themself w'ile I and Hatch went out in the kitchen and split a pint o' beer, and Hatch done the pourin' and his best friend couldn't say he give himself the worst of it. So when we come back my Missus and Mrs. Hatch had it all framed that the Hatches was goin' to take us to a show, and the next thing was what show would it be. So Hatch found the afternoon paper, that somebody'd left on the street car, and read us off a list o' the shows that was in town. I spoke for the Columbia, but the Missus give me the sign to stay out; so they argued back and forth and finally Mrs. Hatch says:

"Let's see that paper a minute."

"What for?" says Hatch. "I didn't hold nothin' out on you."

But he give her the paper and she run through the list herself, and then she says:

"You did, too, hold out on us. You didn't say nothin' about the Auditorium."

"What could I say about it?" says Hatch. "I never was inside."

"It's time you was then," says Mrs. Hatch.

"What's playin' there?" I says.

"Grand op'ra," says Mrs. Hatch.

"Oh!" says my Missus. "Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"What do you say?" says Mrs. Hatch to me.

"I think it'd be grand for you girls," I says. "I and Jim could leave you there and go down on Madison and see Charley Chaplin, and then come back after you."

"Nothin' doin'!" says Mrs. Hatch. "We'll pick a show that everybody wants to see."

Well, if I hadn't of looked at my Missus then we'd of been O. K. But my eyes happened to light on where she was settin' and she was chewin' her lips so's she wouldn't cry. That finished me. "I was just kiddin'," I says to Mrs. Hatch. "They ain't nothin' I'd like better than grand op'ra."

"Nothin' except gettin' trimmed in a rummy game," says Hatch, but he didn't get no rise.

Well, the Missus let loose of her lips so's she could smile and her and Mrs. Hatch got all excited, and I and Hatch pretended like we was excited too. So Hatch ast what night could we go, and Mrs. Hatch says that depended on what did we want to hear, because they changed the bill every day. So her and the Missus looked at the paper again and found out where Friday night was goin' to be a big special night and the bill was a musical show called Carmen, and all the stars was goin' to sing, includin' Mooratory and Alda and Genevieve Farr'r, that was in the movies a w'ile till they found out she could sing, and some fella they called Daddy, but I don't know his real name. So the girls both says Friday night was the best, but Hatch says he would have to go to lodge that evenin'.

"Lodge!" says Mrs. Hatch. "What do you care about lodge when you got a chance to see Genevieve Farr'r in Carmen?"

"Chance!" says Hatch. "If that's what you call a chance, I got a chance to buy a thousand shares o' Bethlehem Steel. Who's goin' to pay for my chance?"

"All right," says Mrs. Hatch, "go to your old lodge and spoil everything!"

So this time it was her that choked up and made like she was goin' to blubber. So Hatch changed his mind all of a sudden and decided to disappoint the brother Owls. So all of us was satisfied except fifty per cent, and I and the Missus beat it home, and on the way she says how nice Mrs. Hatch was to give us this treat.

"Yes," I says, "but if you hadn't of had a regular epidemic o' discardin' deuces and treys Hatch would of treated us to groceries for a week." I says: "I always thought they was only twelve pitcher cards in the deck till I seen them hands you saved up to-night."

"You lose as much as I did," she says.

"Yes," I says, "and I always will as long as you forget to fetch your purse along."

So they wasn't no comeback to that, so we went on home without no more dialogue.

Well, Mrs. Hatch called up the next night and says Jim had the tickets boughten and we was to be sure and be ready at seven o'clock Friday night because the show started at eight. So when I was downtown Friday the Missus sent my evenin' dress suit over to Katzes' and had it pressed up and when I come home it was laid out on the bed like a corpse.

"What's that for?" I says.

"For the op'ra," she says. "Everybody wears them to the op'ra."

"Did you ask the Hatches what was they goin' to wear?" I says.

"No," says she. "They know what to wear without me tellin' them. They ain't goin' to the Auditorium in their nightgown."

So I clumb into the soup and fish and the Missus spent about a hour puttin' on a dress that she could of left off without nobody knowin' the difference, and she didn't have time for no supper at all, and I just managed to surround a piece o' steak as big as your eye and spill some gravy on my clo'es when the bell rung and there was the Hatches.

Well, Hatch didn't have no more evenin' dress suit on than a kewpie. I could see his pants under his overcoat and they was the same old bay pants he'd wore the day he got mad at his kid and christened him Kenneth. And his shoes was a last year's edition o' the kind that's supposed to give your feet a chance, and if his feet had of been the kind that takes chances they was two or three places where they could of got away without much trouble.

I could tell from the expression on Mrs. Hatch's face when she seen our make-up that we'd crossed her. She looked about as comf'table as a Belgium.

"Oh!" she says. "I didn't think you'd dress up."

"We thought you would," says my frau.

"We!" I says. "Where do you get that 'we'?"

"If it ain't too late we'll run in and change," says my Missus.

"Not me," I says. "I didn't go to all this trouble and expense for a splash o' gravy. When this here uniform retires it'll be to make room for pyjamas."

"Come on!" says Hatch. "What's the difference? You can pretend like you ain't with us."

"It really don't make no difference," says Mrs. Hatch.

And maybe it didn't. But we all stood within whisperin' distance of each other on the car goin' in, and if you had a dollar for every word that was talked among us you couldn't mail a postcard from Hammond to Gary. When we got off at Congress my Missus tried to thaw out the party.

"The prices is awful high, aren't they?" she says.

"Outrageous," says Mrs. Hatch.

Well, even if the prices was awful high, they didn't have nothin' on our seats. If I was in trainin' to be a steeple jack I'd go to grand op'ra every night and leave Hatch buy my ticket. And where he took us I'd of been more at home in overalls and a sport shirt.

"How do you like Denver?" says I to the Missus, but she'd sank for the third time.

"We're safe here," I says to Hatch. "Them French guns can't never reach us. We'd ought to brought more bumbs.

"What did the seats cost?" I says to Hatch.

"One-fifty," he says.

"Very reasonable," says I. "One o' them aviators wouldn't take you more than half this height for a five-spot."

The Hatches had their overcoats off by this time and I got a look at their full costume. Hatch had went without his vest durin' the hot months and when it was alongside his coat and pants it looked like two different families. He had a pink shirt with prune-colored horizontal bars, and a tie to match his neck, and a collar that would of took care of him and I both, and them shoes I told you about, and burlap hosiery. They wasn't nothin' the matter with Mrs. Hatch except she must of thought that, instead o' dressin' for the op'ra, she was gettin' ready for Kenneth's bath.

And there was my Missus, just within the law, and me all spicked and spanned with my soup and fish and gravy!

Well, we all set there and tried to get the focus till about a half hour after the show was billed to commence, and finally a Lilliputhian with a match in his hand come out and started up the orchestry and they played a few o' the hits and then the lights was turned out and up went the curtain.

Well, sir, you'd be surprised at how good we could hear and see after we got used to it. But the hearin' didn't do us no good—that is, the words part of it. All the actors had been smuggled in from Europe and they wasn't none o' them that could talk English. So all their songs was gave in different languages and I wouldn't of never knew what was goin' on only for Hatch havin' all the nerve in the world.

After the first act a lady that was settin' in front of us dropped somethin' and Hatch stooped over and picked it up, and it was one o' these here books they call a liberetto, and it's got all the words they're singin' on the stage wrote out in English.

So the lady begin lookin' all over for it and Hatch was goin' to give it back because he thought it was a shoe catalogue, but he happened to see the top of it where it says "Price 25 Cents," so he tossed it in his lap and stuck his hat over it. And the lady kept lookin' and lookin' and finally she turned round and looked Hatch right in the eye, but he dropped down inside his collar and left her wear herself out. So when she'd gave up I says somethin' about I'd like to have a drink.

"Let's go," says Hatch.

"No," I says. "I don't want it bad enough to go back to town after it. I thought maybe we could get it sent up to the room."

"I'm goin' alone then," says Hatch.

"You're liable to miss the second act," I says

"I'd never miss it," says Hatch.

"All right," says I. "I hope you have good weather."

So he slipped me the book to keep for him and beat it. So I seen the lady had forgot us, and I opened up the book and that's how I come to find out what the show was about. I read her all through, the part that was in English, before the curtain went up again, so when the second act begin I knowed what had came off and what was comin' off, and Hatch and Mrs. Hatch hadn't no idear if the show was comical or dry. My Missus hadn't, neither, till we got home and I told her the plot.

Carmen ain't no regular musical show where a couple o' Yids comes out and pulls a few lines o' dialogue and then a girl and a he-flirt sings a song that ain't got nothin' to do with it. Carmen's a regular play, only instead o' them sayin' the lines, they sing them, and in for'n languages so's the actors can pick up some loose change offen the sale o' the liberettos. The music was wrote by George S. Busy, and it must of kept him that way about two mont's. The words was either throwed together by the stage carpenter or else took down by a stenographer outdoors durin' a drizzle. Anyway, they ain't nobody claims them. Every oncet in three or four pages they forget themself and rhyme. You got to read each verse over two or three times before you learn what they're hintin' at, but the management gives you plenty o' time to do it between acts and still sneak a couple o' hours' sleep.

The first act opens up somewheres in Spain, about the corner o' Chicago Avenue and Wells. On one side o' the stage they's a pill mill where the employees is all girls, or was girls a few years ago. On the other side they's a soldiers' garage where they keep the militia in case of a strike. In the back o' the stage they's a bridge, but it ain't over no water or no railroad tracks or nothin'. It's prob'ly somethin' the cat dragged in.

Well, the soldiers stands out in front o' the garage hittin' up some barber shops, and pretty soon a girl blows in from the hero's home town, Janesville or somewheres. She runs a few steps every little w'ile and then stops, like the rails was slippery. The soldiers sings at her and she tells them she's came to look for Don Joss that run the chop-suey dump up to Janesville, but when they shet down on him servin' beer he quit and joined the army. So the soldiers never heard o' the bird, but they all ask her if they won't do just as good, but she says nothin' doin' and skids off the stage. She ain't no sooner gone when the Chinaman from Janesville and some more soldiers and some alley rats comes in to help out the singin'. The book says that this new gang o' soldiers was sent on to relieve the others, but if anything happened to wear the first ones out it must of took place at rehearsal. Well, one o' the boys tells Joss about the girl askin' for him and he says: "Oh, yes; that must be the little Michaels girl from up in Wisconsin."

So pretty soon the whistle blows for noon and the girls comes out o' the pill mill smokin' up the mornin' receipts and a crowd o' the unemployed comes in to shoot the snipes. So the soldiers notices that Genevieve Farr'r ain't on yet, so they ask where she's at, and that's her cue. She puts on a song number and a Spanish dance, and then she slips her bouquet to the Chink, though he ain't sang a note since the whistle blowed. But now it's one o'clock and Genevieve and the rest o' the girls beats it back to the coffin factory and the vags chases down to the Loop to get the last home edition and look at the want ads to see if they's any jobs open with fair pay and nothin' to do. And the soldiers mosey into the garage for a well-earned rest and that leaves Don all alone on the stage.

But he ain't no more than started on his next song when back comes the Michaels girl. It oozes out here that she's in love with the Joss party, but she stalls and pretends like his mother'd sent her to get the receipt for makin' eggs *fo yung*. And she says his mother ast her to kiss him and she slips him a dime, so he leaves her kiss him on the scalp and he asks her if she can stay in town that evenin' and see a nickel show, but they's a important meetin' o' the Maccabees at Janesville that night, so away she goes to catch the 2:10 and Don starts in on another song number, but the rest o' the company don't like his stuff and he ain't hardly past the vamp when they's a riot.

It seems like Genevieve and one o' the chorus girls has quarreled over a second-hand stick o' gum and the chorus girl got the gum, but Genevieve relieved her of part of a earlobe, so they pinch Genevieve and leave Joss to watch her till the wagon comes, but the wagon's went out to the night-desk sergeant's house with a case o' quarts and before it gets round to pick up Genevieve she's bunked the Chink into settin' her free. So she makes a getaway, tellin' Don to meet her later on at Lily and Pat's place acrost the Indiana line. So that winds up the first act.

Well, the next act's out to Lily and Pat's, and it ain't no Y. M. C. A. headquarters, but it's a hang-out for dips and policemans. They's a cabaret and Genevieve's one o' the performers, but she forgets the words to her first song and winds up with tra-la-la, and she could of forgot the whol. song as far as I'm concerned, because it wasn't nothin' you'd want to buy and take along home.

Finally Pat comes in and says it's one o'clock and he's got to close up, but they won't none o' them make a move, and pretty soon they's a live one blows into the joint and he's Eskimo Bill, one o' the butchers out to the Yards. He's got paid that day and he ain't never goin' home. He sings a song and it's the hit o'

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Genevieve Beats Time With a Pair o' Chopsticks and Dances the Chinese Blues

SPINDLE TOP PETERS OUT

By LESTER B. COLBY

SPINDLE TOP is petering out. The gushers have long been dead. Pumps, once scorned, are dragging at the dregs. Physical evidence puts the verdict beyond a doubt. Some days ago I went to Spindle Top. I walked over the little bowl whence flowed the golden stream and found the stream of gold flowing no more.

Grass grows where innumerable busy feet once trod. Goats, cropping green shoots, raised mild eyes and blatted their dislike at the intrusion. Yet this very land once sold, in fragmentary bits, as high as three hundred thousand dollars an acre! And that day was less than fifteen years ago!

Where Heywood Number Two, greatest of wells, hurled its two hundred thousand barrels of oil a day into the sky—there all is quiet. An old Oil Boy, grimed with years of petroleum, comes from a tumble-down retreat to look at the gauges of his boilers.

He is not talkative. For a great time the crowds have been away. Men who spend a broad expanse of hours alone become taciturn. With a finger nail that has not been manicured in ages he tamps the glowing cinders in his corncob pipe, browned and greased with both tobacco and the oil that is his little world.

"Great days here—once," you suggest.

"Yes," he comments; and after an interval he adds: "Once."

"Here long?" you ask.

"From the first," he replies. "From the very first."

"Where was the Lucas Well?"

Ah! You have struck the magic chord. He speaks. He is excited. The fire comes into his eyes—eyes that seem yellowed with oil—for he is oil, this old man of marvelous Spindle Top. His clothes are mostly oil, and there's oil in every pore of his skin—years of oil!

"Lucas Well?" he mutters. He seems speaking to himself. "That was the discovery well—over yonder. I couldn't say just exactly where. Things is much changed up hereabout. Lucas Well gushed one hundred and twenty thousand barrels when it came in. An' the San Jacinto Well an' the Yellow Pine Well—both good for one hundred thousand. Beatty and Star-and-Crescent Wells—each good for its seventy thousand."

"A day?" you ask as you mentally juggle with the vastness of it.

"Shore!" he answers. "Ev'ry day—includin' Sunday."

"How much are you pumping now?"

And his answer fixes a picturesque parallel—the output of the dull to-day and what it once was in the glowing yesterday.

"About thirty-five barrels in that well, and maybe fifty over there; but now we have to burn some of it to get it. Oil's fifty cents a barrel, an' they have to pay me; so the business ain't what it used to be.

"See here," and he strides with long steps to a pipe, bent, old and rusted, that pokes an apologetic nose from the ground. "Right here they plugged up a thousand-barrel well. If they wouldn't flow more than a thousand barrels a day in them times nobody'd monkey with them. If we only could get 'er back!"

And the old, bedraggled Oil Boy wagged his head.

"Field's petering out?" you may pleasantly remark.

The old fellow who has been there from the beginning will glare at you. Then he will turn his back on you. He still dreams of a resurrection. His camp will never die. Oil-field men are all optimists.

The Dream of Pattillo Higgins

SPINDLE TOP is a dream come true. Pattillo Higgins was the dreamer. Away back in 1890 he began to tell that oil was there. In the year 1892 he succeeded in getting together a party of Beaumonters, men of money and influence. They listened to him while he told them that he could make them rich. He talked knowingly of anticlinals and synclinals, gas, oil, sulphur, and hidden mysteries in the earth. He talked of geology and cheap fuels. The Beaumont men became interested and a company was formed.

Then Pattillo Higgins spilled his full platter of beans. He grew too fast for them. He ceased to talk of millions and began to talk of tens of millions and hundreds of millions. He mapped a subdivision of Spindle Top, which he named Gladys City, for a little girl who had romped at his knee, and his city took in all the lands about Spindle Top.

A Lake of Oil in the Texas Fields

He had a costly engraved letterhead made and hold stationery with vivid claims. The Beaumonters thought it was wild and gloating.

On the top of the letterhead he pictured thirty-two oil tanks, nine belching smokestacks, thirty factory buildings, an ocean-going steamer and a tank car—symbolic of the future.

And straightway whenever he met anyone on the street that person was likely to tunk his own respected frontal bone with the first knuckle of a bent finger in a most suggestive way. To hear the Beaumont people talk of this visionary Mr. Higgins was to pass verdict that he was fit food for the squirrel family.

Though he called them lop-eared asses they quit him one by one, and told him they did not want to share his riches or his dreams; but this was not until he had actually sunk a well to a depth of three hundred feet in 1893. For seven years he was left alone and lonely. Men turned from him to escape his pleadings. Once they began to think they ought to go out and catch him and lock him up.

Then along in 1900 Capt. A. F. Lucas came into the scene. He lived in the city of Washington; was a Government engineer. He had heard of sulphur down in the coastal country. He wanted some of it. Somehow it came about that he got into correspondence with Pattillo Higgins. Higgins, too, knew all about the hidden sulphur. He agreed to be guide for Lucas, who came down. Higgins forgot the sulphur and trotted him out to Spindle Top.

Captain Lucas had not heard the knocking on skulls with digital bones, and he accepted Higgins' story. They went at it and dug—or, rather, bored. At first it was done quietly. There is something about oil that breeds gumshoeing. Then Lucas began to hear the natives tell of the strange queerness of Higgins.

With every foot of depth his doubt grew and his courage wavered and his money diminished. The man who sold me my cigars and who once was the owner of five gushers, and who was vastly rich, and who lost it all trying to find another Spindle Top, told me this story; and he said that Captain Lucas told it to him.

I shall try to picture the scene at the dinner table in a little shack a mile and a half from the well. The ground is prairie, level as a table except for the peculiar round hummock that is Spindle Top. All that the eye could see was the sun and the green-brown fields of a coastal-plains January.

"I'm broke, wife; I'm penniless," slowly and sadly said Captain Lucas.

His wife, who had come from the city to cheer him and be with him in his big adventure, smiled bravely.

"Don't give up!" she urged. "Drill a little more—just a little more; maybe ——"

"But I've put in my last dollar—out there—and I can't pay my men. Every foot from now puts me deeper in debt. It wouldn't be right, wife. I'm going to quit."

Just then a strange roar came to them from across the prairie.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Lucas, who was first at a window.

Lucas Well Number One was in. A solid stream of oil was gushing, from a six-inch pipe, one hundred and fifty feet into the air.

It was uncontrollable. For ten days there was no stopping it. It was not capped until experts were brought from Philadelphia to do it.

"And the whole world went crazy," remarked the barber who shaved me in Beaumont. "I went crazy too. I cleaned up ten thousand dollars on a lease one morning.

"I got me a well. I was worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars once. But I let it all get away—trying to find another Spindle Top."

This leads to the story of the oil rush. No flight of gold-frenzied maniacs to a gold field ever equaled it. At one time more than twelve hundred companies were operating or trying to operate on and round Spindle Top. Men fought and shot and died for a foothold upon the "hill." Spindle Top is like an inverted saucer. It is almost round. It comprises about two hundred and fifty acres. The very center is an apex possibly fifteen feet above the surrounding country—an absolutely level plain.

Though thousands of wells have been drilled, no oil has ever been struck beyond the rim of the saucer; none except that first well—the Lucas Well. Captain Lucas missed the field by just four feet, went past the oil, and the terrific pent-up pressure actually "blew the well in" while he was eating dinner, resolved that he was done.

Had the well failed, there might now be a different story of the Great Southwest to write. Oil has built Beaumont. Oil has put the big buildings in Houston. Oil has run the railroads and boomed the lumber industry and the farming and the transportation of Texas. Oil ships are thick upon the Gulf. Oil has made powerful banks out of little ones. Oil has moved families out of hovels to homes in great houses.

Lawyers have taken worthless lands for fees and have seen millions flow out of wells upon those sour acres. And Spindle Top, the first great field in Texas, bred all this.

Pattillo Higgins, the man who found Spindle Top, now lives in Houston. He did not get rich out of it. The height of the boom found him with little but a lawsuit upon his hands. He has been hunting for a great, new oil field ever since.

Men who have followed him have been getting rich, or otherwise, ever since. He has been a figure in the oil industry ever since. I found him, sun-bronzed, gray of temple and one-armed, in his Houston office. I talked to him a little of Spindle Top, and then he confided to me:

"I've got another Spindle Top. I'll have it in soon—maybe in twenty-four hours. I think it will be bigger and better than Spindle Top."

How Charlie Cornered the Printers

IN BEAUMONT they still sit up nights to talk of Spindle Top if there is a stranger who will listen. It is Beaumont's mighty, outstanding pride. Once it cost twenty-five dollars to get a cabman to "carry" you out there, as the natives say. To-day an interurban, on the way to Port Arthur, the late J. W. Gates' pet project, goes by Spindle Top's door. It jerks you to the spot in a jiffy. But, though it now costs but ten cents, few stop there.

It is not a pleasant sight to those who remember the golden stream that is dead, especially if they had their fingers in the stream. They do not take the same glory in those base pumpers that suck and pull to get the final drop from each hole.

I found a tall, thin printer whose most prominent feature was a large cud of tobacco, upon which he gnawed with yellow teeth. He was gaunt and sallow, but the memory made him laugh.

"Ever heard of Charlie, the typesetter, who made thirty thousand dollars one morning?" he drawled. "Say, it was some show that he put on! Got a lease right after sunup one day and turned it for thirty thousand dollars, clean profit.

"What did he do? He hired a band and invited every printer in town out to wine. We couldn't get a paper out that day, or for two weeks. He got every man in Beaumont that could stick type into the parade he formed

behind his band. Everywhere he went the band marched in front of him, playing blue blazes, and all his friends followed behind.

"The newspapers wired to Houston and New Orleans for printers. But he met every train, with his band, and his soused paraders took the imported printers right along with them. He kept that band playing night and day. He didn't care what it cost him. His money had wings. He spent it all in about two weeks."

"And then?"

"Well, when he got over the effects of it he went back to printing. Ever heard of Mrs. Slop?"

No; Mrs. Slop was a stranger.

"Mrs. Slop was just what they called her. I never heard her right name, but I guess she had one. She lived in a dinky little cabin out near the edge of Spindle Top. Every day for years she had driven into Beaumont with a couple of barrels in a ramshacklety wagon drawn by a ramshacklety horse. You could hang a boot on that horse's hip—honest!

"She owned about an acre of four-dollar land and didn't have one hope left. One day a Yankee comes along and offers her thirty-five thousand dollars for the oil rights in her land. She reached out a grimy hand and grabbed it. She shuffled right down to the bank, chucked it out of sight—the whole wad of it—and shuffled back home.

"And—yes, sir-ee!—the next darn' morning she was out, with her old horse and her old barrels, gatherin' up slop just like nothing had happened."

In the Halcyon Days of Gushers

"WHEN the mob poured into town it was nothing to see a line three or four blocks long waiting for a turn at the post-office window. Boys would get in line, and some men, and sell out their places for as high as ten dollars. It is history that one man, rich and very tired, gave two hundred and fifty dollars for a bed to sleep in one night. You couldn't lie down outside—the mosquitoes would eat you.

"Every night when the trains left for Houston or Orange people who couldn't get lodgings would almost mob the train crews. This was the nuttiest town in the world. They sold tickets so fast at the station that they couldn't count the money. They'd just sweep it off the counter onto the floor. After the train was gone all hands would turn to and count it and tie it in bales.

"And the banks were that bustin' full they couldn't get the money into the vaults. They used to pile it up on the floor and stand a guard over it, with rifles. Gosh, those were some days! I had more'n sixty thousand dollars once, but I lost it all back again. Y'see, I tried to find another Spindle Top."

Death and gold rioted together in the palmy days of Spindle Top. Poor men of the morning were rich at night. And rich men of the night were often dead before the sun rose. Thieves, bandits, crooks, murderers—all congregated there. Their business was good. Every morning found the dead somewhere. Floaters were thick in the Neches. And then there was the gas.

On that little mound one day gas took a toll of thirty lives. Yet no one stopped to comment much. People were living in minutes.

Deeds were transferred a dozen, sometimes a score of times in a day. Every man nicked off his profit. Sometimes it was little and sometimes big. In the craziest days of that intense insanity they bought and sold land twenty miles from "the hill"; yet not one well has ever been brought in off the edge of that little two hundred and fifty acre bump on the prairie. Six feet from the rim and you could drill until doomsday and no oil—so they all say. One foot inside and you were almost assured of a gusher.

Sometimes there would come in a fierce gasser; and a gasser meant that the undertaker would get his own little share of the profit that Spindle Top, with lavish hand, spread out to all—that is, if you got too close the undertaker came for you. For three months there was hardly a day when from one to half a dozen men did not get too close. They dropped in their tracks. And then someone would rope the body and drag it to fresh air.

Men drunk with both liquor and excitement ran everywhere trying to buy, sell or trade. White men and black men gained and lost wealth by cards, spindle, swindle, the spin of roulette, or a turn of the wits. Companies were formed in the twinkling of an eye for barter, trade and frenzied development.

Stock was sold in oil wells that were never drilled—and many of the promoters never intended to drill. One company bought a hundred acres of prairie land miles from Spindle Top at three hundred dollars an acre. A stranger was standing by.

"I'll give you four hundred dollars for it," he said.

"Taken!" said the president of the company, for that was the way they traded.

Deeds were carried round in pockets and indorsed from one owner to the other. Often the whole back of a deed would be filled with signatures of those who had transferred it. That quick decision, as the taker saw it, netted his company of wildcatters ten thousand dollars. The deed was made over on the spot. The man laid down four hundred dollars in cash—not forty thousand dollars, as was expected—and started quickly away.

"I said four hundred dollars!" was his parting taunt.

A big fist shot out. A pistol gleamed. For that was the way they handled crooks when they could handle them at all in the boom days. What was left of the swindler indorsed the deed back again.

Everywhere along the coast one finds the battered remnants of strong men who went into the oil boom. I saw an old negro sitting upon a curb. I knew that his wife, a spacious black mammy, was the cook of the food I ate that day. The old negro, evidently once a man of massive build, groaned as he clutched at himself.

"Sick, uncle?" I asked.

How Charlie Brooks Shaved the Flood

"MY WOUN'S!" he groaned. "They sho' does hurt me these wet days. I got 'em over at Spindle Top, an' again at Sour Lake. I was a rich nigger oncet. I sold beer for a dollar, two dollars, sometimes three dollars a bottle. But the white men wor terrible rough. They used to get to shootin'. Th' hospitals an' the doctors a'mos' cut me t' pieces tryin' to get the bullets out. Those sho' wor days!

"I made heaps of money on licker an' craps an' cyards. If I'd only lef' buyin' that stock in them wells alone I'd 'a' been rich to-day—barrin' what th' doctors got. But the white men kep' talkin' mo' Spindle Tops, mo' Spindle Tops, to me, and I jes got bales of them stiricates, boss—jes bales of 'em!"

My old Oil Boy sat on his yellow-pine stump. Like all else that is at Spindle Top, except the earth and the oil, it had been brought there. Each end of it was sawed flush across; but the top end was smooth and glistened. It was polished with the rubbing of many oily trousers.

The goat herd came inquisitively near. He spat at the nose of the nearest kid, and barely missed. The kid jumped and moved on—insulted. Old Oil Boy shined misty spectacles with cotton waste.

"If we could only bring back the oil that got away!" he sighed.

"Got away?" you ask.

"Yes; run away!" he emphasizes. "Run into the river, the bay, the Gulf an' the ground."

If you want him to talk, say nothing. Just wait watchfully, open-mouthed, agape. He will tell you in due time.

"Oil got down to three cents a barrel," he says. "It was spoutin' wild every which way. Then a man got a scheme. I think his name was M. L. Lockwood. I've heard since then that he got rich and lives over in Houston.

"He hired a lot of niggers and horses and mules, and whites that were broke, and got a lease on acres and acres of land 'way down yonder where it's a leetle low. He dug and scooped and worked for weeks. Also, he contracted for oil at three cents a barrel—all he could get. He tied the oil up for months ahead in black and white. Remember, thousands of barrels of oil was running wild, spillin' into the river, running everywhere from those gushers!

"Here he came to save the hill! At last he had his tank ready. They turned it in and he paid. It almost bust him. The oil ran back into the ground—seeped away. You see, he couldn't get water cheaper'n six dollars a barrel."

"But what has six-dollars-a-barrel water to do with three-cents-a-barrel oil?" you may ask.

Here's the answer: Oil is light. It floats upon water. It will not mix with it. To hold oil in an earthen tank, as every oil man knows, you must keep a foot or two of water in the bottom. Of course the water will slowly seep away; but keep putting in your water and you have always beneath the oil a blanket through which it cannot pass.

Oil was three cents a barrel; but because water was six dollars a barrel the oil was lost.

"Later we got water—too much of it," said old Oil Boy. "It came from the sky and from the earth. Drillers began to hit artesian flows. We are deluged with rains. That's how come Charlie Brooks made his ninety thousand dollars out of a two-bit plank."

You sit silent, so old Oil Boy will not quit talking. You must be careful. You may say the wrong thing. If you do he will enter a long and resolute silence—retire like a crab into his hole.

"When they hit the water wells," he went on, "and the rains came, it was the muddiest spot in Christendom right here. Charlie Brooks got to worrying about all this oil going to waste. It was pouring in a river—everybody's oil—off to the Gulf.

"Charlie got him a two-bit plank and run the oil through a ditch over on the far side, yonder. Water was rippin' along beneath, oil ridin' it. Charlie fixes his board slantin' and crosswise. He fastened it so it shaved the oil off over a runway into a great earth tank on one side. The water escaped under the board.

"They all do say that his board caught him ninety thousand dollars' worth of oil before the rest of 'em got wise to the scheme. Charlie? He's over in Houston now. Those three-cents-a-barrel oil contracts broke a lot of operators too."

"How?" you ask briefly and open your mouth expectantly again.

"Well, 'twas this way: When oil was three cents a barrel the buyers licked it all up for months to come. Then, after about a year and a half, the wells quit gushing one by one an' the owners found out that the contracts called for pumping when the spouting quit. The wise old buyers had slipped in that clause."

Clint Walker's Amphibious Dog

"IT RUINED 'em right an' left. They lost their wells, an' many a new-rich went back to his overalls and his hands got hard again. An' say!" My friend on the stump laughed in glee. "Did you ever hear of Clint Walker's dog? Clint had a spaniel that was more amphibious than a fish. Clint was always braggin' about that dog's swimmin'. When Clint went duck huntin' that dog always went in an' brought out the birds. He was so proud of that dog he let him sleep in his bed—when he had a bed.

"One day we got to kiddin' Clint about the dog's swimmin', an' Clint, to prove his word, threw him into a big tank. That dog went plunk down through about four feet of oil. From the stirrin' he was swimmin' all right;

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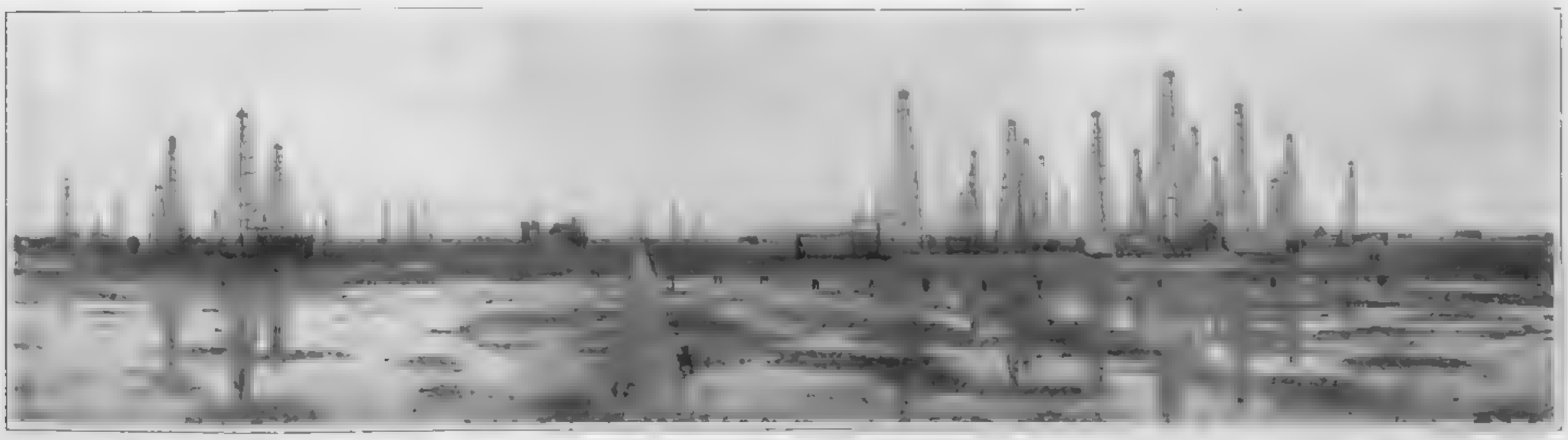


Spindle Top as it Looks Now. Numbers of These Wells are Giving Only Three, Four or Five Barrels of Crude Oil a Day

A WESTERN WARWICK

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

XIX

I HATED the prospect of that talk with Broad. As is always the case with men of the type of Broad, he considered that the investment of any money by him in any enterprise gave him complete control of that enterprise. Money is the most arrogant thing in the world. He not only had money, but he controlled money. He was a sort of a money king. And you may well believe me when I say that he ruled as an autocrat, not as a monarch who was subject to any limitations. He was firmly of the opinion that he and his friends, because of their financing of this campaign, had branded us all with their brand, and that we must take their orders to the exclusion of all others, and dance when they piped, whether our feet were sore or not. He was arbitrary and had sent peremptory instructions to me on various occasions. He was getting on my nerves, but I had to have the money he could supply.

I hated the interview, but I arranged it immediately. There was no time to be lost. Twenty-seven men sat in that room when I went in—twenty-seven cold-faced, cold-eyed, cold-hearted men, and they all looked at me about as I would have looked at a grafter who was trying to get an allowance for a fake publicity scheme. I felt that. I knew what they were thinking. I boiled inside, but I was pleasant and smiling and suave as I greeted them.

"Senator," He Asked, "Did Nobody Vote for Me Without Exacting a Promise of Recognition?"

"Senator," rasped Broad, "you requested me to ask these gentlemen to meet you."

"I did."

"What do you want to meet them for?"

"Money."

I could see them stiffen and harden in their chairs. It was not in their scope or plan to have anybody take money from them. Their specialty and monopoly was taking money from other people.

"Money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Two million dollars."

"You talk as if we owned all the money there is?" roared Broad, waving his big, red fists in the air.

"Well, don't you?"

"No, we do not. You might as well get that idea out of your head at once."

I walked over and stood in front of Broad.

"Mr. Broad," I said, "there is an idea you must get out of your head, too, and that is the idea that when you talk to me you are talking to a clerk or to one of your partners. I don't purpose to stand here and submit to your browbeating for one, single, damned minute. I am chairman of the organization that will elect James J. Rogers President of the United States. I shall be leader in the Congress that will be elected with him. I shall be dictator of the policy that is pursued by the forthcoming Administration, and, what is more to the point, I shall appoint—personally name—the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General. Now let that sink into you as far as it can, while I tell you and these other men here a few things they may not know."

I could see the purple rising in Broad's great neck. He choked and sputtered. The others looked at me in amazement, but I noted twinkles in the eyes of some of them.

"The President of the United States is the executive. The Congress is the legislative end. The Secretary of the Treasury controls the finances. The Attorney-General is the Government's officer of the law.

"Now, then, where will you get off, Broad, or any of your friends, with any of the schemes you have in mind for capitalizing yourself at the expense of the people and because of the complaisance of the influences I have just detailed to you, unless I—I, William H. Paxton—am amenable? Where will you get off?

"It is quite true that you have put two million dollars into this campaign for its successful preliminaries and for its present conduct. But are you laboring under the delusion that I think that contribution of two millions of dollars—either in your regard or in the regard of these other men here who have put in their percentages—that I think you gave me that money without consideration of the fact you will get it back a hundredfold? Do you think I don't know what you have in mind? Do you think I consider myself any mere political beneficiary, or that I consider you patriots, or anything but the wolves and pirates you are? If you do you are mistaken. You wouldn't have given me a cent if you had not been sure of the return you will have. You haven't lost that money or given it away. You have invested it, that's all.

"I am the person with whom you invested it. I am the person who is running this speculation for you. And in order that you may understand how clearly I comprehend your motives for investing with me, I want to tell you that I have accurate knowledge of your plans to clean up billions through the medium of trusts and combinations on a larger and more arrogant scale than ever before attempted. I know what you have in mind. I know all about the steel trust, the railroad combinations, the other trusts. Also I know that you can't make one of them unless the Administration at Washington is willing. You may have forgotten that we have already legislated somewhat on this trust question, and that we can legislate as much more and as drastically as we choose.

"Do you think there would be anything but loud cheers from the people if we announced that we purposed to pass laws that would prohibit you from robbing them as you intend to rob them? Do you? Do you think you can stop a popular uprising with mere money? Well, you can't. I can put you all out of business in six months with the publicity machine I have. I am using it at present for lulling the people, not for inciting them. Listen now."

I read to them the list of figures secured for me by Sterry.

"That's what you have in mind, or a portion of it. And I know just what that means to you—in money—in the one commodity you all love better than your lives or your families or your hopes of salvation. You can get it if I will let you. You cannot get it unless I do let you. You never can get it if the other man wins. I have told you that you will not be hindered if you do what I want you to. If you do not and I win I have said what will happen to you. I hold all the aces in this game, Mr. Broad and the rest of you"

I was emphatic. I was bluffing to some extent, but it was my last chance. I was out on a limb and I had to get back.

"Now, then," I shouted, "come across!"

Broad sat there, gulping like a man trying to swallow a dose of dry sulphur. The others were amazed, indignant, angry. I sat down, and tried to make it appear that I was used to berating financial giants in that way, but my hands trembled and my heart was pounding.

Instantly came squawks of protest, of resentment, of injured smugness, of hurt self-righteousness. Broad rose. He was the coolest man in the place. He had taken harsh hold of himself. He smiled as much of a smile as he ever indulged himself, and said:

"Wait a minute, gentlemen. While I think the senator has been, perhaps, a little too bellicose in stating his case, there is merit in his contention. This is an important matter. There is no call to get flurried about it. The senator is quite correct in saying we have great enterprises in mind. He has more or less adequately comprehended the profits to us there will be if we are successful. I assume he will have the grasp of the Washington situation he says he will have, especially of the White House. Therefore, I move that it is the sense of this meeting that we gentlemen here present, and such others as we may invite, subscribe the sum of two million dollars, to be used in the further expenses of the senator's campaign."

"But, Mr. Broad ——" interrupted Bathrop, a big banker.

"'But' nothing!" roared Broad, coming back to his usual choler. "I move that is the sense of this meeting."

It was all over in half an hour. I got my two millions. Until that afternoon I did not realize just how big that man Broad was. He knew I was right and he didn't resent what I said. Some of those others are squealing yet over it, but apparently Broad forgot it immediately. The only thing that was of consequence to him was success, and he made up the rules of his game as he went along, wherein he differed from the others, who started with formulas and rigidly adhered to them.

That two millions enabled me to tackle the final job, which was to solidify my local organizations, make

"Speaking About Bears—In What Part of the Country Did You Pass Your Boyhood?"

plans for financial support for state and district and smaller units, deal with organizations where large numbers of votes were held together—as it seemed – by mutual agreement and obligation. I had had experience of these fraternal grafts—these fraternal, and union, and race, and religious consolidations that, it was alleged, certain men or groups of men could control and vote - and I knew that most of the claims were fakes. Still, politicians have been stupid enough to allow the shrewd citizens who claim control to capitalize their claims, and I was no exception to the rule. I had plenty of money and I took no chances. I bought every sort of a reasonable commodity of this kind that was offered. In many instances I got value. In many others I did not.

I know one thing, and that is that the fear politicians have for the consequences that come if these various sets, sects and segregations are not propitiated is largely exaggerated. You can't make me believe that any one union man, for example, can make a whole union vote as he directs its membership to—not in this country. But there has grown up a fetish among politicians that all these various organizations and bodies must be cultivated and nourished, and I nourished and cultivated every last one of them that asked for sustenance or encouragement. I played every angle of the racial or religious game. I was after them all, and I got a lot of them. Also I was defrauded many times, but I expected that.

I had a series of reports from every state where we had a chance. One report was from the organization leaders, the politicians. One was from my own scouts. The third was from men I knew personally, and was based on friendship. By striking a general average of these reports I was able to settle in my own mind just how much money might be invested profitably and just about what results I might expect. I was liberal. I financed them adequately, often lavishly. It wasn't my money, you know. As we came to October there was an atmosphere of success surrounding us. Then the money began to pour in. If you ask any man who has managed a successful presidential campaign about it, he will tell you that the contributions of the last month are always a large share of the total. America is a great, populous country, mostly inhabited by sure-thing players. The ordinary political contributor wants a cinch. He holds off until he finds out, as nearly as he can, who will win, and then he rushes feverishly in with his contribution, and asks that it be recorded in indelible ink that he was a liberal contributor. If you win those eleventh-hour boys are the ones you find on the doorstep in the morning after election asking for favors based on their liberality.

Janes became jovial. His coffers were bulging with money. After taking a final survey I stuck both hands into that treasure chest and began to make my last distribution. I may have seemed crazy, but I was not. I was cannier than a Scot. I knew if we bogged down one inch then we should never get back, and I kept the machine whirring smoothly with that most potent of all lubricants, cash. The final month of that campaign was a hullabaloo I shall never forget. The people were running round in circles in all parts of the country, beating their breasts and declaring that the salvation of the nation depended on the election of Rogers, or they were running round in circles loudly proclaiming the contrary. My vast advertising had its natural reflex against me. I had excited interest in my candidate, of course, but I also stirred up the other fellows.

They couldn't do much. Their case was desperate. They had the handicap, at the beginning, of the hard times that came after their revision of the tariff, and I had accentuated those hard times, until the people who felt them felt also a personal grievance against the Administration. As I have said, good times help the party that is in and hard times help the party that is out. Good business and bad business are two hefty political influences. Our opponents

As I Left Me Was Looking Straight at a Picture of Abraham Lincoln

did what they could. They had not much money, save from heavy assessments they levied on the Federal office-holders. The big sources of supply were monopolized by me. They protested and denied, but they made no progress. I had them on the run.

"Rogers and Prosperity" was a combination they could not attack successfully, although I must say they attacked it—and me—viciously.

Just as we came to these thirty days of clamorous climax we unleashed the candidate. He had remained steadfastly at home, receiving his pilgrims, speaking to them adroitly, adapting himself to every shade of racial support, every variety of association and organization, making no mistakes and watched every minute by the tireless Talbot. There was loud demand from various parts of the country to see him and hear him, and we arranged for appearances and speeches in several of the great cities. Also we arranged that these appearances should be greeted by more noise, enthusiasm and general organized political lunacy than is ordinarily the case. We advertised the coming of the candidate as if he were a circus. No detail of triumphal entry, stay and departure was lacking. We left little to the local committees. My expert enthusiasm inciters and arrangement makers saw to it that every see-the-conquering-hero-comes requirement was fulfilled. Rogers made six big public speeches, and in those he covered the entire ground. Any person who could not vote for him, after reading that generously broad statement of policies, was hard to satisfy.

Then I had my greatest idea. "Rogers and Prosperity" was my slogan. I was aiming for the workingman largely, for the wage-earner and the farmer. I resolved to play my biggest psychological card. The hypnotism of the mass! That was it. I organized Prosperity Parades in every city and mill town in the country. It made no difference whether the men who paraded were for me or not. I got in touch with the employers. The employers used coercion when it was necessary. I spent eighty thousand dollars in telegrams in getting that thing started, but what a whale of a success it was!

The parades were on the Saturday before election. The idea was an instantaneous hit. Employers ordered men out. Politicians dragged them out. Hundreds of thousands went voluntarily, because they believed in my propaganda. From Boston to San Francisco the streets of the various cities were filled with tramping men who carried "Rogers and Prosperity" banners. It was tremendous. It was more than that—epochal. Nothing of the kind ever was carried off before. It looked as if every male of the voting age was for Rogers. I wish I might know how many hesitating ones that demonstration pulled over to our side, but I never shall. Still I am satisfied that it was many, many thousands. Victory was presaged. It was the hypnotism of the mass—of beef. And I wasn't through sending out checks for expenses incurred for six months after the election.

I closed down my desk on Monday afternoon and went home to vote. Then I took a train for Rogers' home, for it had been arranged that we would receive the returns together. Nobody else was there, save Pliny Peters and Talbot. We had a special wire running into the house, and the benefit of press association bulletins, newspaper dispatches, bulletins from my men in each doubtful state, and every other facility.

We sat in the room Rogers had used as an office, the four of us. The news was good from the start. At nine o'clock it was certain that we had won a great victory. I had a bulletin that said New York was all right, and I turned to Rogers and said:

"Jim, you have been elected President of the United States."

He made no reply, but took my right hand in both of his. Pliny was doing a silent dance, and Talbot, unmoved, making figures on a sheet of paper.

"How do you feel, Jim?" I asked him.

"Senator," he replied, and there was a catch in his voice, "I feel like a child lost in the woods."

XX

I HAD a sort of suspicion that I had something to do with the election of Rogers, but I must have been wrong in the surmise. Before eight o'clock on that election night telegrams to the president-elect began to come in, and by midnight they were arriving in bunches of a hundred at a time, telegrams from all parts of the country and from all sorts of persons; and each telegram, after extending heartiest congratulations, called the attention of Mr. Rogers to the noble, self-sacrificing, important and effective efforts the sender had put forth in behalf of Rogers, claimed exceeding credit, and asked for an appointment for the purpose of discussing the state of the nation and remedies for existing conditions, which, in every case, simmered down to an application for a job.

I have given the subject of political job-hunting and job-holding much study, and it all resolves into the two propositions of pride and profit—pride mostly, for there are not many political jobs in our country that are profitable, or profit much to a decently honest man. Salaries are meager and expenses heavy. However, the usual puny salary deters few, for money is relative anyhow, and to the small-town man the twelve hundred dollars a year he can get for being postmaster is probably more than he can make in any other way, and a large sum for his community.

But take the other places—the assistant secretaries, and the bureau chiefs, and so on. Those men are put to it to live in Washington on their salaries. They have no social positions of any account—that is, their offices confer no Washington distinction on them. Neither of those is the lure. The lure is selfish vanity.

They want to be distinguished above their fellows. They want a title. Office-holding always reminds me of belonging to a club. A body of men organize, hire a house, and members sit in the window and gaze loftily at the passers-by, saying: "We are better than you are—superior—because we can come in here and you cannot."

So it is with office-holding. The distinction is the thing. The Honorable So-and-So is snobbishly a grade above plain Mr. This-and-That. I have often thought that most of our political and patronage troubles could be avoided if we would pass a national law providing that every tenth man, say, was permitted to adopt the prefix "Honorable" after reaching the age of forty, provided he had no bad habits—public ones—the selection to be made on the eugenic principle, perhaps, or by some other test. I haven't worked it out yet, but shall devote some time to it later. Of course the objection instantly arises that the other nine men would be jealous and resentful, but that would be better than at present. Now not only the nine are disgruntled when the tenth gets a job, but the tenth man also is dissatisfied and unhappy because his commanding abilities have not been adequately recognized and rewarded.

It is a good plan and I shall develop it.

Pardon this digression, but I feel deeply on this office-seeking subject, and so does James Jason Rogers, and so does every man who has been President or has assisted in making a President, and so will every man who is to be President or is to help make one, so long as we continue operating under the guise of our favorite fiction—a representative government. He is an exceptional man who, once he has the sniff of the public crib in his nostrils, ever smells anything else. Every community has its examples men who once had jobs, either elective or appointive, and who ever afterward spent their time in trying to gather enough influence to get back on the pay roll and reassume the title, however inconsequential it may have been. Washington is full of them—derelicts, ghosts of former days, men who were in the spotlight once, and who haunt the public places, seeking eagerly for some ray of hope; or men who, retired for one reason or another, can't keep away from the scenes of their golden days, and amble aimlessly about, getting their small satisfactions from the atmosphere of the place. Nothing to me is so pathetic as a politician without a job, unless it is a politician with a job. One typifies a future without hope and the other hope without a future.

Many men know these things are true, but most men try not to believe them. No man tries to practice them, for a philosophic consideration of the verities comes only when there is no other employment for the mind. Wherefore, as I looked at the tremendous stack of telegrams Rogers received and at my own enormous number, and grasped the general tenor of them, which was "We want jobs," I gathered Pliny Peters and fled precipitately to my fishing camp, leaving Talbot and Limpton on guard with Rogers to make sure that he did nothing until I returned. I told the newspaper boys I sought "a much-needed rest," that being the political parlance for covering any disappearance of a factor in the situation.

"Mr. President," I said to Rogers—for he liked to hear it even then, and I realized acutely that he had ceased being the candidate and had become the reality, or would in a few months—"Mr. President, I rely on you to make no promises nor adopt any procedure until I return."

He smiled at me benignantly.

"I shall do nothing without consulting you," he said. And he didn't.

Pliny and I had little time for the fish. What we had to do was to classify our promises, recapitulate our obligations, plan to hold our machine together, and see that the harmonizing apparatus was in good working order. The latter task was the easier. There is nothing that subdues discord in a political party so effectively as winning. Success is the greatest harmonizer there is, for after a victory the soreheads retire their soreness for the time being and hasten forward in a sweet spirit of forgive-and-forget to see what they can garner for themselves. There was a good deal of opposition to me among the older leaders of the party. I had trampled over them. I had brushed them aside. I ran my campaign in my own way and gave small heed to their protests or proposals. But now that I had won they were all about, buttery-mouthed and congratulatory, and eager to share the burden and perquisites with me, assuring me of their loyal coöperation and support.

This didn't dupe me, nor were they so foolish as to think it would. They merely made the momentary best of a bad situation, but every one of them kept his knife up his sleeve. And I knew it. And they knew I knew it. Still we allowed the outward and visible grace to overshadow the inward and savage malevolence. We declared a truce.

We spent hours going over our lists, taking each state separately, setting down, first, its absolute requirements, and, second, its possible allotments. We booked every positive promise, every tentative promise, every implied obligation. We put down the men who must be taken care of, the men who should be and the men who might be. When we had finished the imperatives we had worked for a fortnight, and there were armies more. Then we discovered that, even with sixty or seventy thousand postmasterships, we didn't have enough offices to go round. Also we discovered that we were in for difficult times, for in many instances men of equal importance and equally deserving of reward wanted the same office.

To lubricate this contingency, even if I do say it myself, I evolved an emulsive phrase that was the inspiration of genius, nothing short. Then and there I coined those words that stood me in priceless stead so many times.

"Pliny," I said one night, after we had toiled for hours with our classifications and tabulations—"Pliny, the best we can do with a lot of these patriots is to offer them something equally as good." Pliny grabbed it.

"'Something equally as good'" he repeated. "'Something equally as good.' Boss, that's the line. That's the get-away. That's the life-saver. And, boss ——"

"Yes, Pliny."

"You'll be the judge as to the parity."

We hung that out as our sign: "Something equally as good." The new President was quick to see the soothing qualities of it and the vast service of it as a composer of difficulties. It had many values. With it you could calm an insistent office seeker, for there was a certain largeness and lulling indefiniteness about it that kept his horizon rosy with hope for days. It gained time. It held off complications. It gave us opportunity to shuffle the cards. It contained all the pleasures of anticipation. It made us the judges of comparatives. It saved me from nervous prostration and it helped the President to keep everybody in good humor, for while a man is hopeful he is harmless.

When I got back to the house of the President-elect I found him struggling desperately to swim out of the sea of telegrams and letters that had surged in on him. Talbot and Limpton stood sturdy guard. Few people saw him, although every train brought citizens who demanded audience on the ground that they were absolutely important to him. But Talbot and Limpton knew all the dodges They merely smiled genially when the visitors rushed into the outer offices, exclaiming, with the confidence of the highest development of American nerve:

"Oh, he'll see me. Why, I am his warm personal friend. I knew him when he was a struggling lawyer, and I have letters from him saying he will be glad to receive me any time. You just tell him I am here and he'll welcome me, no doubt of that. Why, he wouldn't have been elected if it hadn't been for me."

The guards were obdurate. They withstood threats, pleadings, offers of bribes, anger, denunciation and scorn. No person was admitted without an appointment. If a tenth of those who tried had been allowed to see Rogers we shouldn't have inaugurated him at all. We should have buried him.

"Senator," he said, "it seems to me that every man who voted for me wants reward for that act in the shape of an office."

"It seems so to me, too, Mr. President."

"But am I obligated to this extent?"

"You are not. You are obligated only to the extent that I shall tell you in due time."

He smiled.

"Break it to me gently," he said. "And now I want to talk to you about my Cabinet."

"That can wait."

"Oh, yes, I suppose it can; but while you were away I occupied myself to some extent with selecting a list of names we might consider."

"Mr. President," I said, "an entirely fictitious valuation is placed by the general public on the Cabinet. It is hazily associated in the popular mind with power and influence, a sort of a set of deputy presidents, so to say. Now you know and I know exactly what there is to a Cabinet and exactly what there is not. No President who is any sort of a President delegates any real authority to a Cabinet member. A Cabinet member cannot and dare not do anything outside of the executive detail of his department without the consent and approval of a President. If he could, what would be the use of being President? A Cabinet member has no responsibility to the people. Why, he is so personal a retainer that the Senate, where the power of investigation of appointments and confirmation of

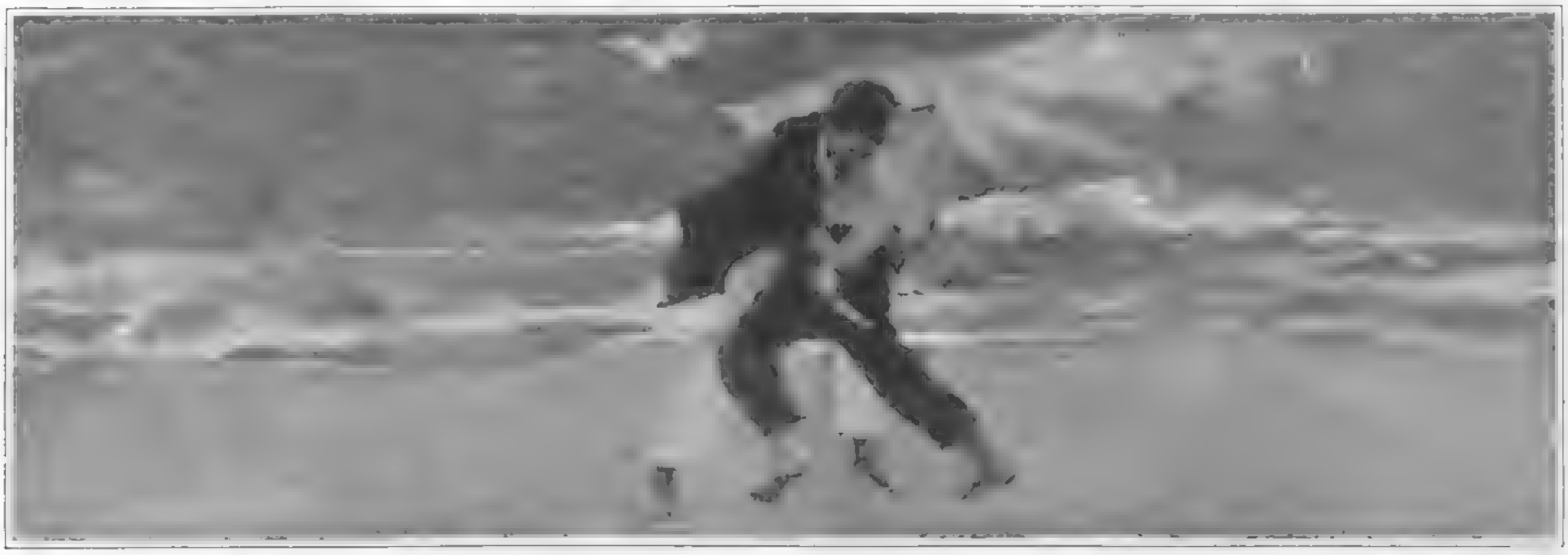
(Continued on Page 66)

"Jim, You Have Been Elected President of the United States"

WILD ORANGES

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



XII

JOHN WOOLFOLK peered through the night toward the land.

"Put me ashore beyond the point," he told Halvard; "at a half-sunk wharf on the sea."

The sailor secured the tender; and, dropping into it, held the small boat steady while Woolfolk followed. With a vigorous push they fell away from the Gar. Halvard's oars struck the water smartly and forced the tender forward into the beating wind. They made a choppy passage to the rim of the bay, where, turning, they followed the thin, pale glimmer of the broken water on the land's edge. Halvard pulled with short, telling strokes, his oarblades stirring into momentary being livid blurs of phosphorescence.

John Woolfolk guided the boat about the point where he had first seen Millie swimming. He recalled how strange her unexpected appearance had seemed. It had, however, been no stranger than the actuality that had driven her into the bay in the effort to cleanse the stain of Iscah Nicholas' touch. Woolfolk's face hardened; he was suddenly conscious of the cold weight in his pocket. He realized that he would kill Nicholas at the first opportunity without the slightest hesitation.

The tender passed about the point, and he could hear more clearly the sullen clamor of the waves on the seaward bars. The patches of green sky had grown larger, the clouds swept by with the apparent menace of solid, flying objects. The land lay in a low, formless mass on the left. It appeared secretive, a masked place of evil. Its influence reached out and subtly touched John Woolfolk's heart with the premonition of base treacheries. The tormented trees had the sound of Iscah Nicholas sobbing. He must take Millie away immediately; banish its last memory from her mind, its influence from her soul. It was the latter he always feared, which formed his greatest hazard—to tear from her the invidious tendrils of the blighting past.

The vague outline of the ruined wharf swam forward, and the tender slid into the comparative quiet of its partial protection.

"Make fast," Woolfolk directed. "I shall be out of the boat for a while." He hesitated; then: "Miss Stope will be here; and if, after an hour, you hear nothing from me, take her out to the ketch for the night. Insist on her going. If you hear nothing from me still, make the first town and report."

He mounted by a cross pinning to the insecure surface above; and, picking his way to solid earth, waited. He struck a match and, covering the light with his palm, saw that it was ten minutes before eight. Millie, he had thought, would reach the wharf before the hour he had indicated. She would not at any cost be late.

The night was impenetrable. Halvard was as absolutely lost as if he had dropped, with all the world save the bare, wet spot where Woolfolk stood, into a nether region from which floated up great, shuddering gasps of agony. He followed this idea more minutely, picturing the details of such a terrestrial calamity, when he put it from him with an oath. Black thoughts crept insidiously into his mind like rats in a cellar. He had ordinarily a rigidly disciplined brain, an incisive logic, and he was disturbed by the distorted thoughts that came to him unbid. He wished, in a momentary panic, instantly suppressed, that he was safely away with Millie in the ketch.

He was becoming hysterical, he told himself with compressed lips—no better than Lichfield Stope. The latter rose grayly in his memory, and fled across the sea, a phantom body pulsing with a veined fire like that stirred from the nocturnal bay. He again consulted his watch, and said aloud, incredulously: "Five minutes past eight." The inchoate crawling of his thoughts changed to an acute, tangible doubt, a mounting dread.

He rehearsed the details of his plan, tried it at every turning. It had seemed to him at the moment of its evolving the best—no, the only—thing to do, and it was still without obvious fault. Some trivial happening, an unforeseen need of her father's, had delayed Millie for a minute or two. But the minutes increased and she did not appear. All his conflicting emotions merged into a cold passion of anger. He would kill Nicholas without a word's preliminary. The time drew out, Millie did not materialize, and his anger sank to the realization of appalling possibilities.

He decided that he would wait no longer. In the act of moving forward he thought he heard, rising thinly against the fluctuating wind, a sudden cry. He stopped automatically, listening with every nerve, but there was no repetition of the uncertain sound. As Woolfolk swiftly considered it he was possessed by the feeling that he had not heard the cry with his actual ear but with a deeper, more unaccountable sense. He went forward in a blind rush, feeling with extended hands for the opening in the tangle, groping a stumbling way through the close dark of the matted trees. He fell over an exposed root, blundered into a chill, wet trunk, and finally emerged at the side of the desolate mansion. Here his way led through saw grass, waist high, and the blades cut at him like lithe, vindictive knives. No light showed from the face of the house toward him, and he came abruptly against the bay window of the dismantled billiard room.

A sudden caution arrested him—the sound of his approach might precipitate a catastrophe, and he cautiously felt his passage about the house to the portico. The steps creaked beneath his careful tread, but the noise was lost in the wind. At first he could see no light; the hall door, he discovered, was closed; then he was aware of a faint glimmer seeping through a drawn window shade on one side. From without he could distinguish nothing. He listened, but not a sound rose. The stillness was more ominous than cries.

John Woolfolk took the pistol from his pocket and, automatically releasing the safety, moved to the door, opening it with his left hand. The hall was unlighted; he could feel the pressure of the darkness above. The dank silence flowed over him like chill water rising above his heart. He turned, and a dim thread of light, showing through the chink of a partly closed doorway, led him swiftly forward. He paused a moment before entering, shrinking from what might be revealed beyond, and then flung the door sharply open.

His pistol was directed at a low-trimmed lamp in a chamber empty of all life. He saw a row of large, black portfolios on low supports, a sewing bag spilled its contents from a chair, a table bore a tin tobacco jar and the empty skin of a plantain. Then his gaze rested upon the floor, on a thin, inanimate body in crumpled alpaca trousers and dark jacket, with a peaked, congested face upturned toward the pale light. It was Lichfield Stope—dead.

Woolfolk bent over him, searching for a mark of violence, for the cause of the other's death. At first he found nothing; then, as he moved the body—its lightness came to him as a shock—he saw that one fragile arm had been twisted and broken; the hand hung like a withered autumn leaf from its circular cuff fastened with a mosaic button. That was all.

He straightened up sharply, with his pistol leveled at the door. But there had been no sound other than that of the wind plucking at the old tin roof, rattling the shrunken frames of the windows. Lichfield Stope had fallen back with his countenance lying on a doubled arm, as if he were attempting to hide from his extinguished gaze the horror of his end. The lamp was of the common, glass variety, without shade; and, in a sudden eddy of air, it flickered, threatened to go out, and a thin ribbon of smoke swept up against the chimney and vanished.

On the wall was a wide, stipple print of the early nineteenth century—the smooth sward of a village glebe surrounded by the low, stone façades of ancient dwellings, with a timbered inn behind broad oaks and a swinging sign. It was—in the print—serenely evening, and long shadows slipped out through an ambient glow. Woolfolk, with pistol elevated, became suddenly conscious of the withdrawn scene, and for a moment its utter peace held him spellbound. It was another world, for the security, the unattainable repose of which, he longed with a passionate bitterness.

The wind shifted its direction and beat upon the front of the house; a different set of windows rattled, and the blast swept compact and cold up through the blank hall. John Woolfolk cursed his inertia of mind, and once more addressed the profound, tragic mystery that surrounded him.

He thought: Nicholas has gone—with Millie. Or perhaps he has left her—in some dark, upper space. A maddening sense of impotence settled upon him. If the man had taken Millie out into the night he had no chance of following, finding them. Impenetrable screens of bushes lay on every hand, with, behind them, mile after mile of shrouded pine woods.

His plan had gone terribly amiss, with possibilities which he could not bring himself to face. All that had happened before in his life, and which had seemed so unsupportable at their time, faded to insignificance. Shuddering waves of horror swept over him. He raised his hand unsteadily, drew it across his brow, and it came away dripping wet. He was oppressed by the feeling familiar in evil dreams—of gazing with leaden limbs at deliberate, unspeakable acts.

He shook off the numbness of dread. He must act—at once! How? A thousand men could not find Iscah Nicholas

in the confused darkness without. To raise the scattered and meager neighborhood would consume an entire day.

The wind agitated a rocking chair in the hall, an erratic creaking responded, and Woolfolk started forward, and stopped as he heard and then identified the noise. This, he told himself, would not do; the hysteria was creeping over him again. He shook his shoulders, wiped his palm and took a fresh grip on the pistol.

Then from above came the heavy, unmistakable fall of a foot. It was not repeated; the silence fell once more, broken only from without. But there was no possibility of mistake, there had been no subtlety in the sound—a slow foot had moved, a heavy body had shifted.

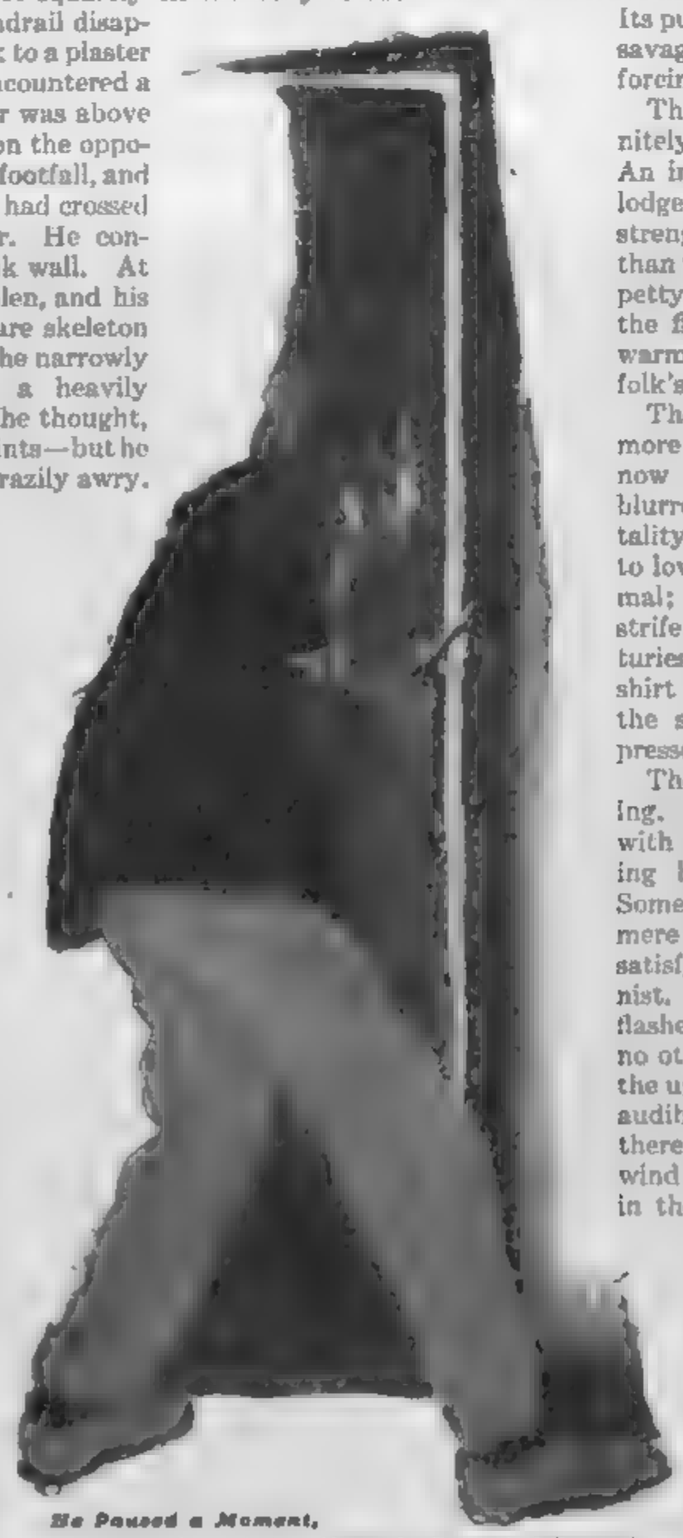
At this actuality a new determination seized him; he was conscious of a feeling that almost resembled joy, an immeasurable relief at the prospect of action and retaliation. He took up the lamp, held it elevated while he advanced to the door with ready pistol. There, however, he stopped, realizing the mark he would present moving conveniently illuminated up the stair. The floor above was totally unknown to him; at any turning he might be surprised, overcome, rendered useless. He had a supreme purpose to perform. He had already, perhaps fatally, erred, and there must be no further misstep.

John Woolfolk realized that he must go upstairs in the dark, or with, at most, in extreme necessity, a fleeting and guarded matchlight. This, too, since he would be entirely without knowledge of his surroundings, would be inconvenient, perhaps impossible. He must try. He put the lamp back upon the table, moving it farther out of the eddy from the door, where it would stay lighted against a possible, pressing need. Then he moved out of the wan radiance into the night of the hall.

XIII

HE FORMED in his mind the general aspect of the house: Its width faced the orange grove, the stair mounted on the hall's right, back of which a door gave to the billiard room; on the left was the chamber of the lamp, and that, he had seen, opened into a room behind, while the kitchen wing, carried to a chamber above, had been obviously added. It was probable that he would find the same general arrangement on the second floor. The hall would be smaller, a space inclosed for a bath, and a means of ascent to the roof.

John Woolfolk mounted the stair quickly and as silently as possible, placing his feet squarely on the body of the steps. At the top the handrail disappeared; and, with his back to a plaster wall, he moved until he encountered a closed door. That interior was above the billiard room; it was on the opposite floor he had heard the footfall, and he was certain that no one had crossed the hall or closed a door. He continued, following the dank wall. At places the plaster had fallen, and his fingers encountered the bare skeleton of the house. Farther on he narrowly escaped knocking down a heavily framed picture—another, he thought, of Lichfield Stope's mezzotints—but he caught it, left it hanging crazily awry.



He Paused a Moment, Shrinking From What Might be Revealed Beyond

He passed an open door, recognized the bathroom from the flat odor of chlorides, reached an angle of the wall and proceeded with renewed caution. Next he encountered the cold panes of a window and then found the entrance to the room above the kitchen.

He stopped—it was barely possible that the sound he heard had echoed from here. He revolved the wisdom of a match, but—he had progressed very well so far—decided in the negative. One aspect of the situation troubled him greatly—the absence of any sound or warning from Millie. It was highly improbable that his entrance to the house had been unnoticed. The contrary was likely—that his sudden appearance had driven Nicholas above.

Woolfolk started forward more hurriedly, urged by his increasing apprehension, when his foot went into the opening of a depressed step and flung him sharply forward. In his instinctive effort to avoid falling the pistol dropped clattering into the darkness. A sudden, choked cry sounded beside him, and a heavy, enveloping body fell on his back. This sent him reeling against the wall, where he felt the muscles of an unwieldy arm tighten about his neck.

John Woolfolk threw himself back, when a wrist heavily struck his shoulder and a jarring blow fell upon the wall. The hand, he knew, had held a knife, for he could feel it groping desperately over the plaster, and he put all his strength into an effort to drag his assailant into the middle of the floor.

It was impossible now to recover his pistol, but he would make it difficult for Nicholas to get his knife. The struggle in that way was equalized. He turned in the gripping arms about him and the men were chest to chest. Neither spoke; each fought solely to get the other prostrate, while Nicholas developed a secondary pressure toward the blade buried in the wall. This Woolfolk successfully blocked. In the supreme effort to bring the struggle to a decisive end neither dealt the other minor injuries. There were no blows—nothing but the straining pull of arms, the sudden weight of bodies, the cunning twisting of legs. They fought swiftly, whirling and staggering from place to place.

The hot breath of an invisible, gaping mouth beat upon Woolfolk's cheek. He was an exceptionally powerful man. His spare body had been hardened by its years of exposure to the elements, in the constant labor he had expended on the ketch, the long contests with adverse winds and seas, and he had little doubt of his issuing successful from the present crisis. Iscah Nicholas, though his strength was beyond question, was heavy and slow. Yet the latter was struggling with a surprising agility. He was animated by a convulsive energy, a volcanic outburst characteristic of the obsession of monomania.

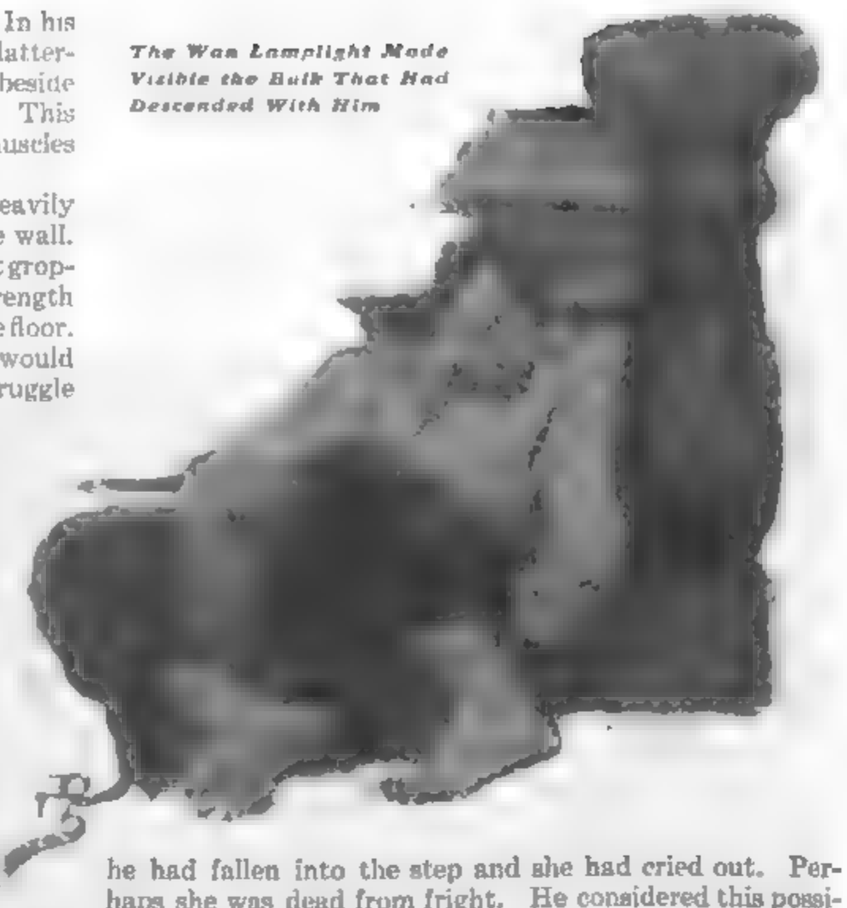
The strife continued for an astonishing, an absurd length of time. Woolfolk became infuriated at his inability to bring it to an end, and he put out an even increasing effort. Nicholas' arms were about his chest; he was endeavoring by sheer compression to crush Woolfolk's opposition, when the latter injected his mounting wrath into the conflict. They spun in the open like a grotesque human top, and fell. Woolfolk was momentarily underneath, but he twisted lithely uppermost. He felt a heavy, blunt hand leave his arm and feel, in the dark, for his face. Its purpose was to spoil, and he caught it and savagely bent it down and back, but a cruel forcing of his leg defeated his purpose.

This, he realized, could not go on indefinitely; one or the other would soon weaken. An insidious doubt of his ultimate victory lodged like a burr in his brain. Nicholas' strength was inhuman; it increased rather than waned. He was growing vindictive in a petty way—he tore at Woolfolk's throat, dug the flesh from his lower arm. Thereafter warm and gummy blood made John Woolfolk's grip insecure.

The doubt of his success grew; he fought more desperately. His thoughts, which till now had been clear, logically aloof, were blurred in blind spurts of passion. His mentality gradually deserted him; he reverted to lower and lower types of the human animal; during the accumulating seconds of the strife he swung back through countless centuries to the primitive, snarling brute. His shirt was torn from a shoulder, and he felt the sweating, bare skin of his opponent pressed against him.

The conflict continued without diminishing. He struggled once more to his feet, with Nicholas, and they exchanged battering blows, dealt necessarily at random. Sometimes his arm swept violently through mere space, at others his fist landed with a satisfying shock on the body of his antagonist. The dark was occasionally crossed by flashes before Woolfolk's smitten eyes, but no other light pierced the profound night of the upper hall. At times their struggle grew audible, smacking blows fell sharply, but there was no other sound except that of the wind tearing at the sashes, thundering dully in the loose tin roof, rocking the dwelling.

They fell again, and equally their efforts slackened, their grips became more feeble. Finally, as if by common consent, they rolled apart. A leaden tide of apathy crept over Woolfolk's battered body, folded his aching brain. He listened in a sort of indifferent attention to the tempestuous breathing of Iscah Nicholas. John Woolfolk wondered dully where Millie was. There had been no sign of her since



The Wan Lamplight Made Visible the Bulk That Had Descended With Him

he had fallen into the step and she had cried out. Perhaps she was dead from fright. He considered this possibility in a hazy, detached manner. She would be better dead—if he failed.

He heard, with little interest, a stirring on the floor beside him, and thought with an overwhelming weariness and distaste that the strife was to commence once more. But, curiously, Nicholas moved away from him. Woolfolk was glad; and then he was puzzled for a moment by the sliding of hands over an invisible wall. He slowly realized that the other was groping for the knife he had buried in the plaster. John Woolfolk considered a similar search for the pistol he had dropped; he might even light a match. It was a rather wonderful weapon and would spray lead like a hose of water. He would like exceedingly well to have it in his hand with Nicholas before him.

Then in a sudden mental illumination he realized the extreme peril of the moment; and, lurching to his feet, he again threw himself on the other.

The struggle went on, apparently to infinity; it was less vigorous now; the blows, for the most part, were impotent. Iscah Nicholas never said a word; and fantastic thoughts wheeled through Woolfolk's brain. He lost all sense of the identity of his opponent and became convinced that he was combating an impersonal hulk—the thing that gasped and smeared his face, that strove to end him, was the embodied and evil spirit of the place, a place that even Halvard had seen was damnably wrong. He questioned if such a force could be killed, if a being materialized from the outer dark could be stopped by a pistol of even the latest, most ingenious mechanism.

They fell and rose, and fell. Woolfolk's fingers were twisted in a damp lock of hair; they came away—with the hair. He rose to his knees, and the other followed. For a moment they rested face to face, with arms limply clasped about the opposite shoulders. Then they turned over on the floor; they turned once more, and suddenly the darkness was empty beneath John Woolfolk. He fell down and down, beating his head on a series of sharp edges; while a second, heavy body fell with him, by turns under and above.

XIV

HE ROSE with the ludicrous alacrity of a man who had taken a public and awkward misstep. The wan lamplight, diffused from within, made just visible the bulk that had descended with him. It lay without motion, sprawling upon a lower step and the floor. John Woolfolk moved backward from it, his hand behind him, feeling for the entrance to the lighted room. He shifted his feet carefully, for the darkness was wheeling about him in visible black rings streaked with palest orange as he passed into the room.

Here objects, dimensions became normally placed, recognizable. He saw the mezzotint with its sere and sunny peace, the portfolios on their stands, like grotesque and flattened quadrupeds, and Lichfield Stope on the floor, still hiding his dead face in the crook of his arm.

He saw these things, remembered them, and yet now they had new significance—they oozed a sort of vital horror, they seemed to crawl with a malignant and repulsive life. The entire room was charged with this palpable, sentient evil. John Woolfolk defiantly faced the still, cold inclosure; he was conscious of an unseen scrutiny, of a menace that lived in pictures, moved the fingers of the dead, and that could take actual bulk and pound his heart sore.

He was not afraid of the wrongness that inhabited this muck of house and grove and matted bush. He said this loudly to the prostrate form; then, waiting a little, repeated it. He would smash the print with its fallacious expanse

of peace. The broken glass of the smitten picture jingled thinly on the floor. Woolfolk turned suddenly and defeated the purpose of whatever had been stealthily behind him; anyway it had disappeared. He stood in a strained attitude, listening to the aberrations of the wind without, when an actual presence slipped by him, stopping in the middle of the floor.

It was Millie Stope. Her eyes were opened to their widest extent, but they had the peculiar blank fixity of the eyes of the blind. Above them her hair slipped and slid in a loosened knot.

"I had to walk round him," she protested in a low, fluctuating voice, "there was no other way. . . . Right by his head. My skirt ——" She broke off and, shuddering, came close to John Woolfolk. "I think we'd better go away," she told him, nodding. "It's quite impossible here, with him in the hall, where you have to pass so close."

Woolfolk drew back from her. She too was a part of the house, she had led him there—a white flame that he had followed into the swamp. And this was no ordinary marsh. It was, he added aloud, "A swamp of souls."

"Then," she replied, "we must leave at once."

A dragging sound rose from the hall. Millie Stope cowered in a voiceless access of terror; but John Woolfolk, lamp in hand, moved to the door. He was curious to see exactly what was happening. The bulk had risen, a broad back swayed like a pendulum and a swollen hand gripped the stair rail. The form heaved itself up a step, paused, tottering, and then mounted again. Woolfolk saw at once that the other was going for the knife buried in the wall above. He watched with an impersonal interest the dragging ascent. At the seventh step it ceased, the figure crumpled, slid halfway back to the floor.

"You can't do it," Woolfolk observed critically.

The other sat bowed, with one leg extended stiffly downward, on the stair that mounted from the pale radiance of the lamp into impenetrable darkness. Woolfolk moved back into the room and replaced the lamp on its table. Millie Stope still stood with open, hanging hands, a countenance of expectant dread. Her eyes did not shift from the door as he entered and passed her; her gaze hung starkly on what might emerge from the hall.

A deep loathing of his surroundings swept over John Woolfolk, a sudden revulsion from the dead man on the floor, from the ponderous menace on the stair, the white figure that had brought it all upon him. A mounting horror of the place possessed him, and he turned and incontinently fled. A complete panic enveloped him at his flight, a blind necessity to get away, and he ran heedlessly through the night, with head up and arms extended. His feet struck upon a rotten fragment of board that broke beneath him, he pushed through a tangle of grass, and then his progress was held by soft and dragging sand. A moment later he was halted by a chill flood rising abruptly to his knees. He drew back sharply and fell on the beach, with his heels in the water of the bay.

An insuperable weariness pinned him down, a complete exhaustion of brain and body. A heavy wind struck like a wet cloth on his face. The sky had been swept clear of clouds and stars sparkled in the pure depths of the night. The latter were white, with the exception of one that burned with an unsteady, yellow ray and seemed close by. This, John Woolfolk thought, was strange. He concentrated a frowning gaze upon it—perhaps in falling into the soiled atmosphere of the earth it had lost its crystal gleam and burned with a turgid ray. It was very, very probable.

He continued to watch it, facing the tonic wind, until with a clearing of his mind, a gasp of joyful recognition, he knew that it was the riding light of the Gar.

Woolfolk sat very still under the pressure of his returning sanity. Fact upon fact, memory on memory, returned, and in proper perspective built up again his mentality, his logic, his scattered powers of being. The Gar rode uneasily on her anchor chains; the wind was shifting. They must get away!—Halvard, waiting at the wharf—Millie ——

He rose hurriedly to his feet—he had cravenly deserted Millie; left her, in all her anguish, with her dead parent and Iscah Nicholas. His love for her swept back, infinitely heightened by the knowledge of her suffering. At the same time the familiar fear returned of a permanent disarrangement in her of chords that were unresponsive to the clumsy expedients of affection and science. She had been subjected to a strain that might well unsettle a relatively strong will; and she had been fragile in the beginning.

She must be subjected to no more scenes of violence, he told himself, moving hurriedly through the orange grove; she must be led quietly to the tender—that is, if it was not already too late. His entire effort to preserve her had been a series of blunders, each one of which might well have proved fatal, and now, in their entirety, perhaps had.

"I Think We'd Better Go Away," She Told Him. "It's Quite Impossible Here"

He mounted to the portico and entered the hall. The light flowed undisturbed from the room on the left; and, in its thin wash, he saw that Iscah Nicholas had disappeared from the lower steps. Immediately, however, and from higher up, he heard a shuffling, and could just make out a form heaving obscurely in the gloom. Nicholas patently was making progress toward the consummation of his one, fixed idea; but Woolfolk decided that at present he could best afford to ignore him.

He entered the lighted room, and found Millie seated and gazing in dull wonderment at the figure on the floor.

"I must tell you about my father," she said conversationally. "You know, in Virginia, the women tied an apron to his door because he would not go to war, and for years that preyed on his mind, until he was afraid of the slightest thing. He was without a particle of strength—just to watch the sun cross the sky wearied him, and the smallest disagreement upset him for a week."

She stopped, lost in amazement at what she contemplated, what was to follow.

"Then Nicholas —— But that isn't important. I was to meet a man—we were going away together, to some place where it would be peaceful. We were to sail there. He said at eight o'clock. Well, at seven Nicholas was in the kitchen. I got father into his very heaviest coat, and laid out a muffler and his gloves, then sat and waited. I didn't need anything extra, my heart was quite warm. Then father asked why I had changed his coat—if I'd told him he would have died of fright—he said he was too hot, and he fretted and worried. Nicholas heard him, and he wanted to know why I had put on father's winter coat. He found the muffler and gloves ready and got suspicious.

"He stayed in the hall, crying a little—Nicholas cried right often—while I sat with father and tried to think of some excuse to get away. At last I had to go—for an orange, I said—but Nicholas wouldn't believe it. He pushed me back and told me I was going out to the other.

"'Nicholas,' I said, 'don't be silly; nobody would come away from a boat on a night like this. Besides, he's gone away.' We had that last made up. But he pushed me back again. Then I heard father move behind us, and I thought—he's going to die of fright right now. But father's footsteps came on across the floor and up to my side.

"'Don't do that, Nicholas,' he told him; 'take your hand from my daughter.' He swayed a little, his lips shook, but he stood facing him. It was father!" Her voice died away, and she was silent for a moment, gazing at the vision of that resurrected and surprising courage. "Of course Nicholas killed him," she added. "He twisted him away and father died. That didn't matter," she told Woolfolk; "but the other was terribly important, anyone can see that."

John Woolfolk listened intently, but there was no sound from without. Then, with every appearance of leisure, he rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"Splendid!" he said of her recital; "and I don't doubt you're right about the important thing." He moved toward her, holding out his hand. "Splendid! But we must go on—the man is waiting for you."

"It's too late," she responded indifferently. She redirected her thoughts to her parent's enthralling end. "Do you think a man as brave as that should lie on the floor?" she demanded. "A flag," she added obscurely, considering an appropriate covering for the still form.

"No, not on the floor," Woolfolk instantly responded. He bent and, lifting the body of Lichfield Stope, carried it into the hall, where, relieved at the opportunity to dispose of his burden, he left it in an obscure corner.

Iscah Nicholas was stirring again. John Woolfolk waited, gazing up the stair, but the other progressed no more than a step. Then he returned to Millie.

"Come," he said. "No time to lose." He took her arm and exerted a gentle pressure toward the door.

"I explained that it was too late," she reiterated, evading him. "Father really lived, but I died. 'Swamp of souls,'" she added in a lower voice. "Someone said that, and it's true; it happened to me."

"The man waiting for you will be worried," he suggested. "He depends absolutely on your coming."

"Nice man. Something had happened to him too. He caught a rockfish and Nicholas boiled it in milk for

(Continued on Page 57)

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Government War Munitions

MAKING the manufacture of war munitions a Government monopoly, in order to insure that no private persons shall derive a profit therefrom, is a pretty little cobweb theory; but it will not stand contact with the rough edge of facts. War has raised the consumption of munitions in Europe from one to five hundred, or in some such ratio. War between the United States and a first-class Power would have something like the same effect here. We should be obliged, as England, France and Germany have been, to mobilize the whole manufacturing capacity of the country in order to supply the army and navy.

A Government munitions plant that was adequate to our needs in peace—fully as big as there was any justification for in peace—would become, at the outbreak of war, simply a small drop in a big bucket. We should have to fall back on privately owned plants in a wholesale way; and the Government establishment would become a fairly negligible factor. A Government plant big enough to meet our needs in war would stand idle in peace as to ninety-nine per cent or so of its capacity, and in a few years the loss thus involved would amount to more than the profits of the private munitions makers.

War profits of private munitions makers may very properly be heavily taxed, as Germany and England are now taxing them. But it is impossible to overtake all private war profits by taxation. The only way private profits in war can be prevented is to prevent them in peace by organizing the country's industry on a thoroughgoing socialistic basis. Of course the Socialists would approve of that, but nobody else would. Germany has gone some distance on that road, yet private persons in Germany are making profits out of the war. That is inevitable.

A Government munitions plant would go only one step in a mile by way of taking private profits out of war.

Entangling Alliances

THE State Department has stuck pretty close to Washington's advice against mixing up in European affairs. In other respects we have been showing a disposition to mix rather extensively. The Seaman's Act virtually proposed a regulation of foreign-owned steamship companies by this Government. The Department of Justice has attempted to bring such companies within the scope of our Sherman Law. Secretary Redfield proposes to see that European manufacturers do not compete unfairly—according to our interpretation of that term—in this market. The Cotton Futures Act that went into effect a year ago undertook to compel foreign cotton exchanges to conform to our ideas. They have declined to conform, and it now seems likely that section of the act will be repealed. Not a great while ago we were seriously proposing to prevent Brazil from valorizing her coffee. Obviously this involves considerable entanglement.

Incidentally this illustrates the hollowness of the notion that the United States stands apart, sufficient to itself, largely indifferent to the rest of the world. By the simple development of trade we become, in fact, more deeply entangled every normal year. If Brazil valorizes coffee we pay the price. If Japan operates ships with coolie labor we cannot operate competing ships with white labor. If the Liverpool Cotton Exchange will not accept our grades their value to us is lessened. Lending two European nations an amount more than half as large as our own Government debt is not an instance of aloofness.

Actual alliances multiply without the State Department's knowing anything about it. Whether we like it or not, we shall become more and more entangled with Europe as the world grows. Our total trade with that continent, in goods and ideas, will grow more important rather than less.

The Watchful Creditors

OVER two million persons subscribed to the last French war loan. The amount subscribed was three billion dollars, or somewhat more than the government calculated upon. Germany has floated three war loans, each unlimited as to amount—offering, that is, to take whatever amount was subscribed. The official statement says subscriptions to the first loan were about one billion dollars; to the second about two and a quarter billions; to the third, three billions. Individual subscriptions for five hundred dollars or less numbered nearly a million for the first loan, over two millions for the second, and over two and three-quarters millions for the third.

Broadly speaking, then, about all the small savings of France and Germany, at least, are going into the war loans. Three millions or so small investors, interested as bondholders in each country, will obviously be an important factor if anybody proposes to repudiate the war debts.

The last German loan was floated at a slightly higher rate than the first; so on the record up to this date one may make the astonishing statement that the longer war lasts and the more it costs the easier it is for the belligerents to raise money. Of course there must be an end somewhere, but no one can say it is in sight.

Concerning the huge sums raised in Germany, a neutral observer there remarks that the cutting off of foreign trade released a great amount of capital normally employed in such trade. A check to domestic business in some lines had the same effect. In many other lines manufacturers with stocks of raw material on hand were able to work them up quickly and dispose of them at high prices, which made them flush. In many lines, too, stocks of old goods that would normally move very slowly or not at all were snapped up at war prices. Then wages rose on every side; women and children were set to work.

On the other hand, the shock of war and high food prices induced rigid economy. It is said that many families saved more than before the war, and savings deposits for the whole country have increased—eventually going directly or indirectly into war loans.

Half a dozen other hypotheses as to how Europe will meet the burden of war debts are more probable than the hypothesis of repudiation.

A Humble Beginning

WE HAVE listened to a good deal of preparedness debate in Congress, but if one little point has been much emphasized the fact has escaped our attention. Experts agree that the country maintains half a dozen navy yards and half a dozen army posts that contribute nothing to the efficiency of the army and navy, but rather detract from their efficiency. The millions of dollars that might be saved by abolishing these useless establishments has been calculated and published a good many times. The only earthly reason for them is connoted by the word pork.

Do we hear any Democratic caucus or Republican caucus proposing to strengthen the country's defenses by the very simple expedient of cutting off this waste and devoting the millions saved thereby to some useful military purpose? When we do we shall begin to think Congress is taking the subject of preparedness seriously.

You can imagine a crowd of boys in a pantry debating whether or not the house is afire. Some of them, in passionate accents, declare it is; while others, with an equal show of vehemence, maintain it is not. But so long as all of them keep right on at the jam jars their loud tones and energetic gestures do not impress you very much. You feel that neither side takes the question seriously.

That is the way with Congress. It may debate the need of mobilizing our resources for national defense with a straight face; but when it proposes to stop dissipating those resources through the pork barrel we shall think it is really in earnest.

A Tariff Commission

PROBABLY this Congress will establish a tariff commission. If it is modeled on Mr. Taft's commission, probably its usefulness will be small. That commission's duties were limited to investigating and reporting facts. Among other subjects it investigated wool, reporting in three or four volumes of woolly facts that Congress immediately and completely ignored—preferring facts of its own choosing. You can gather up a whole unabridged dictionary of facts on any schedule in the Tariff Act and by choosing some of them and ignoring others you can present a very imposing argument for any sort of tariff you fancy.

What right tariff legislation needs is an expert and disinterested body, not only to get the facts but to draw rational conclusions from them, uninfluenced by political considerations. Congress itself, through its committees, is quite capable of getting the facts. What is needed is an expert and disinterested judgment upon the facts—which Congress is incapable of giving. To be useful, the commission must not only investigate but draw conclusions.

It is proposed to make the commission bipartisan, which is an error; for it introduces the implication of political bias. The right men for a tariff commission would have so little interest in either party, in comparison with their interest in right tariff legislation, that how they happened to have voted at the last election would be an entirely negligible consideration.

Our National Soup Kitchen

A CAUSTIC friend remarked the other day that democracy tends to pauperize people. He was speaking more particularly of English trade-unions; but he mentioned also our pork-barrel politics, which invites each particular district to see how much it can get out of the national treasury, and the growing inclination in late years to demand Federal aid for particular sections and classes.

The agitation for some sort of Government valorization of cotton when the war broke out was an instance. The agitation for farm loans, to be made directly or indirectly with Government funds, is another. Probably all democracy inevitably involves demagogy. If a man wants people's votes an obvious resource is to promise them some special benefit.

The question put to the voter is usually "What would you like the collective citizenship of the country to do for you?"—not "What will you do for it?" That pretty obviously tends to pauperize. It begets a habit of looking to Washington as a kind of magnified and glorified soup kitchen, whence one may extract nourishment without any return.

World Trade

FOR a year and a half the world has been trying its best to get divided, with only partial success. True, never before was so much of its population separated by an impassable line. Along thousands of miles trench faces trench and bayonets bristle at bayonets. If you look at the military situation the world seems fairly split in two. But, for all that, the world's trade—the total exchange of goods across international boundaries—is not much below the high-water mark of 1913. That is the conclusion, after careful investigation, of O. P. Austin, formerly chief of the Treasury Department's statistical bureau.

The available figures—which, however, leave Germany out of account, as it publishes no foreign trade returns—show only a small fraction under the ante-bellum total. Of course there is an enormous change in character and direction of this world trade; but, on the whole, nation is trading with nation about as much as ever. So interdependent a world ought to see the folly of fighting.

Firm-Handed Plutocrats

THESE times are so infused with the spirit of democracy, says Professor Santayana in a book that escapes exact quotation by eluding a lazy search, that even monarchs and plutocrats can be comfortable only in proportion as they are vulgar. They must have their democratic affability and display tremendous interest in poor, plain people. They must give away their money for the supposed common weal.

Mr. Carnegie, we read, having given away three hundred millions, or some such matter, is now just a plain citizen with merely a score or two of millions left. They are all doing it. Nobody, it seems, having made a huge fortune nowadays, can keep it with a good conscience. The modern plutocratic ideal is to soar far away from the common lot and then volplane gracefully back to it. Why take the trouble to soar at all? Why not distribute the millions for the common weal before they are collected in the capacious individual reservoir?

Still, there is a reason for the swollen fortune when it means control of business, as in the case of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Field, Morgan, and many others. A man capable of building up a great business naturally wants to boss it. By and large, he will probably be the most competent boss for it, and he can never be quite sure of his grip on it unless he owns a large part of its stock.

To prevent any man from having more, say, than a million dollars would prevent him from surely controlling any big modern business. If he created the business it is a fair presumption that he can control it to better advantage than anybody else—which, of course, is no argument for perpetuating huge fortunes by inheritance.

Money in Peaks and Valleys

GETTING FOLKS TO HELP TAKE SNARLS OUT OF BUSINESS

By James H. Collins

THE department store is a regular Chinese puzzle in peaks and valleys of demand. It was built, in the first place, on the old-fashioned dry-goods store, which handled chiefly dress goods, and had two busy seasons, in spring and fall, when people changed from winter to summer clothes, and vice versa. Other lines of goods were added to draw trade in the dull months, until finally the department store developed, selling everything under the sun beneath one roof. That overcame the seasonal peaks to a great extent, but other peaks bobbed up and had to be dealt with.

There are the peaks of the day—most people want to shop in the afternoon and it is hard to get a crowd into the store in the morning. There are the peaks of the week—everybody comes downtown Tuesday or Friday, or some other day, according to the peculiarities of the city in which the store is located. There are peaks of the weather—when rain or snow upsets the best-laid plans for advertised sales. There are peaks in the different departments. To-day children's ready-made will be rushed to distraction, and to-morrow the whole weight of shopping centers on shoes. Groceries, candy and women's-clothing stocks can be turned as often as eight or ten times a year; while men's clothing, dress goods and furniture may be turned only two or three times.

Most interesting of all are the peaks of the floors. If the whole stock of the store could be shown on the ground floor that would be an ideal condition, for the public likes best to shop there, the place of easiest access. But upper floors must be utilized, and it is a problem to draw people upstairs. If they go to the second floor they want a ride on a moving stairway; while to get them to the fourth and fifth floors there must be very ample elevator facilities that are in use, full capacity, but a few hours in the day, and perhaps a free concert thrown in, or a generous lunch of grocery samples.

Every line of business has its peaks and valleys of demand to overcome—telephone and telegraph companies; street cars and railroad freight service; the huge factory and the little specialty shop; the bank; the farm; the mine. Leveling the peaks of busy times and filling up the valleys of slack seasons is one of the biggest problems in business. It is also an opportunity; for the more stable a business can be made by skillful adjustments, the lower overhead expense, the steadier work for employees, the better the profits, dividends, salaries and wages.

Morning Bargains

MANY of these peaks and valleys are rooted in the eccentricities of our planet, such as day and night, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest. But others are based on habits of the public, and these can be modified by persuading the public to modify its habits, as well as by training employees to rise to the peak emergencies and surmount them with reserve energy and skill. Department-store ways of dealing with peaks offer many good suggestions to people confronted by similar difficulties in other lines of business; for methods turn largely on persuading the public to change its habits, as well as on the training of employees to meet emergencies.

To get morning shoppers big stores offer special sales at cut prices lasting only until noon, give the morning customer premiums and souvenirs, serve her with a dainty free lunch, and so on. Something for nothing always attracts a following.

There are really better arguments than that, however, and the stores are learning to use them in the development of morning trade. Department-store peaks are closely interlinked with street-car peaks. The afternoon shopper is usually hurried because she wants to finish her purchases and start home before the rush from offices and factories fills the cars. She does not have leisure to make the best selections, nor can she get the best service from salespeople.

If she will turn herself into a morning shopper, on the contrary, there will be more time to look over stocks, and the salespeople can give her personal attention, because they are neither rushed nor tired. These advantages, skillfully explained in advertising, make an impression on the more intelligent shoppers, and are particularly effective with people who come to buy carpets, furniture, pianos and merchandise that runs into large amounts.

One department head in a large Eastern store has built quite a tidy morning business by developing the personal equation among his clerks. They are encouraged to build their own following of customers, know them by name, tastes and plans. On this basis, by letters and telephone inquiries it is possible to bring good customers to the store mornings to buy of their sales acquaintances at a time when the latter have leisure to go over stock with them and give the best service.

The salesforce of a big store has to be strengthened to meet the afternoon rush, nevertheless. In one case this has been accomplished by giving half-day employment to women clerks who have married, but who are willing to use their former sales experience to earn wages part of the time. In another store it was discovered that by poor arrangement of lunch hours one-third of the salesforce was busy eating during the worst rush period. A better lunch schedule solved that problem. In still another store there is an auxiliary force of high-class salespeople who work under high pressure from noon until closing time without lunch.

Peaks of the week, the weather and departments are met in similar ways—by diverting as much trade as possible to the slack periods and by training of employees.

Leap Year

A certain large store meets emergency peaks by quickly switching from one line to another. All the signs pointed to good weather to-day and a sale of spring finery was scheduled. To-day is dismal, however, with a fall of melting snow. That kills the sale, but gives an opportunity to push rubbers, shoes, mackintoshes, and so on. The store sets its stage anew with the speed of a transformation scene. Window displays are changed in an hour; local displays of goods to fit the weather are made all over the place; clerks are transferred to the shoe and raincoat sections and sell with little coaching because stocks are arranged with just those emergencies in view.

The peak of the floors is met in many ways. One of the first essentials is machinery for taking shoppers to upper floors in comfort; and here the escalator, or moving stairway, has worked wonders. Counts kept in stores where customers had a choice between escalators, elevators and stairs show that the escalators carry sixty per cent of the people, because they like the convenience, speed and novelty. Shrewd grouping of stocks overcomes floor handicaps. There are trinkets that take little space and are universal in their appeal—candy, toys, odds and ends of dress. Instead of massing these in a single section they are scattered over different floors.

Making Big-Store Shopping Easy

LITTLE articles used to be carried on the ground floor as a matter of custom, tying up costly space in petty sales and blocking aisles with customers. These were moved upstairs and the ground floor devoted to goods of considerable value, such as watches and jewelry. In many cases this was done against the protest of department heads, who all fight for space on the ground floor, and in fear and trembling, because the public had always found such goods there. But moving upstairs led to more attractive displays and better stocks, because improvement was needed to overcome the fancied handicaps of the new location and also because there was more room in which to work.

Usually the sales increased instead of falling off. One kind of merchandise sells another. Petticoats create demand when shown near shoes, because they go naturally with shoes; and near millinery and waists for the same reason. The man who formerly dashed into a big store to buy a necktie, a hat and a shirt was told that these articles were kept in three different sections; so he bought a twenty-nine-cent tie and dashed out again rather than hunt round. Now all the goods for men are grouped together and one thing suggests others. All the ready-made clothes for women are together on the same upper floor, and right next them the children's ready-mades. This simplifies shopping and creates centers of interest so fundamental that people are drawn naturally to upper floors.

Two words give the key to many bad peak-and-valley troubles. Those words are—spoilt customers. In the shoe business it has long been the practice to pamper the shoe dealer. Samples of new styles are made up almost a year before the shoes themselves are finally sold to the wearer. The shoe salesman takes the road with these samples, calling on the dealer. The dealer looks over the line and gives his order, setting a date for delivery, which the manufacturer promises to keep. But the date is probably eight months away, so it is not regarded too seriously.

The manufacturer may not be ready with the shoes when that date comes, and there is disappointment and friction.

(Continued on Page 29)

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By George Weston

DECORATIONS BY J. M. WHITE

OF ALL the stories which I heard or read in the last twelve months, this is the one which held me the tightest. And when I have forgotten the others I think I shall still remember this. That is the reason I am telling it now, and why I shall tell it as nearly as I can in the same way that I heard it.

It is possible that the tale has been told before—perhaps millions of times—but it was new to me and it has been new to those to whom I have repeated it. At the same time I cannot deny that the story has many of the qualities of an old piece of folklore, one of those wonder tales which passed from generation to generation before printing was invented.

And yet, so far as I could verify it, the tale was a true one, though for that matter I can well imagine modern characters unconsciously carrying out an old plot. But in one of its leading features there is no way whatever of putting the story to proof. Whether or not you believe it will depend upon whether or not you believe in dreams.

Personally I do believe in dreams—that is to say, in some dreams. And so—I think—do you, and so—I think—does everyone else. For my part, it isn't altogether superstition that makes me think twice of a dream—it's experience as well. When I dream certain dreams, for instance—such as being bitten by a snake—experience tells me that I shall be troubled the next day; and when I dream certain other dreams—such as walking down Broadway in rags—I'm pretty sure to receive unexpected good fortune before many days have passed. This may be indefensible on my part, but in my respect for dreams—limited though it may be—every reader of the Bible will agree that I am at least in good company.

From this you may think I am writing a brief to uphold the truthfulness of my story; but I'm not. I shall tell it as I heard it, and you can believe it or not, exactly the same as I did.

If it isn't true—well, at least it's a good story.

And if it is true—well, it's a good story anyway.

II

ONE day late last summer my cousin and I were going to Willimantic to attend a Republican convention. We should have gone by way of Norwich, making the trip on good roads by a roundabout route. But because we were in a hurry and had faith in our car, we decided to go straight across the country.

We hadn't gone many miles before we reached some of the most desolate land I have ever seen. Every state has its backwaters, its areas of poor soil and few attractions, and our state is no exception to the general rule. We have in Connecticut some of the finest farming land that plow ever turned, and I can also say—without boasting—that we have some of the worst.

The farther along we went the more depressing the scene became. The road wandered in and out among birch brush, which had evidently been burned over not very long before. Occasionally we came to a place where someone was making a half-hearted attempt to farm, but whenever we saw a human being we saw discouragement in human form; and whenever we saw a cleared field it was literally covered with rocks, as though the land had broken out in a sort of stony measles, malignant and beyond the help of man. Poison ivy and sumac hid most of the fence lines, and the few stone walls that could be seen were full of gaps like the teeth of a poor old man. The houses needed shingles and paint. The barns leaned over at all sorts of angles, as though they were decrepit with age and wanted to fall over and lie there and never get up again. And as for the road!

We labored up a long rise and reached the top of a hill from which we could see the country for miles round. There was a deserted house by the side of the road, with a curious sort of a conning tower on the roof, fitted with those small window frames which are a part of ancient history. We stopped a few minutes to look at the view and then started coasting down the other side of the hill. It was a long hill, full of twists and ruts and gullies and sharp-edged rocks and watersheds of such heroic size that they might have served for military earthworks. At the bottom was a house, and standing near the door was an old woman with a hood on her head and a long stick in her hand.

"Is this the road to Willimantic?" I asked, stopping the car.

"No, sir! You took the wrong turn at the top of the hill. You ought to 'a' turned to the left."

"You're sure?"

"Certain."

"Where does this road go?"

"Goes about two miles further and then stops in the woods at an old sawmill."

Thanking her, I tried to start the car, but it refused to go. We soon found that the wrenching which the frame had received had loosened a joint in the piping and all our gasoline had leaked out on the road. Five minutes later my cousin had started for the nearest garage, four miles away, and I was sitting on the old dame's doorstep, listening to the strange tale she was telling me. It started in the most natural manner.

"That house at the top of the hill where I took the wrong turn," I said—"has it been an old church some time?"

"No, sir."

"It seemed to have some sort of a steeple on the roof."

"That house," she said, "was built by a sailor, and my grandmother used to tell me they called it The Lighthouse when she was a girl. It was here before any of the other settlers came. Turned out later that the man who built it had been one of Morgan's men—least, that's what a professor said who came and read the papers they found in his chest. Some called 'em buccaneers, but I guess pirates is a better name."

"I thought they hanged pirates."

"Yes, sir, they do. As near as I can reckon, Cap'n Warren came here and built that house in 1690, but the hanging didn't take place till 1890, and then the only living descendant of Cap'n Warren was hung in front of that house—hung because his forebear was a pirate—yes, and hung on a gallows that Cap'n Warren had planted with his own hand two hundred years before."

I puzzled that out for a time, but I couldn't find the answer. "Who hanged him?" I asked.

"God hung him," she evenly replied.

And having gone that far, she told me the story.

III

THE first Warren—she said—that I remember was Amadi Warren, a mean old skinflint who enjoyed being mean. You could tell it by the puckers round his eyes and the way he used to chuckle to himself as he went round. He was married four times, and that's the best proof I can give you that women used to have a pretty hard time of it round these parts.

Amadi had a deal of money and traded in cattle—not 'cause he had to, but just so he could have power and be mean. He used to sell cattle for half cash and half notes, and God help anybody who ever gave Amadi Warren a note! He used to ride round in an old buckboard, his weazened little face all puckered up and smiling and jerking from side to side. Before you got to know him you'd think to yourself: "Here comes an old joker." But if he held a note of yours and you saw that buckboard turning in your yard, you'd say to yourself: "Here comes that old devil again!"

My grandmother knew his grandfather, and when I tell you my grandmother was born in 1770 you'll see we can go quite a ways back. It was through her that I heard about the first Warren who settled here—Cap'n Warren, he was called—him who built The Lighthouse up on the hill.

He was a sailor, Cap'n Warren was, and I think he settled up here so he could get away from everybody and have a good view. Clear days you can see thirty miles from the top of that hill, and Cap'n Warren used to climb up in that little tower and stay there for hours lookin' through a telescope. Wore a cocked hat and had a long red scar on his face. That's all anybody seems to know about him. One day, coming downstairs too sudden, he fell and broke his back. They say he lived two or three hours and tried to tell his son something, but he couldn't move and couldn't speak—just lay there groaning and groaning till he died. My grandmother's grandmother was quite a nurse in these parts, and that's how I come to know.

But old Amadi Warren that I told you about, I knew him myself. We were born in the same year—me down here and him up on the hill. Got married four times, as I told you, but only had one son. They say the Warrens never had but one child, and it was always a son.

Amadi's son was named Frank—Frank Warren—a big, round, jovial-looking fellow he was, but 'way down in the bottom of his heart he was the meanest one of the lot. Had a loud laugh and a hearty sort of a way with him and fooled a lot of people, but he never fooled me. Traded in cattle and horses and farms, something like his father had done before him, but in a bigger, bouncier way. Great fellow to brag what a fine, careless, liberal man he was—wore good clothes and drove a good horse—but he never had a horse that didn't put its ears back when he stepped in front of it, an' he never had a dog that didn't put its tail under and tremble when he called it. Mean? Pizen mean and cruel with it too; that was Frank Warren. It was in his eyes, where he couldn't hide it either with his fine clothes or his loud laugh. You wait till I tell you.

Next farm to mine down the road is the Bates' place. Ephraim Bates had two sons, Joe and John. John Bates, the youngest, was always a favorite of mine, a lively, fresh-colored lad who wanted to get on in the world. Next farm to them was the Deanes', who owned the sawmill. They had one girl, Molly, and Jack Bates was sweet on her. And so was that mean devil of a Frank Warren too.

About that time Ephraim Bates died. He left his farm to Joe, his eldest son. And to Jack, my favorite, he left what money he had, a mite less than a thousand dollars. As soon as Frank Warren heard tell of this he stuck round Jack Bates and his thousand dollars like a fly sticks round honey.

You see, Jack wanted to buy a place of his own and get on in the world, and before I knew what was happening he had bought The Lighthouse up on the hill and a hundred and forty acres of the meanest land that was ever

called a farm. Paid five hundred dollars for it, and thought it cheap. But it was dear as a gift. Jack thought by working hard and working early and working late he could make a good farm out of it. He tried it for three years, and then his heart broke. Meanwhile Frank Warren had moved into quite a fine house down the Willimantic road, and more'n once I've seen him go past here in his rubber-tired runabout with Molly Deane—just for pizen meanness—to let Jack Bates see him. Red ribbon on his whip and rubber tires on a road like this, the fool!

One morning Jack came down here to see me, and the minute I laid eyes on him I knew something had moved him deep. He often used to come and have a meal with us, and I'd tell his fortune in a teacup and talk to him like I'd talk to my own boy if I'd ever had one. Used to call me "aunty" and I called him "son."

"Aunty," he said that morning, the minute he came in, "I've had the funniest dream." I could tell he had, too, from the queer look in his eyes and the short way he breathed when he spoke about it.

"What you dream, son?" I asked him, and I was ready for anything from coiling serpents to burning churches.

"Well," says he, "las' night I was laying awake, worrying and thinking and one thing and another, and all at once I see something by the side of the bed. Course I must have been dreaming," says he, anxious-like.

"Course you must!" says I.

"Course I must!" says he. "The minute I see it I prickled all over, and just had strength enough to put my head under the clothes. An'—an' this thing I was dreaming about just kep' looking at me, an' I could see it through the clothes as plain as I saw it before."

"What was it like?" says I.

"It was a woman who had been drowned," says Jack, and I could see the shivers go through him. "And her hair had been cut off rough, as if it had been hacked off."

"Did she say anything?"

"Yes, but what it was I couldn't make out at first. But then she told me to go to New York and I'd soon be rich. I heard that plain enough."

We talked it over for quite a spell, but we finally stuck to it that dreams went by contraries. Long about three o'clock next morning I heard a knock on the door and saw a lantern. A dark night it was, dark as Egypt.

"Who is it?" I hollered through the window.

"It's me, aunty," says Jack, scared-like and trembly.

I put on an old overcoat and went down to let him in.

"What's the matter?" I asked him, though I had my suspicions 'fore I said a word.

"She's been again," he whispers—"the drownded woman with the bristly hair—and she brought a lot more with her, and they'd been drowned, too, and their hair was like hers."

"And what did she tell you this time?"

"Well, they all tried to tell me something first, but I can't remember what. But then they told me to go to New York and I'd be rich. I remember that plain enough."

"Well," says I, "if you dream it again ——"

"Twice is plenty," says he, swallerin' hard. He slept at the foot of my bed till morning, and before night he had sold his stock—two shotes, an old mare and six cross-bred Ayrshires. Time he had settled his grain bill he had sixty-four dollars left, and so he went to New York to make his fortune, calling first to see Molly Deane—you can be sure of that—and leaving his old dog Shep with me, a three-legged collie that had been caught in a trap and had gnawed its own leg off to get back home.

IV

THE old dame paused and drew a long sigh.

Poor Jack—she said. He stayed in New York three years, and what he went through nobody knows but God and himself. He told me bits later and he'd write me now and again. But it wasn't what he wrote that opened my eyes; it was the way he wrote it. Lord bless him, I'd lived in the world a good many years afore he was born, and he couldn't pull the wool over my eyes!

When he first got to New York he wrote me on good paper with an envelope to match it. Then after a while he began using that cheap paper that children do their sums on—poor, thin stuff not as good as newspaper, the kind that catches the point of the pen and trips it up and spatters a little shower of ink all round. And after a while he'd only send a postcard written in lead pencil, and a stubby little lead pencil, too, that had to be wet with the tongue every word or two or it wouldn't leave a mark.

Living up here, you see, I had plenty of time to study these things out, and it wasn't as if I didn't love the boy. I fretted about him every time there was a heavy rain or a blizzard, wondering where he was, and whether he had a shelter over his head, and what he was doing, and all such things.

Another thing that worried me was the addresses he gave. First he had a regular address: "Mr. John Bates, Such-a-Number, Such-a-Street, New York." Then after a while his address was: "John Bates, Care of Fiegan's Cigar Store, Third Avenue, New York." I didn't like that. "Ah-ha," says I to myself, "he doesn't know where he'll be living when he gets my answer. That boy's out of work and behind with his board."

Not that he told me so in his letter. Lord bless you, no; Jack wasn't that kind! He wrote me as big and as brave as ever, but there was something in his writing too—it's hard to tell you just what I mean. I've noticed that when anybody's getting along and prospering they write a dash hand, an easy, careless, bossy sort of writing. Well, that was the way Jack wrote when he first got to New York. But after a while he wrote more careful, and was particular not to run his m's and n's together, and dotted his i's and crossed his t's till his letter somehow looked young and helpless, I don't know as I can tell you just how. "Poor lad," I'd think to myself, "he's lonely and homesick."

I used to sit here and imagine him standing in front of Fiegan's cigar store without a friend in the world and not knowing where his next meal was coming from. And then, of course, I'd write him a good, long letter and put a few dollars in it—all I could spare—and tell him if he'd come home I'd send him enough to buy a ticket. The poor lad! And he'd write back a letter that came so deep from his heart that I'd come out and pat his old dog's head and cry like a baby.

But he wouldn't come back home. I guess the dream had wore off by then; I know I didn't take any more stock in it myself. No, it wasn't that which kep' him away; it was pride. He'd gone away to make his fortune, and I s'pose he thought folks would laugh at him and maybe look down on him and point him out all the rest of his life if he came back without a cent and no shoes to his feet. Of course I don't know, but I can imagine what he'd told Molly Deane before he went away, and he couldn't bear to face her and tell her he'd made a failure of it, that other young fellows could go to New York and get rich, but he'd made a botch of it, and would she marry him when he'd made a failure of everything he'd tried to do.

Along in the third year he went down another peg. His address was General Delivery, New York—didn't even have a cigar store where he could stop in, friendly-like, and get his mail. Maybe you think there must have been something the matter with the lad, why he didn't get on. But there warn't. Only trouble was this—he didn't have any trade but farming, and he didn't have education enough to get a job in an office, and he was twenty-four years old when he left here, and that's a deal too old to start in as a boy. But what hurt Jack Bates' chances more'n anything else—he was shy, and didn't seem to have the disposition to push himself forward by pushing other people back.

At the end of the third year he caught pneumonia, sleeping under a wagon in a cold rain, and had to go to the hospital. It was spring before he got on his feet again, and then he found a job teaming. Only held it till June though, 'cause he warn't strong enough. His pneumonia had left him weak, and he couldn't handle the boxes on and off his truck. So they paid him off, and that's when he began staring down in the water at a place in New York they call the Battery, where the ships go by.

Sometimes the tide was coming in, and that bothered him—he told me—because the bits of driftwood that were floating in the water kept hammering up against the rocks. Wasn't that a funny notion? And can't you see what he was thinking about without knowing it? But when the tide was going out he used to watch it by the hour, especially—he told me—if there was a log in the water, or a barrel, or something like that to go floating and floating away till it went out of sight somewhere over by the Statue of Liberty. Bless you, he didn't know why he watched it. Just sort of soothed him, he said. Well, one evening he spent his last cent on a postcard he sent me, and went down to the Battery to look at the water and watch the ships go by. The tide was coming in and he sat down on a bench. There was another man on this bench, sleeping. Every once in a while Jack would go and look at the tide, but it kep' coming in, and then he'd go back to the bench where the other man was sleeping. Pretty soon Jack saw a policeman coming round and he woke his neighbor, 'cause sleeping wasn't allowed in the parks.

"Thanks, old chap," said the other man, and Jack said he saw he had once been quite a gentleman. They began talking, and naturally one word led to another. Jack happened to mention he had been brought up on a farm.

"You a farmer?" said the other man. "Then why ever did you come to New York?" Jack hemmed and hawed a bit, and finally said he had come because of a dream "Oh, you can't trust dreams or things like that," said the other man. "I used to be a medium—a spiritualistic medium—and every so often I'd get a message that seemed to come straight from the other world. But most of the time I couldn't get anything. So then I started faking, and then I was found out, and then I started drinking, and now see what I am—a bum! Dreams!" says he. "You make me laugh!" And he laughed a bit, very short and very bitter.

"Why," says he, "I'll tell you a dream I was having just as you woke me up, and you can see for yourself if there's any sense in dreams. I dreamed I was walking along a road in the country and I came to a long hill. At the foot of the hill was a three-legged dog, and he came and wagged his tail at me. He led me up the hill, and on the top was a house with a little tower on the roof ——"

By that time Jack said he was prickling all over, the same as he did when he saw the women who had been drowned.

"The dog turned in at the house," said the other man, "and I turned in after him. In front of the house was an apple tree, and leaning against the apple tree was a pick and shovel. I began to dig under the tree, right square under. It seemed I was digging for hours, till finally the tree fell over, and there was an old cedar box bound with iron. The cedar was rotten and the iron was rusty. I hit the box with my shovel and it fell apart,

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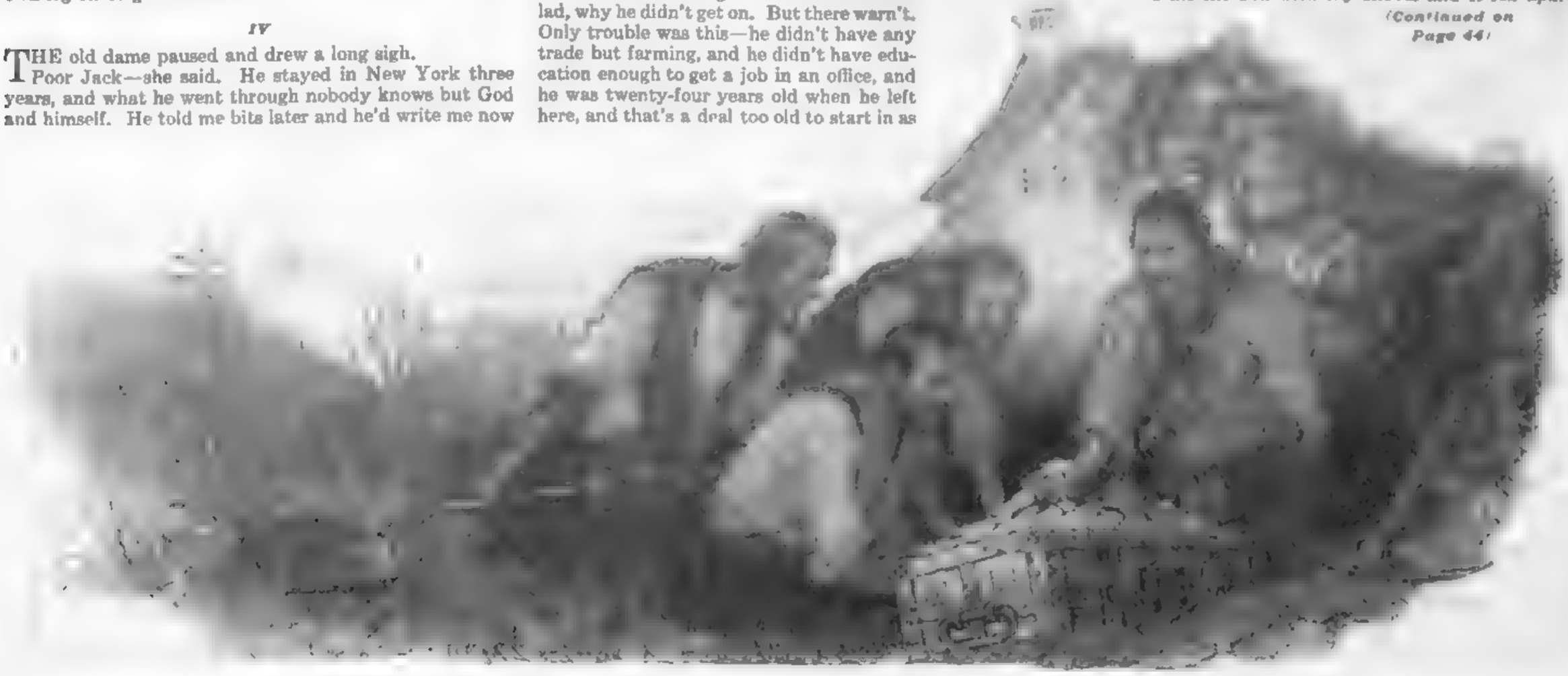

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Winton

Zimmerman

MONEY IN PEAKS AND VALLEYS

(Continued from Page 25)

Because deliveries are uncertain, the dealer gets careless habits of ordering and does not figure his needs frequently and closely. The sample shoes are made up in many models and with radical changes in fashion each season to get trade in competition; and there is heavy cost in lasts and materials, much rushing during the busy season, and much idleness in shoe towns when the factories are not running.

After the panic of 1907 many shoe factories were closing down. A certain Eastern manufacturer called in an efficiency expert to see what could be done to keep his plant going, furnishing employment for his people. After a study of conditions the expert advised, first of all, that a new principle be announced to the work force—the principle that they should be employed through the depression and also through the year. Principles are not of much use unless they are backed up, so he advised that fifty thousand dollars be set aside to finance this platform of steady employment.

Then the factory made an announcement to the shoe dealers—that it would absolutely keep its promises as to date of deliveries and that every order would be filled in the order received. It also announced that it had enough orders to keep the plant busy for the next month.

The outcome was that dealers began figuring their needs more closely and putting in orders more frequently. The factory stopped spoiling them, but also stopped lying to them. Extensive changes in organization of the work force, as well as in distribution of product, went with this reform to make it successful; but that factory was kept going steadily through the depression and to-day gives work to thousands of employees for more than three hundred days a year.

Fashion makes peaks and valleys and, at the same time, is necessary to stimulate trade. Where to draw the line between too much fashion and too little is a problem.

One of the biggest shoe towns in Massachusetts has more lodging houses than any other factory town in New England. These are needed to take care of transient workers, who come in for the busy season. In dull seasons there is more idleness there than in any other shoe town in the country. The average worker makes a hundred dollars less in wages each year than the average for the United States, and the average factory makes thirty thousand pairs of shoes less. Manufacturers lack capital, are held down by cutthroat competition in styles, and are handicapped by high overhead charges.

The whole story is crystallized when it is known that this is the leading center for expensive fashion shoes, as contrasted with newer shoe towns in the Middle West, where cheaper shoes are made in staple styles and employment is steadier. When the war boom came, speeding up machine-tool, electrical and other factories in New England, this town was quickly robbed of workers, who were drawn to lines where wages were higher and work steadier. Shoe manufacturers there have the problem of cutting down the output of freak fashion shoes and adding staple styles that will keep their plants busy through the year.

Educating a Cement Buyer

One of the most complicated peak-and-valley problems in the United States is freight-car shortage and surplus. At one season shippers will be clamoring for cars, while at another there will be thousands of idle cars stored along the railroads, earning nothing, depreciating and being robbed of their brasses by the enterprising thief. In 1907, for instance, during the good times before the panic, there was a shortage of one hundred and fifty thousand cars, and in 1908 there was a surplus of four hundred thousand.

Close study of the situation during the past few years has shown that much of this fluctuation is due to bad habits of the public. The railroads have some factors under control—inadequate yards, neglect of damaged cars, delay in returning cars of other roads, use of cars for company hauling in the peak seasons, and so on. But there are bigger factors, for which shippers are responsible. They keep empty cars too long at starting points before loading them and use them for storage purposes at the other end before unloading. They load cars at only half their full capacity and use them like peddlers' wagons to carry goods round from market to market.

If the railroads had enough cars to satisfy everybody during the highest peak of traffic, that would be a grand thing for everybody—except the railroads; for such an enormous investment in equipment would put most of the roads in receivers' hands when the next slack season came.

On the railroad side there have been improvements. Yards have been enlarged and systematized, employees trained to handle peak traffic more skillfully, and shippers charged demurrage for delay in loading or unloading; but the best solution seems to be that of teaching the public how to make the most of freight service on a dollar-and-cents basis.

A country general merchant ordered a car of cement about once a month. His order was always for one hundred and fifty barrels. Some of the large freight cars in use to-day will carry almost twice as many. He was asked why he lost money in freight by underloading when it would be easy to buy one hundred and seventy-five barrels to the carload. His reason was that he had a warehouse which held just one hundred and fifty barrels of cement. A salesman then showed him how he could order a carload of two hundred barrels and sell a couple of wagonloads to somebody in his town for delivery directly out of the car when it arrived. He has been doing that ever since.

Economy in Moving Freight

One of the big steel companies got interested in similar possibilities some years ago and planned its freight shipments in such a way that the average loading of cars was increased two tons. On the year's traffic this amounted to more than seventy-five thousand less cars to be furnished, loaded and switched—an enormous saving. Could the same increase in loading have been secured among all the shippers in Pittsburgh it would have saved more than four hundred thousand cars a year, equal to the greatest surplus of idle cars ever known in this country and nearly three times the greatest car shortage. A single small steel mill has saved more than one hundred cars in a year by loading only one hundred pounds heavier to each car.

A Western railroad has lately conducted a very successful campaign among employees and shippers to secure better loading. First, the facts were ascertained to show waste space; then employees were called together in meetings so they would thoroughly understand the importance of economies; and finally the whole organization, from freight solicitors to switchmen in the yards, went to work to convert shippers.

They increased efficiency and economy all over the road

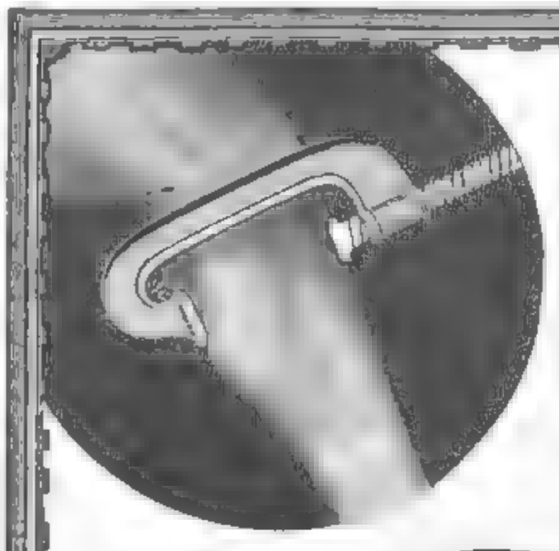
Study of waybills for a certain station showed that four cars of cotton, loaded the same day, had gone to the same destination. One car carried only twenty-five bales—it would have held sixty. The whole shipment could have been packed into two cars by good loading. Moreover, cotton could have been shipped in empty meat or furniture cars going back over the road at that season, relieving the pressure on box cars, which were scarce. Cooperation with shippers improved the situation.

A station agent found that the freight house at his town was badly equipped for classifying small shipments so they could be loaded in the same cars. Three hundred dollars spent in freight-house alterations saved one hundred and fifty cars a month at that point.

The company was found to be underloading its own cars with ties and ballast, and better arrangements led to economy in rolling stock. In one section the company was using little thirty-ton cars for ties, loading to full capacity, while a lumber mill near by was putting but thirty tons of boards on big eighty-ton cars. The company reversed this scheme, giving the lumber company the little cars and taking the big ones itself for loading to full capacity.

Special rates offer a way out of many peak-and-valley difficulties. The public will respond when it is offered the same value for less money in slack periods or given a reduced price on cheaper quality.

A very good illustration of this is the telegraphic night letter, which was devised



Don't Wear a Clamp On Your Leg

Don't wear garters that bind. Varicose veins are caused by tight garters. Take the pressure off. Wear Ivory Garters. They are so light and scientifically constructed that they do away with leg discomfort.

Ivory Garter

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"The Garter Without a Leg Ache"

No more red bands around your legs where the garter rests. No [illegible] circulation. The Ivory Garter does not bind. There are two reasons. First, the shape and method of attaching the [illegible] the "pull," enable it to fit the natural hollow of the leg with the least amount of tension of the elastic. Second, the absence of the weight of pads or metal and the extreme lightness of the garter enable it to stay on the leg with hardly any pressure against the leg. The Ivory Garter has NO METAL to rust or irritate the skin or tear the sock. There are many reasons why you will like this garter

Guarantee Furthermore, The Ivory Garter has an unlimited, no-string guarantee. If you do not get complete satisfaction from the garters bring them to your dealer and get your money, or send to us direct. Get a pair of Ivory Garters at your haberdasher's. If he hasn't them in stock we will send direct. Prices 25 cts. for Lisle and 50 cts. for Silk.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

The Dominion Suspender Co.
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Dealers: Here is a great garter. Your customers will appreciate your supplying them. Ivory Garters appeal to all who love comfort. Write for special proposition.

A Delaware Editor saved 10 gallons

35 gallons was the least paint he had ever needed for his house, so he bought that much DEVOE. To his surprise, he had enough left to do a 20 x 20 foot stable (two coats) and even then four gallons to spare.

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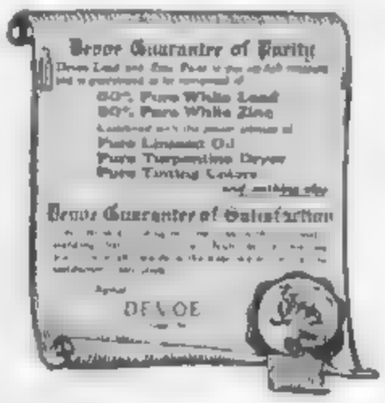
FEWER GALLONS — WEARS LONGER

Wherever paint is used you will find painters, property owners and dealers telling how DEVOE saves gallons and labor, how DEVOE wears longer and gives better satisfaction than any other paint—hand-mixed or ready-mixed.

Specify DEVOE Pure Paints and Varnishes for all work—inside or outside.

The DEVOE Guarantee insures the purity of the paint and insures you satisfaction.



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The "Long Life" Spar Varnish. Will not blister or turn white. Dries dust-free in 10 hours. Best for all surfaces exposed to extremes of weather

Holland Enamel

The best enamel made for producing a perfect porcelain finish in imitation of tile. Washable and sanitary. Will not crack or turn yellow. Easy to apply.

Velour Finish

A washable, flat finish oil paint for walls, ceilings and wood work. Dries with a soft water-color effect. Ideal for all interior work. Easy to apply—shows no brush marks, and has great covering capacity. Eighteen attractive tints and black and white.

Send for Color Cards

and other suggestions that will help you to beautify your home. Write your name and address in the margin and mail to us to-day

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Makers of
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BLUE STREAKS

WHAT'S the use of thinking of any other motorcycle tire, in view of what the whole world knows?

The Goodyear Blue Streak holds every record for speed and endurance—amateur and professional.

Blue Streaks made for road riding are equally good. So good that they have been adopted by every leading motorcycle manufacturer for 1916.

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The Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

guarantees you a clean, cool smoke. The "well" in the Wellington keeps the tobacco dry—the upward bore of the solid rubber bit protects the tongue.

Look for the W D C trade mark on pipes of style. It means the greatest pipe value. At all good dealers.

25c, 35c, 50c and up.

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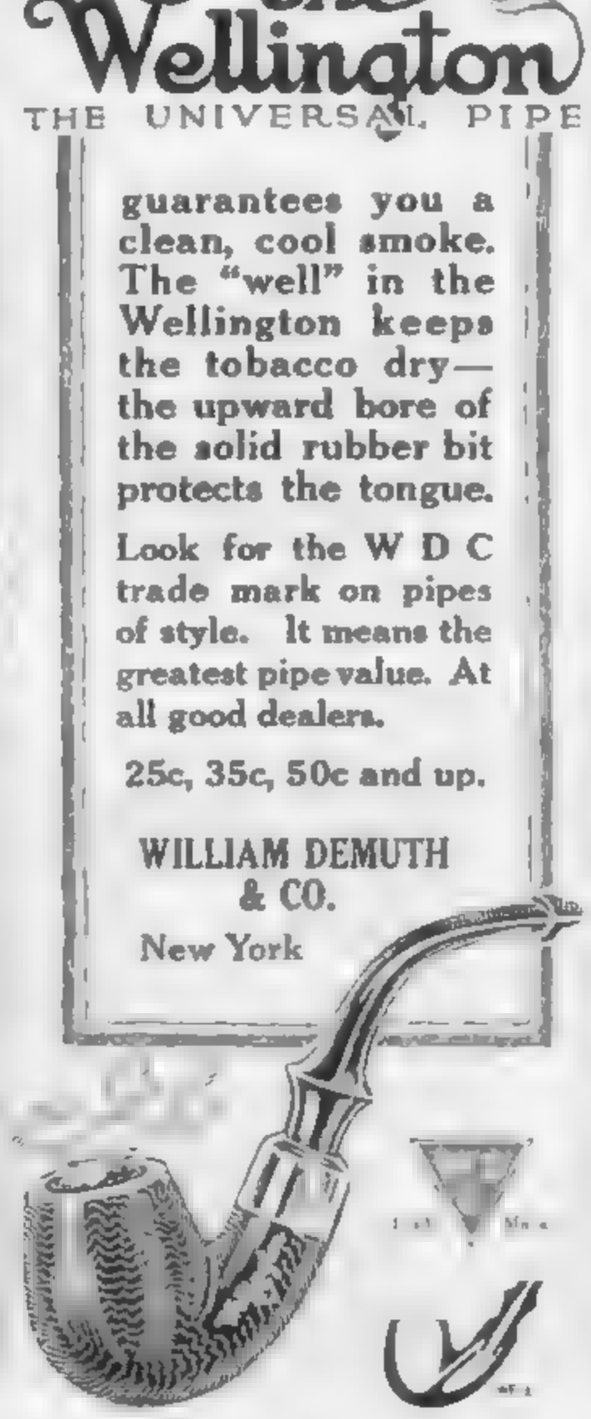

some years ago to create more business for idle wires and instruments during the night. Fifty-word messages for night transmission were accepted at the rate for ten words during the day. In one year this slight modification of service brought a million dollars of new revenue to one big company.

A taxicab company in one of our cities found that just half its mileage consisted of dead hauls—cabs coming back to headquarters after hauling a passenger two or three miles. When the cab returned, perhaps it would be sent empty to pick up another passenger right across the street from the house where the first passenger had been landed. This costly waste was overcome by installing a special telephone system over the city, with call boxes on posts every few blocks. When the driver of a cab drops a passenger any distance from headquarters he opens the nearest call box with a key and asks for orders.

In twenty-five per cent of the traffic it is possible to send him to pick up a new passenger in that neighborhood, turning dead mileage into revenue.

Better training of employees is the remedy for many peak-and-valley situations, and it often comes after the boss has got a little enlightenment himself by studying the facts in the case.

A laundry manager started keeping some fool figures about customers' bundles. He put down the number of bundles brought in by each driver each day, the amount of washing in each bundle in cents, the number of customers who sent bundles regularly each week, the number of irregular customers, and so on.

After several months' patient work those figures began to develop surprising suggestions. They showed that one route would send fifty per cent regular bundles every week and another only twenty-five per cent. The driver on the latter route had to work much harder to bring in as much work as the first, because much of his effort went to chasing up new customers. He could be told what was the matter and encouraged to hustle more regular customers, and shown how to hold his customers by courtesy, promptness and salesmanship.

A certain route showed an average of thirty-eight cents a bundle, against a general average of fifty-five cents for all routes. The driver on such a route was getting less than the average revenue out of his work and wagon, and could be shown how to increase his average—perhaps the difficulty lay in the class of customers he solicited, and could be remedied. If a route fell off or gained in any way the figures showed whether it was due to fewer customers or smaller bundles; and the trouble, once located, could be taken up intelligently.

In a year, by careful coaching of drivers and constant study of these records, which became intensely interesting to the drivers themselves, it was possible to increase the number of customers on every route, increase the size of their bundles, and cut overhead costs by making the same delivery system produce more business.

Working Overtime at a Loss

When employees are intelligently trained to surmount peaks the organization takes on a better spirit. It is possible to handle the rush in busy periods with the regular force. If few extra workers have to be put on for those periods there will not be so many to lay off when things get dull. Moreover, there is a big advantage in handling the peak load with the regular force, because extra workers are usually green and often careless and incompetent. They make blunders, cause delays, hinder regular workers by getting in the way, asking for explanations, and so on.

Not long ago a machinery company went into the hands of a receiver after what was apparently the busiest year it had ever known. Investigation showed that the factory had been worked day and night for nine months, with overtime, high piecework rates, unskilled help, and waste generally. This activity had been due to overconfident estimates of demand for goods in the busiest season of the year. The salesforce was not only unable to dispose of as many goods as had been made but many of the things sold later proved defective and had to be overhauled or replaced. In the last three months of that year the big plant was practically idle and a reorganization was necessary in its affairs.

An Eastern corporation has a plan for keeping first-class workers in slack seasons. Its activities are divided between a factory, where mechanical equipment is made, and places scattered over the country where this equipment is installed for customers. There are two busy seasons—spring and fall. Installation work calls for the best men on the pay roll. These installers are paid five dollars a day and have skill and experience, which are absolutely necessary to the company, and which also must be kept from drifting to competitors. The general manager knows that unless he takes care of his installers in slack seasons he will have mighty few of them when the next peak rush comes.

The only way he can keep them on the pay roll is to bring them home to the factory and set them at running machines. Few machine jobs pay more than three dollars a day in that factory, however, because production costs will not stand more; so he has a system of retainers, under which the installer gets his usual five dollars a day. Three dollars is charged as regular wages on the machine and two dollars to general expenses. This little bookkeeping device keeps the factory costs in proper balance and keeps the personnel of the installation force at the top notch. It pays handsomely, because when the next peak comes along that force is intact, ready to go out on the road and eat up work.

The Preventable Snarls

Ignorance of real peak conditions on the part of the management is responsible for much confusion and waste. There was a case not long ago in a big organization where far-reaching changes in rules and system were put into effect at the busiest season. Somebody higher up had good intentions and meant to improve the organization, but no attention was paid to the peak. When the organization had two high-pressure demands put upon it at the same time, quite naturally it went to pieces.

So the first necessity in dealing with peak-and-valley handicaps is information—facts showing when they occur and how, and who is responsible, and what can be done to improve matters.

About two or three evenings every week, right in the rush hour, the schedules of a trolley company would be upset by little troubles that were apparently nobody's fault and could not be foreseen and prevented. The superintendent tabulated them, however, and charged them up according to a scheme of his own. Some of them could be laid to the company's shortsightedness, such as motors in poor repair; others were traced to the men, such as disregard of time-tables.

The average loss of time for several weeks was found to be about ten hours weekly. Of this, six hours and a half was charged to the men and three and a half to the company.

When the facts were known, and a few improvements made in rules and supervision, the men were shown where these troubles had their roots, and drawn into a friendly competition with the company to see which could make the best showing during rush hours. Within two weeks the peak performance of that organization was about as near one hundred per cent as it could ever be.

Peak-and-valley snarls in business are of all sorts. Some of them occur every day, or week, or month, and can be straightened out by changes in methods or equipment, or better selling or buying, or tactful education of the public, or training of the organization in new ways; others occur only once a year, like the December rush in magazine subscriptions. And about the only remedy seems to be to double the workforce, then double it again, and then loudly yell to the public for mercy on top of that.

One type of snarl is found to be confined to the business and a little self-study and adjustment straightens things out. Another type is so entangled with the snarls of other business and the changeful ways of our planet that improvement calls for the broadest cooperation and education, extending over years.

In every line to-day, however, there is an astonishing number of preventable snarls—simply to locate and look into them is to wonder why the business world has overlooked them so long. But now business is waking up to the waste of peaks and valleys, and in the next few years will undoubtedly perform wonders in straightening them out and turning them into economies.

Editor's Note—This is the second and final article in a series by James H. Collins.

Motor-Wheeling Answers Best the Call of the Great Outdoors

A sturdy, dependable bicycle motor—detachable, cleanly, compact, safe, simple and without vibration. Four to twenty miles—"under-your-thumb" control—up to 125 miles on one gallon of gasoline

THE coming out-door season will mean more to you if you own a SMITH MOTOR WHEEL.

Motor-wheelists quickly discover the best route to Nature, Health and Happiness.

And they are light-hearted travelers.

Thousands are returning to the bicycle as a common-sense vehicle for recreation and business. Its popularity is growing by leaps and bounds.

And the SMITH MOTOR WHEEL, which attaches to any coaster brake bicycle in five minutes, has at last idealized bicycling.

The additional cost is so slight that it is scarcely a factor.

The SMITH MOTOR WHEEL has created a new pastime and ease of travel. It takes all roads—town or country, rough or smooth, boulevards or cobble stones—they all ride alike.

Smith Motor Wheel
DETACHABLE

There is no nerve-jostling vibration. And there is positively no grease or dirt. The motor is attached far below and behind the rider—no special riding togs are needed.

Miles of new pleasure invite you. You can enjoy your bicycle to the utmost. And this new recreation is yours at a surprisingly low cost. One gallon of gasoline takes you up to 125 miles—six miles for one cent.

A few easy turns of the pedals awaken the obedient power—once under way, these pedals serve as foot-rests.

You are instantly won by the thrill of magic power, which, by a slight touch of the thumb-lever, calls forth a speed of from four to twenty miles an hour.

You master the mechanism on your first short ride and the SMITH MOTOR WHEEL is your servant. Let your dealer demonstrate for you, or write us for free catalog, "Motor-wheeling."

A few exclusive territories remain open, where representatives for the SMITH MOTOR WHEEL are desired. For the right class of dealers we have an attractive proposition. With such dealers we invite correspondence

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A. O. SMITH COMPANY
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COMMUNITY SILVER

WHEN it comes to silverware, even the staunchest American is an aristocrat at heart. Surely no one could resist the charm and distinction of the "PATRICIAN" Community Plate.

Or if one prefers a bit of ornamentation to live with, here is the "SHERATON" design, with its delightful inlay effect.

COMMUNITY STERLING (Patrician design only). Ask your dealer for prices.
COMMUNITY PLATE (finest plated ware made), 50 year service. Six teaspoons, $2.15.

Also makers of a series of designs in Oneida Community Reliance Plate (25 year service) and Oneida Community Par Plate.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD. ONEIDA, N. Y.

AUGUSTA'S BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 5)

I closed the French window behind us and felt my hands shaking on the brass catch as I tried to fasten it.

"Turn it to the left," directed Miss Mouse softly. Then warm, slim fingers closed over mine as they fumbled with the catch. "Why did you go away like that after—after ——"

"That's why I went away," I managed to breathe.

"But Gee Gee—dear," came a whisper, "I almost died ——" I heard the whisper break and become a sigh.

What happened then only the stars know, and they grew dim in a scented fire that came and destroyed the world, leaving only warm lips that clung, breath like flowers that mingled with mine, and slim arms twined about me.

Later I stumbled through the gap in the hedge like a drunkard. I could not feel the ground under my feet, nor the steps of the porch, nor the stairs, which I climbed somehow, and so found myself in my room.

There was a white square on my dresser when I switched on the light. It did not belong there and I stared dazedly at it until it grew into a letter addressed to me. I opened it wondering, and read:

"*Dear:* I think it best that I should go. You will find a letter in the top right-hand drawer of your desk that will help you to do what you must do at once. Please have Douglas Winthrop do this for you—he understands. Do not destroy the letter you will find; I am told it is necessary for evidence. AUGUSTA."

I read this many times before I moved from where I stood. Then I went to Augusta's room, knocked, waited, knocked again and entered. The bed had not been slept in. The room was in order to the smallest detail. A pair of pink bedroom slippers were on the floor at the head of the bed in perfect alignment. They seemed waiting to be slipped on. Then I saw that the dressing table was bare of toilet articles.

I sat down on the edge of the bed. The room was calm, soothing, friendly, like Augusta. A small gold clock ticked steadily from the white mantel. It had been a wedding present. It had ticked just there for seven years.

At last I stole downstairs and opened the top right-hand drawer of my desk. The letter I found there began boldly: "My own Augusta," and continued to breathe possession to its end. It was unsigned. I took it back to my room and read the first letter again. "What you must do at once" leaped out at me. She is wild to be free, I thought. Not until the next day did it occur to me that in asking me to consult Douglas Winthrop she had shown, for the first time in her life, a lack of finer perception.

I spent the next few days in the house. Work was out of the question. I had a curious feeling that Augusta was somewhere about. I found myself prowling from room to room, to be struck by the emptiness of each in turn.

This emptiness was inconceivable. My mind was not equal to concluding that never, never, never would Augusta enter this house again. Houses are molded close about the spirits of those they shelter. This house now was hollow, stripped of its soul. It was a house no longer. It was a shell containing memories. I determined to sell it later.

I did not see Miss Mouse. A dozen steps were all that separated us, and yet I did not take them. She was the breathless, ecstatic future. I was steeped in recollections of the past. So for a week I felt a disinclination to have my broodings torn away by the overwhelming sight of eyes grown dark with longing, and parted, eager lips.

I shook myself free from introspection one morning and went to Douglas Winthrop. I told him that Augusta had left me, wished to have her freedom, and had asked to have me put the matter in his hands.

"Will you undertake it?" I wound up.

"If you wish it," he replied.

"That surprises me," I told him. "I had felt that you would refuse—under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" he asked.

While I had never cared particularly for Douglas Winthrop, I had thought him above a commonplace evasion of this kind. Did the man think I had come to accuse him?

"Why," I said coldly, "I thought you were fond of Augusta, and might have some feeling about appearing in this case."

"It is because I am—fond of her," he said, and I saw the color rising in his face, "that I have consented to this piece of ——" He broke off, whirled his desk chair about and got to his feet. "You want me to file papers in an action for divorce against your wife?" he said abruptly. "Is that correct?"

I nodded.

"Immediately?" he asked.

"Suppose I leave that to you," I said.

"Why to me?" he shot out.

"Aren't you the attorney in this case?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, and regarded me for a moment in silence.

"I should judge by this letter," I said, "that my wife would like to have it over as quickly as possible." I took Augusta's letter from my pocket and handed it to him.

He read it, handed it back and asked: "Have you the letter she refers to?"

I produced the letter he asked for. He glanced through it and laid it on the desk.

"I shall offer this in evidence," he said casually as he did so. "Can I do anything else for you?"

"Yes," I said, rising, "you can give me Augusta's address."

He shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said; "I've given my word not to do so."

I went away, wondering why Augusta did not wish to see me. How swiftly the gap between us was growing wider! Those seven years seemed to have been blotted out in as many days. I actually found it difficult to remember just how Augusta looked. When I returned home I hunted the house over for a photograph of her. I found one at last and studied it painstakingly for some time. But even that failed to bring her back. Where had she gone—this woman creature who had been so inexpressibly a part of me? Our two natures had flowed together, had formed a quiet river, and had moved steadily on through deeps and over shallows by day, by night, for seven years. What possible magic could divide its waters, could separate them again into their two component parts? And yet the thing had happened in the practical, everyday sort of way with which one ate breakfast, or shaved, or paid the butcher. Augusta had walked out of the house and left a letter.

Next day I called at the Leeds' and saw Miss Mouse. The room was filled with slim young couples who whirled and glided. I managed to obtain a moment or so in a corner.

"I have something important to tell you," I said. "Suppose we go skating tomorrow afternoon."

Miss Mouse became absorbed in a line of buttons on her skirt. "I have an engagement to-morrow," she informed me.

I watched the curve of her drooping lashes on her cheek, my pulses beginning to stir. "Can't you break it?" I asked.

Miss Mouse bent lower as her fingers followed down the line of buttons. "Rich man, poor man ——" she said.

"Can't you break it?" I repeated.

"Where have you been for a week?" she wanted to know.

"Busy," I said.

She looked up quickly. "I'll be busy tomorrow," she stated with a tiny flame in her eyes.

Her left hand was on the couch between us. I moved my right hand over an inch and curled my little finger over hers.

"I love you, Miss Mouse," I said softly.

Her finger locked itself convulsively about mine. "What time do you want to go skating?" she said.

Sitting on a snow-covered log next day, at the edge of the frozen mill race, I told Miss Mouse about Augusta. When I had finished I found her looking at me wide-eyed.

"She's gone!" she gasped. "For good?"

"Yes," I said.

I was amazed to have Miss Mouse burst straightway into tears. I put my arm about her.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"Poor Aunt Augusta," sobbed Miss Mouse. "I can't bear it, Gee Gee; I can't, I can't."

Warm—Friendly—

THE HANSEN has been called the *friendly glove.* It clings without binding, wears well and *lasts long.* Like friends, too, Hansen Gloves tell the story of your taste. Their choice shows discrimination and a sense of values.

For coldest weather there is a wide variety to choose from, for all occasions. Some lined with fleecy lamb wool, others with imported lamb fur—all combining elegance with freedom and a safe, sure hold. Auto styles for women also.

Did you ever see the Hansen "*Semi-Soft*" *Gauntlet*, or the "*Double-Up*" which you can carry in your pocket? **Write for free book** and get full details. If your dealer is not supplied, write us. In any case send for the book.

O. C. Hansen Manufacturing Co.
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INTRODUCING THE HOUSEWIFE'S MOST VERSATILE SERVANT

No longer need the woman without electricity in her home be deprived of the advantages of a power washer. No longer need she toil long hours over tub or ordinary washer. Here is emancipation from terrors of washday.

SEE THAT ENGINE

Here is a servant that takes the drudgery out of housework—makes washday a holiday—takes the "blue" out of Monday—makes the family wash as easy a task as washing the breakfast dishes.

The Maytag Multi-Motor Washer

is not a mere washing machine, but something entirely new and superior. Its engine operates on gas, gasoline, kerosene or alcohol—5c worth does the family wash.

Nothing to get out of order—absolutely safe and fool-proof—easy to operate—a touch of the foot starts it going. Smooth running—quiet—clean. Not only washes and wrings but the belt wheel enables it to do all the work about the house that a machine should do. Whether washing or not it runs the churn—ice cream freezer—food chopper—bone grinder—runs anything that requires power. Washes without watching—you do your other housework while the machine works—get washing and housework all done in a jiffy. Servants have no objection to doing the wash the Maytag way—the easy way.

FREE—The "Maytag Laundry Manual" tells the whole story and contains valuable formulas compiled by expert launderers, on laundering all fabrics. This is free, if you write now.

THE MAYTAG CO., Dept. 20, Gen. Offices and Works, **NEWTON, IOWA**

Branches: Philadelphia, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Fargo, N. D., Winnipeg, Man., Madison, Wis., Lincoln, Neb., Portland, Ore. Warehouses: Detroit, Peoria, Ill., and Sioux Falls, S. D.

There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand-power driven—electric—all built to the enviable Maytag Standard

DEALERS:—We've a fine proposition for you. Write! Address The Maytag Co., Newton, Iowa.

A Real "Fountain of Youth" for Fine Furniture and Floors

Is your good furniture showing signs of use and age? Restore the beauty of newness with 3-in-One Oil. Put a few drops of 3-in-One on a cloth wrung out in cold water. Go over every piece in library, living-room, dining-room and bed-rooms—not forgetting the mahogany case of the piano. Dry and polish with a soft cloth, following the grain of the wood. The results will surprise and delight you. Brighten up desks and other office furniture in the same way.

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"But she wanted to go," I said; "she cares for someone else."

Miss Mouse drew away from me. "I don't believe it, Gee Gee," she said chokingly. "I'm a wicked girl. Please take me home."

I tried to reason with her. I was tempted to tell her what I had seen in the study that day. I would tell her later, I thought. But now I could not convince her, and was forced to take her home as she demanded. At the door she sent me away.

"Don't come in, please, Gee Gee," she said. "I'm going up to my room and cry. That's all I can do, I guess—is cry. I think that I'm the worst girl in the world."

"Why, you've done nothing," I said soothingly.

"I have, I have," she said, and disappeared in the house.

When the time came at last I was dazed at the casual way in which the law handed back to Augusta and me our separate lives. I simply went to the courthouse, where I sat, for moments only, in a small, high-ceilinged room, while Douglas Winthrop talked informally to a white-haired man with tired eyes.

I watched some sparrows hopping about just outside the window on the red tin roof. The white-haired man was also watching the sparrows. He seemed so absorbed by them that I wondered if he was listening to Douglas. At last he spoke.

"There are no children by this marriage?" he asked.

"None, your Honor," said Douglas.

The white-haired man's tired eyes left the sparrows and turned to me for an instant. I was surprised at the kind, almost friendly light in their depths.

"The decree is granted," he said.

Later I waited in Douglas Winthrop's office. Presently he came in with two documents.

"Here," he said, handing me one of them, "is a bridge."

I took the folded document and stared dully at the typewritten words: "Final decree of divorce. Certified copy."

"Bridge?" I questioned. Then suddenly I got his meaning. "Yes," I said, looking at him steadily. "One for each of us."

"Certainly," he said. "Here is Augusta's copy."

It irritated me that he should avoid my implication, but I was determined not to show it.

"I wish you every happiness," I said.

"Happiness?" he questioned.

"Look here," I said: "Did you or did you not write that letter?"

"Yes," he said, "I wrote it—for evidence."

"For evidence!" I exclaimed. "Do you or do you not care for Augusta?"

He eyed me somberly for a moment without replying. Then:

"Yes, I care for her," he said quietly.

"And she cares for you?" I insisted.

"Ah, if she did!" he said with sudden feeling.

"She doesn't care for you?" I said, dumfounded. "She cares for someone else?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "she cares for someone else." He went to his desk and opened a drawer. "Here," he said, "this is for you." He handed me a letter, then went to the window and stared out with his back to me.

This is what I read in Augusta's handwriting:

"I saw you that day on the porch. I talked to Catherine while you were in New York, and though she tried to hide it from me, of course she couldn't—and I knew. Besides, I've seen it in your eyes when you looked at her—oh, Boy, I know your eyes so well! Thank Douglas Winthrop, he has been so fine—finer than you know! Some day please tell the Chief of Scouts about his Aunt Augusta. And now, my dear, my dear, good-by!"

As I finished reading I could no longer see, and yet those last few words, scrawled though they were and blurred, can never fade, can never fade so long as I shall live.

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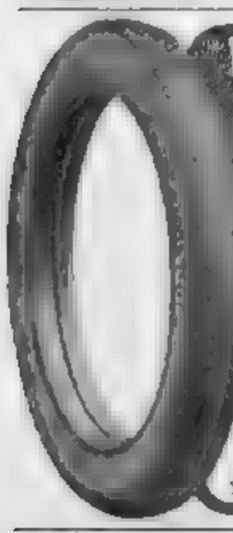

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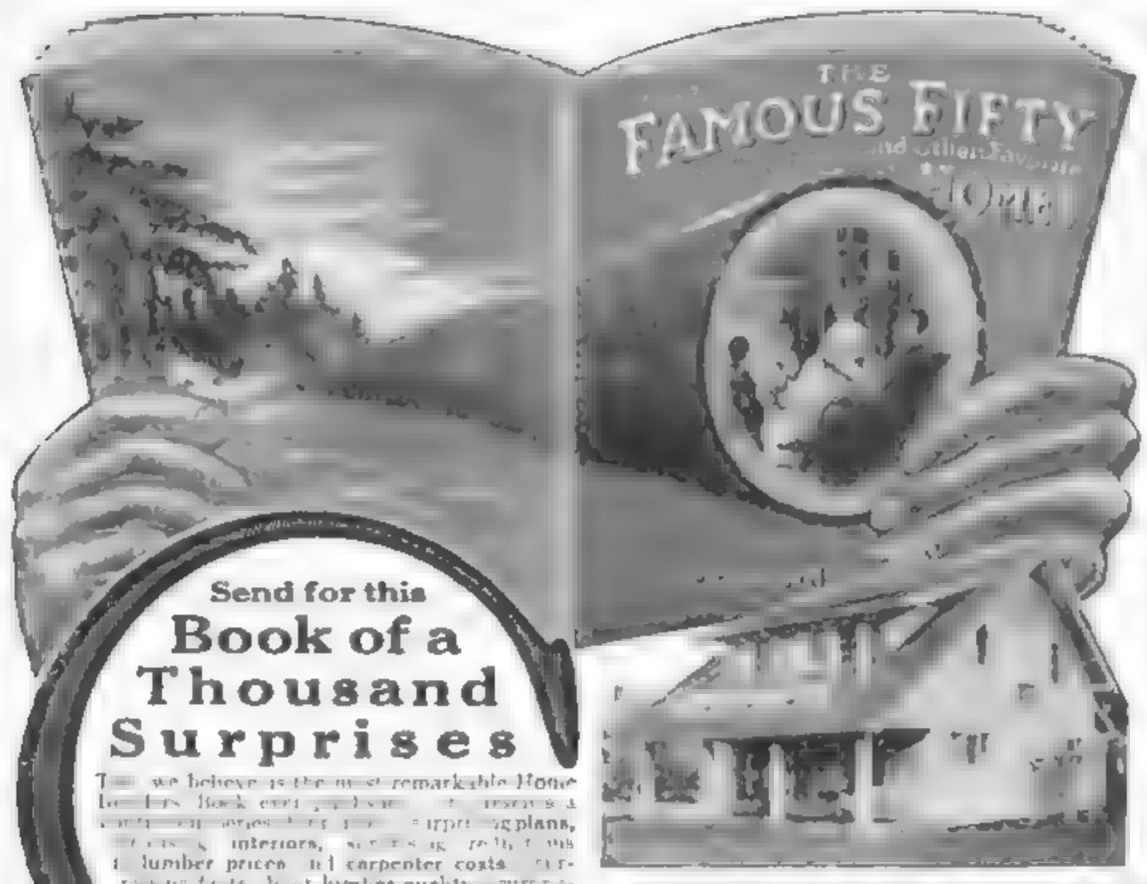

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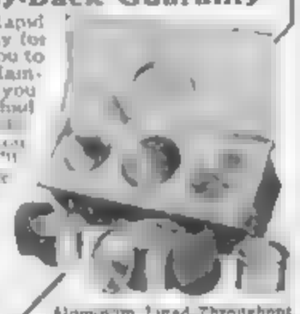

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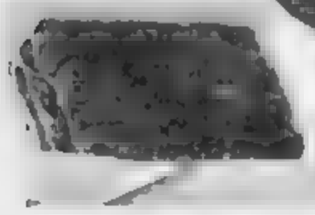

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CARMEN

(Continued from Page 15)

the show. Then he buys a drink and starts flirtin' with Genevieve, but Pat chases everybody but the performers and a couple o' dips that ain't got nowheres else to sleep. The dips or stick-up guys, or whatever they are, tries to get Genevieve to go along with them in the car w'ile they pull off somethin', but she's still expectin' the Chinaman. So they pass her up and blow, and along comes Don and she lets him in, and it seems like he'd been in jail for two mont's, or ever since the end o' the first act. So he asks her how everything has been goin' down to the pill mill and she tells him she's quit and became a entertainer. So he says "What can you do?" And she beats time with a pair o' chopsticks and dances the Chinese Blues.

After a w'ile they's a bugle call somewhere outdoors and Don says that means he's got to go back to the garage. So she gets sore and tries to bean him with a Spanish onion. Then he reaches inside his coat and pulls out the bouquet she give him in Atto First to show her he ain't changed his clo'es, and then the sheriff comes in and tries to coax him with a razor to go back to his job. They fight like it was the first time either o' them ever tried it and the sheriff's leadin' on points when Genevieve hollers for the dips, who dashes in with their gats pulled and it's good night, Mister Sheriff! They put him in moth balls and they ask Joss to join their tong. He says all right and they're all pretty well lit by this time and they've reached the singin' stage, and Pat can't get them to go home and he's scared some o' the Hammond people'll put in a complaint, so he has the curtain rang down.

Then they's a relapse of it don't say how long, and Don and Genevieve and the yeggs and their lady friends is all out in the country somewheres attendin' a Bohunk Sokol Verein picnic and Don starts whinin' about his old lady that he'd left up to Janesville.

"I wisht I was back there," he says.

"You got nothin' on me," says Genevieve. "Only Janesville ain't far enough. I wisht you was back in Hongkong."

So w'ile they're flatterin' each other back and forth, a couple o' the girls is monkeyin' with the pasteboards and tellin' their fortunes, and one o' them turns up a two-spot and that's a sign they're goin' to sing a duet. So it comes true and then Genevieve horns into the game and they play three-handed rummy, singin' all the w'ile to bother each other, but finally the fellas that's runnin' the picnic says it's time for the fat man's one-legged race and everybody goes offen the stage. So the Michaels girl comes on and is gettin' by pretty good with a song when she's scared by the noise o' the gun that's fired to start the race for the bay-window championship. So she trips back to her dressin' room and then Don and Eskimo Bill put on a little slapstick stuff.

When they first meet they're pals, but as soon as they get wise that the both o' them's bugs over the same girl their relations to'rds each other becomes strange. Here's the talk they spill:

"Where do you tend bar?" says Don.

"You got me guessed wrong," says Bill. "I work out to the Yards."

"Got anything on the nip?" says Don.

"You took the words out o' my mouth," says Bill. "I'm drier than St. Petersgrad."

"Stick round aw'ile and maybe we can scare up somethin'," says Don.

"I'll stick all right," says Bill. "They's a Jane in your party that's knocked me dead."

"What's her name?" says Don.

"Carmen," says Bill, Carmen bein' the girl's name in the show that Genevieve was takin' that part.

"Carmen!" says Joss. "Get offen that stuff! I and Carmen's just like two pavin' bricks."

"I should worry!" says Bill. "I ain't goin' to run away from no rat-eater."

"You're a rat-eater yourself, you rat-eater!" says Don.

"I'll rat-eat you!" says Bill.

And they go to it with a carvin' set, but they couldn't neither one o' them handle their utensils.

Don may of been all right slicin' toadstools for the suey and Bill prob'ly could of massacreed a flock o' sheep with one stab, but they was all up in the air when it come to stickin' each other. They'd of did better with dice.

Pretty soon the other actors can't stand it no longer and they come on yellin' "Fake!" So Don and Bill fold up their razors and Bill invites the whole bunch to come out and go through the Yards some mornin' and then he beats it, and the Michaels girl ain't did nothin' for fifteen minutes, so the management shoots her out for another song and she sings to Don about how he should ought to go home on account of his old lady bein' sick, so he asks Genevieve if she cares if he goes back to Janesville.

"Sure, I care," says Genevieve. "Go ahead!"

So the act winds up with everybody satisfied.

The last act's outside the Yards on the Halsted Street end. Bill's ast the entire company to come in and watch him croak a steer. The scene opens up with the crowd buyin' perfume and smellin' salts from the guys that's got the concessions. Pretty soon Eskimo Bill and Carmen drive in, all dressed up like a horse. Don's came in from Wisconsin and is hidin' in the bunch. He's sore at Carmen for not meetin' him on the Elevated platform.

He lays low till everybody's went inside, only Carmen. Then he braces her. He tells her his old lady's died and left him the laundry, and he wants her to go in with him and do the ironin'.

"Not me!" she says.

"What do you mean—'Not me'?" says Don.

"I and Bill's goin' to run a kosher market," she says.

Just about now you can hear noises behind the scenes like the cattle's gettin' theirs, so Carmen don't want to miss none of it, so she makes a break for the gate.

"Where you goin'?" says Joss.

"I want to see the butcherin'," she says.

"Stick round and I'll show you how it's done," says Joss.

So he pulls his knife and makes a pass at her, just foolin'. He misses her as far as from here to Des Moines. But she don't know he's kiddin' and she's scared to death. Yes, sir, she topples over as dead as the Federal League.

It was prob'ly her heart.

So now the whole crowd comes dashin' out because they's been a report that the place is infested with the hoof-and-mouth disease. They tell Don about it, but he's all excited over Carmen dyin'. He's delirious and gets himself mixed up with a Irish policeman.

"I yield me prisoner," he says.

Then the house doctor says the curtain's got to come down to prevent the epidemic from spreadin' to the audience. So the show's over and the company's quarantined.

Well, Hatch was out all durin' the second act and part o' the third, and when he finally come back he didn't have to tell nobody where he'd been. And he dozed off the minute he hit his seat. I was for lettin' him sleep so's the rest o' the audience'd think we had one o' the op'ra buss singers in our party. But Mrs. Hatch wasn't lookin' for no publicity, on account of her costume, so she reached over and prodded him with a hatpin every time he begin a new aria.

Goin' out, I says to him:

"How'd you like it?"

"Pretty good," he says, "only they was too much gin in the last one."

"I mean the op'ra," I says.

"Don't ask him!" says Mrs. Hatch. "He didn't hear half of it and he didn't understand none of it."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," says I. "Jim here ain't no boob, and they wasn't nothin' hard about it to understand."

"Not if you know the plot," says Mrs. Hatch.

"And somethin' about music," says my Missus.

"And got a little knowledge o' French," says Mrs. Hatch.

"Was that French they was singin'?" says Hatch. "I thought it was wop or ostrich."

"That shows you up," says his frau.

Well, when we got on the car for home they wasn't only one vacant seat and, o' course, Hatch had to have that. So I and my Missus and Mrs. Hatch clubbed together on the straps and I got a earful o' the real dope.

"What did you think o' Farr'r's costumes?" says Mrs. Hatch.

"Heavenly!" says my Missus. "Specially the one in the second act. It was all colors o' the rainbow."

"Hatch is right in style then," I says.

"And her actin' is perfect," says Mrs. Hatch.

"Her voice too," says the wife.

"I liked her actin' better," says Mrs. H. "I thought her voice yodeled in the upstairs registers."

"What do you suppose killed her?" I says.

"She was stabbed by her lover," says the Missus.

"You wasn't lookin'," I says. "He never touched her. It was prob'ly tobacco heart."

"He stabs her in the book," says Mrs. Hatch.

"It never went through the bindin'," I says.

"And wasn't Mooratory grand?" says the wife.

"Splendid!" says Mrs. Hatch. "His actin' and singin' was both grand."

"I preferred his actin'," I says. "I thought his voice hissed in the downstairs radiators."

This give them a good laugh, but they was soon at it again.

"And how sweet Alda was!" my Missus remarks.

"Which was her?" I ast them.

"The good girl," says Mrs. Hatch. "The girl that sung that beautiful aria in Atto Three."

"Atto girl!" I says. "I liked her too; the little Michaels girl. She come from Janesville."

"She did!" says Mrs. Hatch. "How do you know?"

So I thought I'd kid them along.

"My uncle told me," I says. "He used to be postmaster up there."

"What uncle was that?" says my wife.

"He ain't really my uncle," I says. "We all used to call him our uncle just like all these here singers calls the one o' them Daddy."

"They was a lady in back o' me," says Mrs. Hatch, "that says Daddy didn't appear to-night."

"Prob'ly the Missus' night out," I says.

"How'd you like the Tor'ador?" says Mrs. Hatch.

"I thought she moaned in the chimney," says I.

"It wasn't no 'she'," says the Missus. "We're talkin' about the bullfighter."

"I didn't see no bullfight," I says.

"It come off behind the scenes," says the Missus.

"When was you behind the scenes?" I says.

"I wasn't never," says my Missus. "But that's where it's supposed to come off."

"Well," I says, "you can take it from me that it wasn't pulled. Do you think the mayor'd stand for that stuff when he won't even leave them stage a box fight? You two girls has got a fine idear o' this here op'ra!"

"You know all about it, I guess," says the Missus. "You talk French so good!"

"I talk as much French as you," I says. "But not nowheres near as much English, if you could call it that."

That kept her quiet, but Mrs. Hatch buzzed all the way home, and she was scared to death that the motorman wouldn't know where she'd been apendin' the evenin'. And if they was anybody in the car besides me that knowed Carmen it must of been a joke to them hearin' her chatter. It wasn't no joke to me though. Hatch's berth was 'way off from us and they didn't nobody suspect him o' bein' in our party. I was standin' right up there with her where people couldn't help seein' that we was together.

I didn't want them to think she was my wife. So I kept smilin' at her. And when it finally come time to get off I hollered out loud at Hatch and says:

"All right, Hatch! Here's our street. Your Missus'll keep you awake the rest o' the way with her liberetto."

"It can't hurt no more than them hatpins," he says.

Well, when the paper come the next mornin' my Missus had to grab it and turn right away to the place where the op'ras is wrote up. Under the article they was a list o' the ladies and gents in the boxes and what they wore, but it didn't say nothin' about what the gents wore, only the ladies. Prob'ly the ladies happened to have the most comical costumes that night, but I bet if the reporters could of saw Hatch they would of gave him a page to himself.

"Is your name there?" I says to the Missus.

"O' course not," she says. "They wasn't none o' them reporters tall enough to see us. You got to set in a box to be mentioned."

"Well," I says, "you don't care nothin' about bein' mentioned, do you?"

"O' course not," she says; but I could tell from how she said it that she wouldn't run downtown and horsewhip the editor if he made a mistake and printed about she and her costume; her costume wouldn't of et up all the space he had neither.

"How much does box seats cost?" I ast her.

"About six or seven dollars," she says.

"Well," I says, "let's I and you show Hatch up."

"What do you mean?" she says.

"I mean we should ought to return the compliment," says I. "We should ought to give them a party right back."

"We'd be broke for six weeks," she says.

"Oh, we'd do it with their money like they done it with ours," I says.

"Yes," she says; "but if you can ever win enough from the Hatches to buy four box seats to the op'ra I'd rather spend the money on a dress."

"Who said anything about four box seats?" I ast her.

"You did," she says.

"You're delirious!" I says. "Two box seats will be a plenty."

"Who's to set in them?" ast the Missus.

"Who do you think?" I says. "I and you is to set in them."

"But what about the Hatches?" she says.

"They'll set up where they was," says I. "Hatch picked out the seats before, and if he hadn't of wanted that altitude he'd of bought somewheres else."

"Yes," says the Missus, "but Mrs. Hatch won't think we're very polite to plant our guests in the Alps and we set down in a box."

"But they won't know where we're settin'," I says. "We'll tell them we couldn't get four seats together, so for them to set where they was the last time and we're goin' elsewheres."

"It don't seem fair," says my wife.

"I should worry about bein' fair with Hatch," I says. "If he's ever left with more than a dime's worth o' cards you got to look under the table for his hand."

"It don't seem fair," says the Missus.

"You should worry!" I says.

So we ast them over the followin' night and it looked for a minute like we was goin' to clean up. But after that one minute my Missus begin collectin' pitcher cards again and every card Hatch drawed seemed like it was made to his measure. Well, sir, when we was through the lucky stiff was eight dollars to the good and Mrs. Hatch had about broke even.

"Do you suppose you can get them same seats?" I says.

"What seats?" says Hatch.

"For the op'ra," I says.

"You won't get me to no more op'ra," says Hatch. "I don't never go to the same show twicet."

"It ain't the same show, you goof!" I says. "They change the bill every day."

"They ain't goin' to change this eight-dollar bill o' mine," he says.

"You're a fine stiff!" I says.

"Call me anything you want to," says Hatch, "as long as you don't go over eight bucks' worth."

"Jim don't enjoy op'ra," says Mrs. Hatch.

"He don't enjoy nothin' that's more than a nickel," I says. "But as long as he's goin' to welsh on us I hope he lavishes the eight-spot where it'll do him some good."

"I'll do what I want to with it," says Hatch.

"Sure you will!" I says. "You'll bury it. But what you should ought to do is buy two suits o' clo'es."

So I went out in the kitchen and split a pint one way.

But don't think for a minute that I and the Missus ain't goin' to hear no more op'ra just because of a cheap stiff like him welshin'. I don't have to win in no rummy game before I spend.

We're goin' next Tuesday night, I and the Missus, and we're goin' to set somewheres near Congress Street. The show's Armour's Do Re Me, a new one that's bein' gave for the first time. It's prob'ly named after some soap.

Hostess: "If you must know my secret, here it is."
Guest: "Oh, it's Barrington Hall—"
Hostess: "Yes, and the secret of Barrington Hall is Baker-izing."

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The Baker-ized Coffee

For drip or filter
Lots order
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Barrington Hall
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CANS

40 Cents
THE POUND
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Barrington Hall is for sale in all cities and most towns, but if your grocer has not yet ordered, send us his name and we will mail you a trial can—enough for six cups of this delicious coffee. Also a booklet explaining the Baker ized Process and a coupon good for an aluminum coffee measure when you buy your first pound of Barrington Hall

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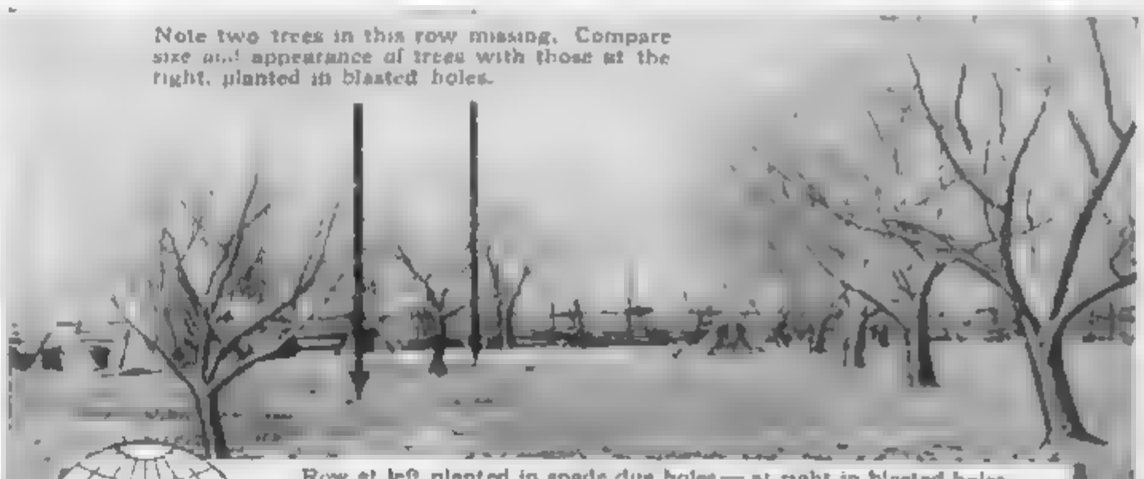

Note two trees in this row missing. Compare size and appearance of trees with those at the right, planted in blasted holes.

Row at left planted in spade dug holes—at right in blasted holes.

ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

"Blasting Holes for Planting Makes Stronger, Better Trees"

says Mr. George W. Brown, Mt. Cory, Ohio, owner of the 19-year-old orchard shown above. "Trees in blasted holes grow faster and bear earlier than trees in spade-dug holes. Blasting breaks up the subsoil and permits a deeper, stronger root growth, eliminating the danger of the trees being blown down."

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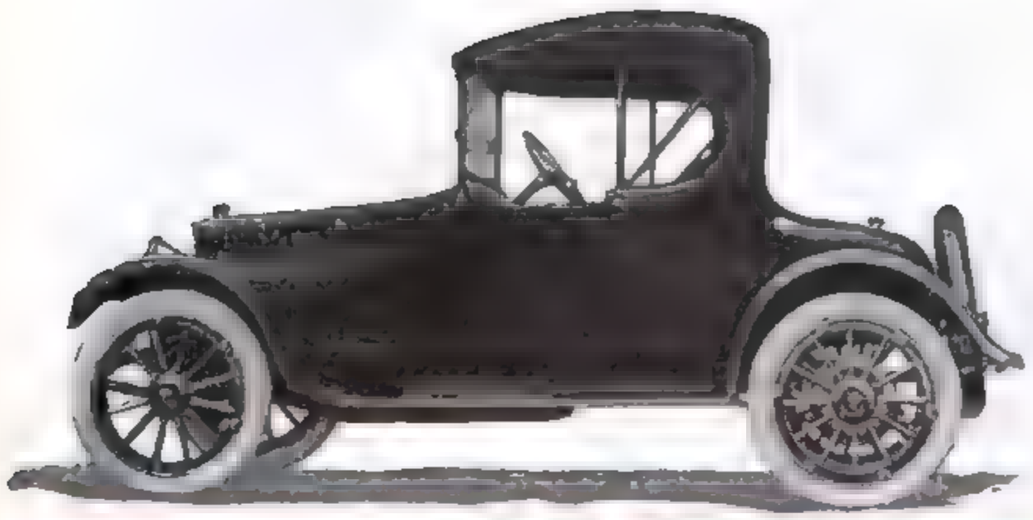

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The New REO the Fifth
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The New REO "SIX"

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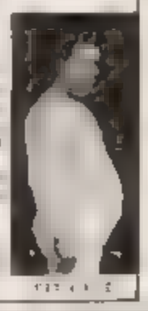
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MRS. MURPHY BREAKS IN

(Continued from Page 13)

News of the presentation of course was in the American papers. When Mrs. Murphy returned the Sunday supplements ran pictures of her in court costume. The whole experience gave her an enormous lift. She got home in the spring and when the English polo players came over she was acquainted with them. They spent a good deal of their leisure time at a country house which she took not far from Meadowbrook. They brought with them numbers of young American men.

For a long time Theodore Mason, president of a large concern, had manifested a warm friendship for Mrs. Murphy. Her husband introduced him when he first brought her to New York. Mr. Mason had a wife, but she never went anywhere with him. As Mr. Murphy could not be induced to go out socially, Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Mason sometimes appeared at places together. He introduced her to women and asked them to call. There was no difficulty in getting young men to do so. By early winter people were dropping in every day.

Lord Algy Something came over from England in January and was always at the Murphys'. This did their cause no harm. He was said to be interested in Muriel. She did her hair high now—it had a red glint in it—and she smiled a conventional society smile. It was as if a remote wild creature were getting tamer and coming close. There was always a little reserve about her.

I went to the Murphys' often, and one day arrived as several guests were approving a woman's observation apropos of the detached and almost sullen-looking girl:

"I think it's so foolish to send girls of our class to college. Now at my daughter's school they give a bazaar every year and raise the funds to send some girl to college. That is so much more sensible, I feel."

The women of even the very exclusive circles were observing Muriel. She was so attractive that they thought she would probably make a spectacularly brilliant match. As for myself, I did not quite make her out. She was an enigma.

Mrs. Murphy went to dances and to charity benefits and bowed to almost all of the Four Hundred. Presently she advanced farther toward her goal. It was at the beginning of her fourth winter in New York.

She and Muriel had passed the summer on their estate in the Middle West.

The Weightingold Dinner-Dance

Mrs. Weightingold early in the winter planned a function which was to set the whole nation talking. Her husband's name headed one of the most important companies in the United States. She was going to introduce her youngest daughter to society and announce the engagement of the elder. The girl was betrothed to a man holding one of the oldest peerages in Europe. To proclaim so large an event Mrs. Weightingold planned to give a dinner-dance. Mr. Mason, as a favor, asked her to invite Mrs. Murphy. The leader did so. Not only did she ask this rather obscure woman to the late party but she invited her to the intimate dinner as well. Mr. Mason was to escort her.

Mrs. Murphy was beside herself with joy and anxiety. She bought everything new which she expected to wear. Young men called on her for days in advance, asking for dances. On the morning of the affair she proclaimed to me that she had had to divide every one of her dances.

I remained with her nearly all day, doing everything possible to allay her nervous excitement. In the late afternoon I returned to help her dress. She had never looked so lovely as when she got into her skirts of lace and chiffon, with their varicolored little French satin pipings, and her meager bodice, garnished with rare old lace set in tiny satin rosebuds. She wore her sixty-thousand-dollar strand of pearls. Her face was suffused with a soft color and lit with animation. She looked once again like a girl.

"You will be a success!" I clapped my hands in spontaneity before her dark-haired, shallow prettiness.

Just then the telephone bell rang. Muriel's French maid answered it. She gave a suppressed scream and called to Mrs. Murphy to come. Mrs. Murphy put the receiver to her ear and the next minute started back with a horrified exclamation.

She staggered toward the sofa. I had difficulty in finding out what was the calamity. She did not tell me, but as if I knew the situation began to implore me to direct her what to do. Presently I discovered what had happened. Theodore Mason was dead. He had been found seated in his office chair at five o'clock, unconscious.

Mrs. Murphy, by every law of humanity and convention, should not go to the fête. An old friend, who was to have been her escort for the evening, lay dead. Two years of Mrs. Murphy's work was about to be rendered as if it had never been! It was indeed a terrible situation from more points of view than one. I do not know when before in the history of our association we had either of us been so moved. We tried to collect ourselves and think what to do.

Mrs. Murphy's Final Triumph

Just then the telephone bell rang. Mrs. Murphy answered it. When she finished her conversation and hung up the receiver it rang again. She went through practically the same conversation. The guests invited to Mrs. Weightingold's dinner were taking counsel with one another as to the course to pursue. Mr. Mason had close business and personal affiliations with almost everyone asked. The women were distressed at the situation in which their hostess was placed. In the street, far below Mrs. Murphy's hotel suite, extra papers were proclaiming the death. Over her telephone wire women were protesting indignantly that it was thoughtless of the family not to suppress the news until after this important affair. Poor Mrs. Weightingold, with one daughter entering society and another about to announce her engagement to a peer! The party would be an utter failure, but, alas, most of the women could not be present! Their husbands simply would not permit it. Mr. Murphy was away. Mrs. Murphy turned from the receiver with gaze leveled on mine. Both of us had the same thought at the same time. She questioned with her eyes, and I answered: "Yes, I'd go."

It was a wonderful opportunity for Mrs. Murphy to help save a situation. She was almost in society already, and popular with the young men. Strange to say, her perpetual amiability and vivacity had won for her an unexpected reputation. By New York society she was called witty! Mrs. Weightingold would appreciate having her there this evening. She changed her make-up to one that converted her into a ghostly, distraught whiteness, and went.

I stayed up for late tidings. Mrs. Murphy came home at one, triumphant. "My dear!"—she threw the words at me—"I can never reproach myself. Mrs. Weightingold came herself out into the hall to greet me. She was the whitest thing I ever saw. She kissed me on the cheeks and said: 'Bessie, I knew you would not fail me.' It's the first time any of the Four Hundred has ever called me by my first name."

Mrs. Murphy was in society. There was no doubt about that. What might have been an incidental triumph turned into a decisive victory. Mrs. Weightingold became her champion. Following the example of this dictator, women of the Four Hundred invited the newcomer to all of their small affairs. They said that she was very "Western." Beside themselves, she was indeed unaffected in manner. They called, and then they got the habit of dropping in. The young men made frequent visits. Mrs. Murphy, who was beginning to break under her long-sustained effort, took unto herself some of the advantages of invalidism. She inaugurated boudoir teas. Every afternoon people came. She received them with the regal graciousness, if not the wit, of Madame de Pompadour, as she lay on a lace-trimmed bed with pale-colored light down coverings.

Muriel came in to these teas occasionally. She conversed with the *grandes dames* and the young men without embarrassment. The latter looked on her admiringly, and she on them quite as a matter of course. She was rather thought to be engaged to Lord Algy. Her mother kept giving the impression that he was coming over to see them again. As for the American youths, Muriel certainly seemed not to prefer one to another. She passed most of her hours

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that I knew about in the drawing-room, chatting with girls on subjects dealing with dear knows what. She went about with girls a great deal; always, of course, attended by her maid, and in her own motor with her own chauffeur. She never went even to the elevator unattended. Even after she had begun going to a fashionable New York school she appeared to have an investigative mind. She had been interested in public affairs, civic and social. I could not tell what interested her now. I was a little disappointed in Muriel. She did not seem to me to be holding up her own brilliant and clear-cut personality. She was getting a little affected. It is difficult to associate with artificiality perpetually without assuming its airs.

Still, if not entirely simple, she was as yet very much of a child at heart. One afternoon, when four men and myself were sitting with Mrs. Murphy, she came in. She was very much excited about the way her horse was being managed in the horse shows, and she told her mother she wanted a jockey. Mrs. Murphy promised her one. Indeed, the older woman was delighted with the incident; she welcomed any occasion that allowed her to make a display of expenditure.

Muriel had on her wraps, and she mentioned where she was going. Her maid was to take her in the motor to the residence of one of her smart girl friends.

"Have you any money, dear?" asked Mrs. Murphy.

"No," answered Muriel, "and I need some."

"How much?" inquired her mother.

"A dollar." Muriel named the sum gravely.

Everybody laughed, and Mrs. Murphy said: "Oh, you are such a dear child; take ten. She hasn't the slightest idea about money." Then she added: "Darling, mother's going out in her motor at five-thirty. Why don't you let me meet you and we'll go to Mrs. Snobsworthy's for a little of her dance before dinner?"

Muriel stamped her foot and acted as if quite irritated. "Oh, mother, I can't be forever wasting my time on such fool things!"

Everybody laughed again, and Mrs. Murphy giggled. "She does amuse me," she commented; "she's such a child." Insignificant little incident, without particular value philosophically and of no bearing on the story. And yet as I sat there, watching them all laugh at the mere surface funniness of it, I thought how very little those two human beings understood each other, in spite of the fact that one of them had given life to the other. I am sure I did not understand the girl. She was conventional and rebellious by turns.

The One Happy Period

Mrs. Murphy soon discovered that she must have not only a town house and a country house but also a place for spending the autumns and a modest little retreat costing not over a hundred thousand dollars in investment and twenty thousand dollars a year for upkeep, in which to seclude oneself for a few weeks yearly while the spring marches up the land. She had taken a place for the summer, on the chance that Lord Algy might come there. The rental was six thousand dollars for two months. The rental for their hotel suite, pending such time as they should establish themselves in permanent quarters, was twenty thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Murphy's costuming alone cost not less than thirty thousand dollars. The daily hospitality which she dispensed at her boudoir teas ran close on to eight thousand dollars a year. There was a perpetual stream of servants flowing into the rooms. Each guest ordered exactly what he wished.

Mrs. Murphy, for one period in her life, was, I suppose, entirely happy. Her boudoir teas brought her more real enjoyment than she had ever before known. I went round to see her sometimes in the mornings. She lay in bed, as Mrs. Trotter, Jr., used to do, but the activities round her exceeded any flurry that ever stirred in the Middle Western boudoir. There were always one hotel maid and two private French maids diligently clearing away confusion. There was a secretary, whose chief business was to make out checks. There were two dogs to dispense hospitality and demand attention. There were packages arriving every fifteen minutes, and the telephone forever rang.

(Concluded on Page 44)

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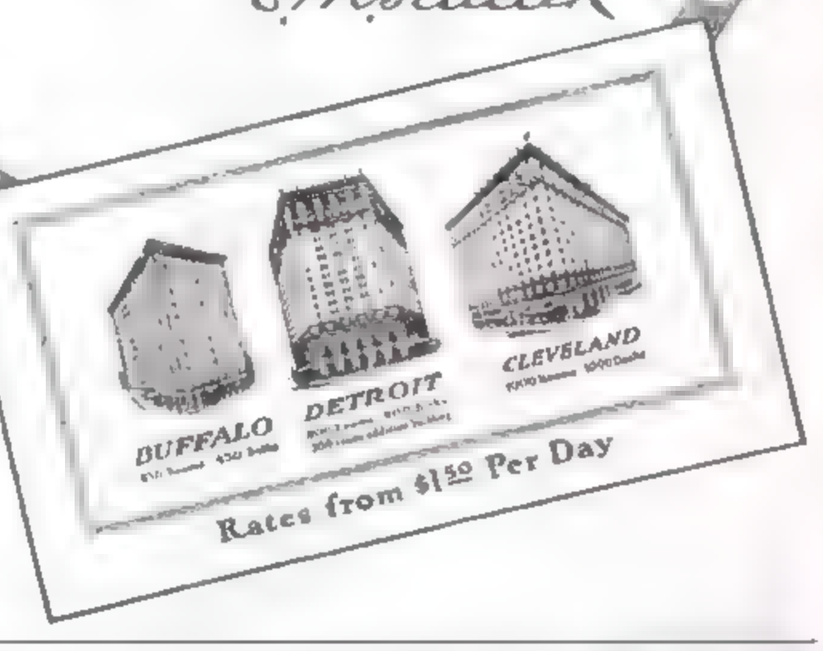

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Keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; Acme Quality Black Iron Enamel for range, stovepipe and other metal or wood surfaces. [illegible]

(Concluded from Page 41)

At any rate, she made the teas even more attractive than they had been. Greater numbers of young men came to them than ever before. The hostess was almost intoxicated with the exhilaration of life. Lord Algy had written that he was arriving in the fall. Mrs. Murphy was hinting at the engagement and planning an announcement dinner like Mrs. Weightingold's. She had little paroxysms of fear at times that somebody might die on the great day. Her ambition was all but realized.

Mrs. Murphy prolonged her stay in town until late spring and then to early summer. She went to garden parties like those in England, where the men wore high hats and low collars. They stuck out their chins and assumed an expression indicative that they had never entertained a thought. Muriel was a frequent companion of her mother. Mrs. Murphy kept saying significantly: "It is probably the last year I shall ever have her with me here in America and I cannot bear to break up our pleasant family life. Mr. Murphy can't go away."

At length she did succeed in departing for the family place in the Middle West.

In the fall she returned for her great year. War had been declared, but nevertheless Lord Algy came over. The Murphys entertained him at their hotel. He kept saying that he was going home to fight; still, he seemed to imply that he wished first to marry Muriel. He was a nice, inefficient-looking young fellow himself, and he had an American friend who was a magnificent specimen of a slender, strong man. His name was Tom Wellington, and he was about thirty-three years old.

Mother and daughter, with their two young aristocrats, went round together a great deal. Muriel seemed to acquiesce as tamely as a dove to her young lord's embracing glances. Mrs. Murphy had her list all made out for the announcement dinner and notified her husband that he simply had to be present. She thought that it would come in about two weeks from a certain day, the event of which I shall outline.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Muriel came to her mother's room and said she was going in her motor to Irene Potsworth's. The two with their maids would attend dancing school, and continue thence to the Plaza for tea.

"Why don't you let me stop for you, darling, and we'll go in your motor to the Preston's tea dance? Lord Algy will come," her mother suggested. Lord Algy and his friend were off somewhere in the early afternoon.

Muriel agreed to this, and departed.

At five o'clock Mrs. Murphy returned to the hotel without attending the party. She said in mystification: "Muriel was not at the hotel. I had to walk home. Mrs. Watson dropped me at the Plaza in her motor, and I expected to find Muriel with hers." Mrs. Murphy was troubled.

"She'll be along all right," I answered; and indeed presently she arrived. She came in with chin uplifted. We knew that something had come to pass. She did not keep us waiting.

"I'm married," she announced.

Mrs. Murphy looked almost pleased, in spite of the fact that it meant the sacrifice of her dinner dance. That could come anyway when the young people returned from their honeymoon. She started toward her daughter. Muriel warded her off with words:

"I was married at three o'clock."

I could hear our hearts beating thickly. I was afraid. Mrs. Murphy's face took on a look of apprehension. She reached her arm toward the foot of the brass bed for support. Muriel did not seem to notice her. She stood in the middle of the room, tall, magnificent and alone:

"My husband is father's secretary."

In the silence that followed it seemed terribly true. Why had we not always known it? How could we ever have expected anything else? Had not every hint of her youth and her rebellious young womanhood prepared us for it? She was no daughter of the drawing-rooms—I had always said it. This unheeded secretary was a young man with a future. I had heard things about his progress from year to year. In vacations he had taken special courses. He was going to lay out cities! He had the chance to make for himself a very unusual career.

But there was no use in trying to tell this to Mrs. Murphy now. The papers in the street below were proclaiming that it was a *mésalliance*. This was one of the two misdeeds which the smart set would not countenance. Mrs. Murphy said something about an annulment almost before the word "marriage" had been pronounced. Still, she realized that the mere mention of it was futile. Muriel was a determined young woman and she was over twenty-one.

Mrs. Murphy was never one to waste much time in vain recriminations. She said she would like her motor. Her heart and mind turned to Mr. Murphy. She would drive downtown to him. I telephoned for the machine and gave her the reply from the garage. Mr. Murphy had it.

I turned to Mrs. Murphy. She was sitting on the bed where she had received at her boudoir teas. Her cheeks were between her hands and she looked terribly old. It came over me that she must be forty-eight. All of her belated girlishness was now forever gone.

Muriel stood tall and unyielding in the middle of the room.

"Will you receive Will, mamma? He is down in the corridor."

Mrs. Murphy evidently reflected that she might as well. Her expression softened for a moment. Then she said decidedly "No!" She could not go so against her nature, although she knew, even as I did, that her course was run.

England, her ultimate goal, lay bleeding in war, and her daughter was married. Even with peace restored she could never lift up her head in Europe. Her achievements seemed to offer her no sustaining consolation or hope. Every one of them had been a step in taking her away farther from human things. Every one had carried its own reward of a vapid triumph and nothing more.

She was married to a big man, but was without a husband. As a sum total of service to mankind she had borne one beautiful daughter, and now this daughter was rendering her own service to mankind. She married for love a stalwart young man. Mrs. Murphy had taken such a one in her youth, and then had devoted herself to directing the line toward decadence. Muriel had rescued it, however. She was helping to preserve the virility of America.

Looking far below at the crowds from her hotel window, Mrs. Murphy could not see that life offered her any particular rewards for her long toil.

(THE END)

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(Continued from Page 27)

and I saw it was full of gold and silver. Just then somebody took me by the shoulder and shook me and said: 'You leave that alone! That's mine!' And that's when I woke up and found you were shaking me. Now wasn't that a crazy thing to dream? Bah!" says he. "Dreams are foolish. I tell you there's nothing in dreams."

Jack got right up and started off. "Good-by," says he. "I've got to be going." He walked a ways, and then went back to the man on the bench, who was dozing again. "Look here," says he—"about that dream: Had you ever seen a house like it before, with a little tower on the roof?" The other man yawned and shook his head. "And what kind of a dog was it, the one with the three legs?" asked Jack.

"Collie," said the other man, more asleep than awake.

"Thanks," said Jack, "and good-by again. I've got to be going."

He started home that night, begging his meals on the way and sleeping wherever he could. New Haven, Hartford, Willimantic, Canterbury and then up here; that's how he came, and it took him seven days. On the way he tried to figure out why they'd made him wait three years before they told him. But he couldn't tell and neither could I. Maybe they were trying him, and maybe they wanted to give Frank Warren another chance. Anyhow, Jack came home. He got here about noon, just after I'd started for Plainfield with a wagonload of peaches, and I'd taken Step on the wagon for company. To tell you the truth, I never expected to see Jack again, not after that last postcard he sent me. Well sir, when he saw there was nobody home he borrowed a shovel

and pick from that tool house you see over there, and up the hill he went and began to dig under the old apple tree that stood in front of The Lighthouse.

V

YOUNG man—continued the old woman—if you've never dug a deep hole in stony ground you've no idea of the work it is, especially when you're digging among roots of a tree that's two hundred years old. Jack had been digging away about two hours when Deacon Bamford comes by with his wife. Course they stopped and wanted to know how he was and what he was doing, and one word led to another. They were still a-talking when Ebner Bitgood come along in his Concord runabout, and he'd barely stopped when another buggy comes along with Irving Darbie in it an' his eldest daughter.

"Looks as if there's been a wedding," says Jack, naturally wondering what all these rigs meant.

"There sure has," says Ebner Bitgood.

"Anybody I know?" asks Jack.

"Frank Warren and Molly Deane," says Irving Darbie without thinking.

"What you calc'late to find when you get through digging, Jack?" says Ebner Bitgood; but they say Jack kept his back turned on 'em and went on digging.

"Looking for a pot of money?" says Deacon Bamford.

"No telling," says Jack, and he went on digging. But by that time he had turned part way round, kind of ashamed he told me—for keeping his back turned on 'em so long. They watched him dig a while and saw it was a long, slow job; and what with curiosity to see the end of it, and what with knowing he'd have to go at milking time and maybe miss something worth seeing, Ebner Bitgood couldn't stand it any longer. He took off his coat and jumped down in the hole.

"Give me the pick," says he.

"Ebner," says Jack, "if you're helping me out of neighborliness, I'm much obliged and have done the same for you many a time. But remember: Whatever I find beneath this tree belongs to me and nobody else."

"Jack," says Ebner, "you needn't have said that to me. What a man digs up on his own land belongs to him." They shook hands, man and man, and worked like a pair of beavers.

Deacon Bamford, he watches for a while, and then he drives down the hill as fast as he darest. Pretty soon he comes back with another pick and shovel and an ax, and he an' Irving Darbie begin digging too.

"Where d'you think it is, Jack?" says Ebner Bitgood.

"If it's anywhere," says Jack, "it's right square under the tree."

"Money?" whispers the deacon.

"Gold," whispers Jack.

They went at it harder than ever then, digging dirt and taking out rocks and chopping roots. Long toward half past four they started lopping off the last root and the tree began to bend. Pretty soon it tilted right over with its roots held out over the hole like a big, gnarled hand. Yes, sir, that's just what it looked like—a big, gnarled hand. There had been five main roots that they'd cut off, and when the tree fell over by the side of the hole the stumps of those roots looked for all the world like four great fingers and a thumb.

While they worked they talked.

"Pretty old tree," says Deacon Bamford.

"Oldest apple tree in these parts," says Ebner Bitgood. "They say it was planted by the first Warren, and when he built this house there warn't another house within twenty miles."

"Old Cap'n Warren?" says Irving Darbie.

"Yes, sir, old Cap'n Warren. Settled here in sixteen hundred and something."

"I've heard my grandfather say he was a pirate."

"So I've heard. Wore a cocked hat and carried a red scar on his face. But those old folks told funny tales."

"Frank Warren's the only one left, I guess."

"Yes, sir. He—listen!"

They might well listen. Jack's pick had hit something hollow. They shoveled away for all they were worth, and after a while they came to the top of a cedar chest that was rotten with age. It was bounded with iron that had rusted through in places, and when Jack put the point of his pick under the hinges the top came right off.

The box was stuffed with moldy old leather bags. Jack opened his knife and made a slit down one of the bags. It was full of gold coins, most of 'em about as big as a five-dollar goldpiece, some of 'em English and some of 'em French, but most of 'em Spanish.

And packed in and out of the leather bags were skeins and braids of hair.

VI

THEY were still staring at each other—concluded the old woman—when they heard a rig turn in the yard. It was Frank Warren taking his bride home, and do you know what had made him late? He'd been taking his own mother to the poorhouse! Oh, mean—pizen mean—you'd better believe he was! "Can't have two women in one house," he'd said; "and I haven't been paying taxes all these years for nothing."

So he'd left his bride at the minister's while he took his mother to the town farm. Nobody knew where he'd took her till later. The superintendent was out, so Frank had just left his mother on the porch and come away, and told her he'd send her some clothes round the next day—left her in a chair there, and she too feeble to get up and follow him. Coming home, he'd told his bride what he'd done, and if she ever had a spark of love for him it died out then and there. They say that when Frank Warren turned in at The Lighthouse, curious to see what was going on, his bride was pale as a sheet and was sitting as far away from him as ever she could get.

Frank stopped his horse and got out and climbed up on the bank of dirt that had been thrown up round the hole. And there he stood, looking down in the hole at that cedar chest full of money. And there on the other side were the roots of that old apple tree like a big, gnarled hand held out against him as if it was saying: "This far you have gone, Frank Warren, but no farther!"

"What you got down there?" he shouts.

"What's it look like?" Jack shouted back, and they say his voice trembled and he began to tremble too.

"Looks like something that belongs to me!" shouted Frank Warren in his big, bossy way.

"Well, you come down and git it—if you can!" shouts Jack, and he put his hands on his pick handle while Ebner Bitgood and Deacon Bamford tried to calm him.

"Don't you put yourself out, my boy," says the deacon.

"This money's yours, Jack," says Ebner, "and we'll see you get it."

Frank Warren probably heard this. Anyway he started down into the hole. But the dirt he was standing on was full of little rocks and began to slip under his feet, and first thing they knew Frank Warren pitched forward, head first, and his neck caught in a crotch between the roots of that tree—the same tree his forebear had planted two hundred years before to mark the place where the money was buried.

And there he swung over the hole, his neck broke the same as I might break this twig—and here's your friend come back with the gasoline. Remember now, you go back up this hill and take the road right opposite The Lighthouse. After that it's a straight ride to Willimantic. You can't miss it.

VII

HALFWAY up the hill I met a rig coming down. I stopped the car, my cousin looking at me in surprise.

"Can you tell me if there's a family round here named Warren?" I asked the old man in the rig.

"Used to be," he said. "Lived a good many years in that house top of the hill."

"Last one was Frank Warren?" I asked.

"That's right."

"Died of consumption?"

"No, sir, died of a broken neck." The old man gave me a hard, bright look, reminding me of an eagle with its head on one side.

"Happened the day after he was married, didn't it?" I persisted.

"No, sir, happened the same day."

"Jack Bates married his widow?"

"He did."

"They live round here?"

"No, sir, they moved to California soon after they were married."

I went on up the hill, and just before I turned to take the Willimantic road I stopped to look at The Lighthouse. In front of the house weeds were growing out of a pit; and by the side of the pit was the rotting trunk of an old apple tree.

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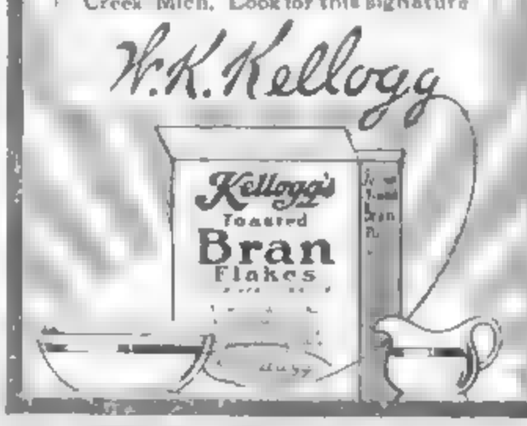

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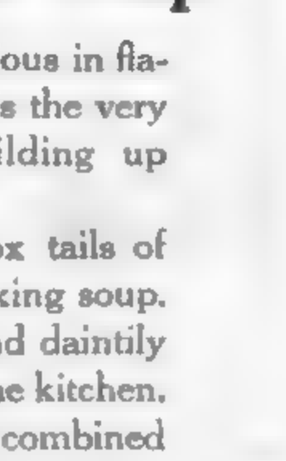

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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

(Continued from Page 7)

Also our natural resources of every kind are many times greater than those of all the countries of Europe combined, exclusive of Russia. Still, with all these immense advantages we too have slums in our cities; we too have a large and growing army of unemployed; we too have widespread and increasing poverty as a dark background to vast and ever-swelling fortunes; and worst of all, we have periods of business depression such as are never felt by the business men of France, Germany, Switzerland or Canada.

Does it not seem then that the ragged economic life of the masses, linked arm in arm with the enormous riches of the few, which prevail in some countries, as against a more general distribution of wealth, better living of the people and a larger general contentment enjoyed in other countries, is not due to democracy on the one hand or autocracy on the other hand? Since the same good developments are seen both in countries that are said to be autocratic and in those that are democratic, while the same bad developments are observed in both autocratic and democratic countries, does it not appear that forms of government have been given too much weight in our analysis of the economic and social progress of peoples?

What then is the cause of these antipodal conditions of the people in various countries? Is it not to be found in different theories of life, and opposite practices, growing out of those antagonistic theories? Is it not at bottom a difference in social and industrial ideals? If so, can we rationally expect to achieve first-class and lasting preparedness for war except upon a basis of methods of life which will work out the problems of peace with equal efficiency?

Is not any worth-while preparation for war only a phase, an incident, a by-product of a fundamental state of mind which attacks and masters the ordinary work of normal times in patient and thoroughgoing fashion? And is not such mental, moral and physical discipline just what we need more than any other thing? Even in the military view must we not acquire these foundation habits of careful and ultimate thinking and acting?

Of course we cannot put off getting ready for war, in case we decide upon preparedness at all, until we have built up solider and steadier economic, social and individual views of conduct and of life, for that will take a generation or two. Doubtless military training would help it along if, as ought to be the case, such service includes the learning of various trades and instruction in other useful pursuits, as well as that priceless discipline which teaches respect for authority—set up by our own votes; obedience to law—made by our own suffrages; and, above all, harmonious coöperation with others, which unites the strength of all to a common end for the good of all.

An American Weakness

But the point which I seek to make, and which I am using our loose thinking on military preparedness in order to make, is that, not only for the purposes of war but also and much more for the purposes of peace, we Americans must acquire a philosophy of everyday existence, the practice of which will enable us to get more out of life than we now get—more happiness, more contentment, and more of all those things which come of doing good and lasting work for good and lasting purposes.

Perhaps we shall be irritated by this proposal. For it does not promise instant results and is not definite in the sense of tangible products instantaneously turned out. But is not this very objection a conclusive argument that we should—nay, must—adopt these far-reaching if slow-working ideals? Our second President, John Adams, observed that, even at the very beginning of our government, our people were more interested in a quick decision than in a sound one. All will agree that such a disposition was not entirely wise.

But have we greatly improved in that respect? Are not most of us more attracted by extreme, positive, emphatic statements, quickly spoken, than by more cautious and thoughtful opinions stated guardedly and in less haste? Are we not more disposed to listen to picturesque epithet than to heed patient reasoning, more influenced by catchwords than by argument? And is all this sensible? Does it denote a healthy state of mind? Is that drum-thumping knack of getting on the front page of newspapers the test of wisdom? If so, sensationalism is statesmanship. But is it? And what of the popular mental and moral condition that demands a fresh thrill every morning?

Is it not possible that we have fed ourselves on extremes in thought and action until the normal is distasteful to us? And is this propensity for epithets, catchwords, exaggerated speech and hair-trigger action as productive of getting the truth and doing the right thing about it as argument, reasoning, moderation and patient research would be?

It is, of course, hard to bring to our minds that we might better ourselves in any respect or that we need to change or improve anything. It is an unwelcome task to attempt to do so. For we are much like a spoiled child on whom wealth has been lavished so freely and who has had his own way for so long a time, that he will listen to no facts if they are uncomfortable.

The Road to Lasting Success

One hundred and twenty-five years of Fourth of July speeches, the tone of which was fixed, as all students know, by the effect of the French Revolution on American thought, and our "patriotic" literature flowing from the same origin, have had much to do with this. At any rate, we are quite sure that our methods cannot be improved; and, at the very least, if we admit that anything ought to be done we wish it done right away. Our general feeling was well stated two or three years ago by an eminent public man when he remarked that "This country is a hell of a success."

Let us concede this, for it is not the part of prudence to argue with our vanity. But can we not make it much more of a success than this optimistic gentleman announced that it is? If so, how shall we go about it? Certainly not by a neurotic hop-skip-and-jump process of touching up this, that and the other thing that for the moment catches our eye, like a fluttering housewife dusting a table and windowpane while the bread burns in the oven. Not by working ourselves into a fever over some reform, which we forget all about after our first burst of energy and let things go on as before. Indeed, it is not certain that our sudden frenzy for military preparedness will not languish and die with the flames of the world war that produced our militant passion.

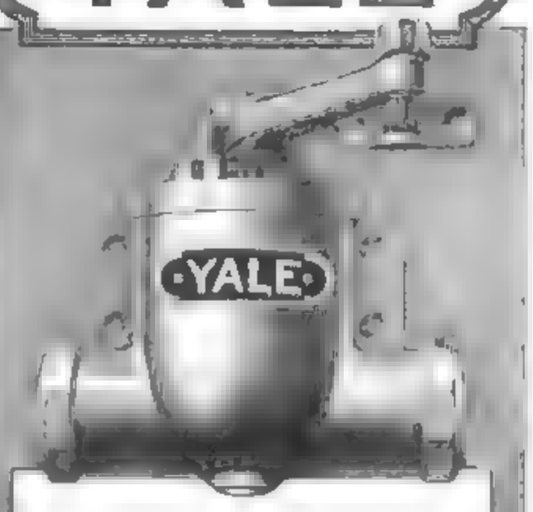
How often have we seen the luckless man who happened to be the machine mayor of a city at a particular psychological moment hurled out of power and disgraced by an enraged populace bent on cleaning up the town, who, their ballots of vengeance cast, suffered from civic weariness and reform forgetfulness while the machine resumed its business as usual. Our recent experience in a broader field is dotted with instances of reform crusades which subside and melt away beneath the hot sun of the sustained effort. So it is not at all certain that, even if the present Congress passed a law for an adequate army and everybody thronged to enlist, we should not be bored with it by next year's maneuvers.

We ought not to decide upon a military policy unless we have thought it out carefully and have reached the solid and permanent conclusion that it is absolutely necessary for our welfare and safety; and then we ought to stick to it and keep at it until we have the very best army and navy we are capable of forming, with the requisite ammunition, equipment and transportation facilities.

If we merely take it up in the "hurrah-boys" spirit and then drop it in a year or two, we shall have wasted in the spurt hundreds of millions of dollars, an immense amount of energy, and, worst of all, have confirmed ourselves in the habit of slattern and hasty thinking and impulsive and fruitless acting. If such be our conduct we shall be no better prepared for war—or peace—ten years from now than we are to-day.

Already there are signs that the question of military preparedness is to be made a "paramount issue" and not a national

YALE



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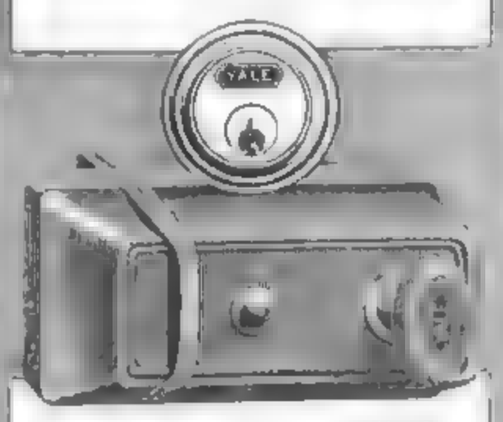

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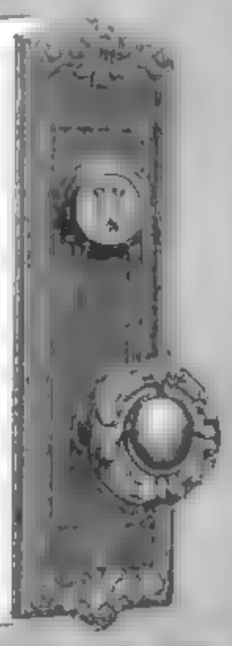

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policy. If so, it is reasonably certain to be supplanted by another "paramount issue" at the very next election, which will mean that nothing at all has been determined. For it appears not to be our way permanently to settle an issue by adopting a policy except when, rarely, economic necessity compels us to do so; but to employ each "paramount issue" as a sort of anodyne for the "paramount issue" with which we overstimulated ourselves at the preceding election. All of us remember several "paramount issues" promptly crowded from our minds by new "paramount issues."

Suppose preparedness is the "paramount issue" of the coming campaign and those who advocate it win or lose; and suppose that prohibition should be the "paramount issue" at the next election after this. In that case it is likely that if "preparedness" loses this year it will be entirely forgotten two or four years hence in our excitement for or against prohibition; and if "preparedness" wins this year still the same result is probable and the Sixty-fifth or Sixty-sixth Congress would drop the extra military appropriation, because the country would become tired of it and suddenly obsessed of economy. Our ancient friend, Economy—not real economy, but the stump speakers' economy—always may be relied upon to relieve us when we weary of any "issue."

Does not this shiftlessness, this whimsical and inconsistent thinking, this battledore and shuttlecock acting, so conspicuous in large public affairs, manifest itself all round us in the smaller things of daily life? Take two or three examples, to which each reader will be able to add others from his own observations:

In a supposedly well-managed town, located in what is reputed to be the best-governed section of the country, there was last year, close by the residences, an immense open sink into which sewage flowed and collected to the depth of many feet. From this flies and mosquitoes carried disease germs. Nothing had been done about it because citizens had not thought enough on the subject to act with power and unity. They lacked civic energy and coördination. Desultory complaints had been made; but these came to nothing because the owners of property adjacent to this pit of sickness were "strong" with the local political organization and did not want to bear the expense of cleaning up.

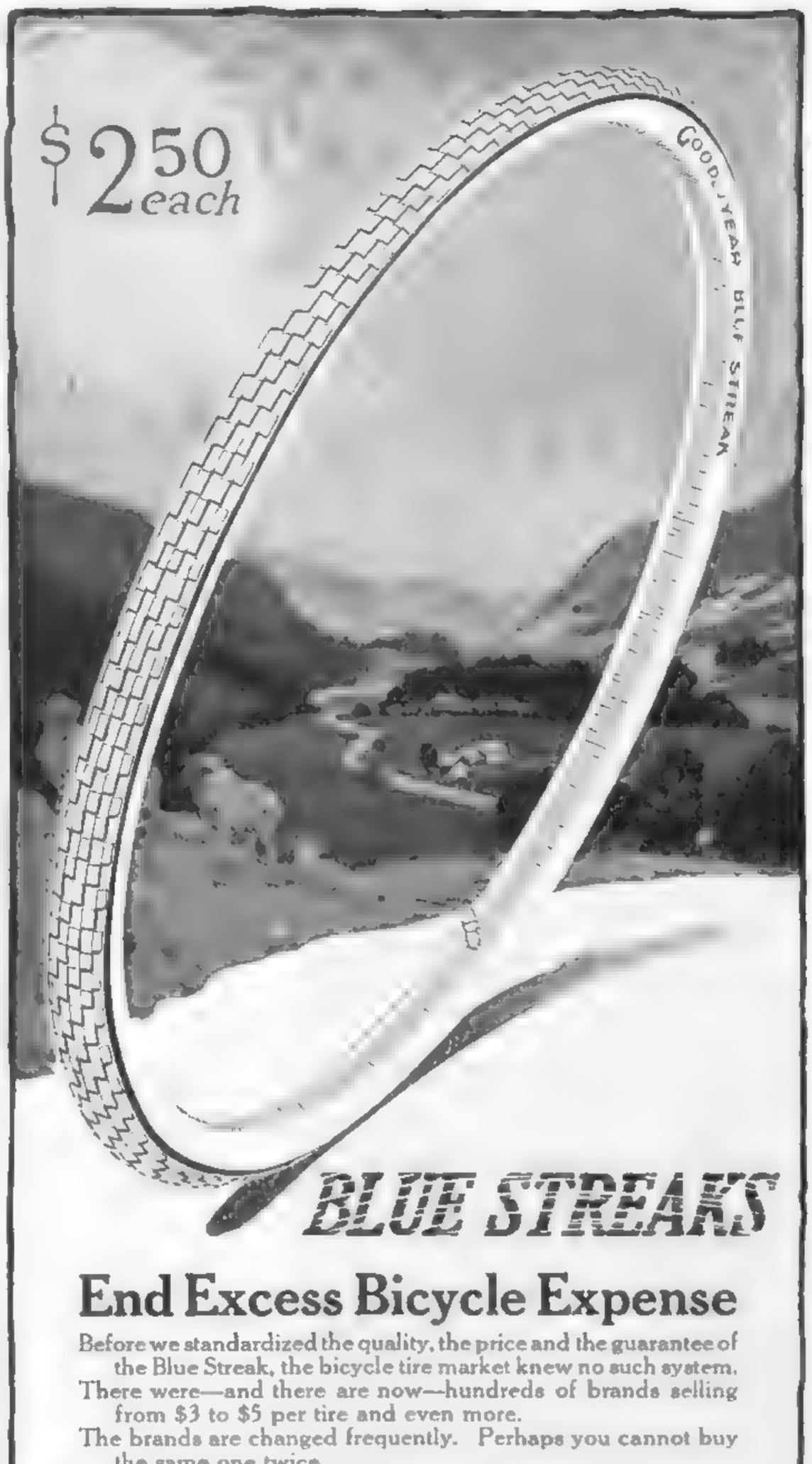
The Cheapness of Life

Or take so simple a necessity of life as fuel. All who have traveled a little over our country are acquainted with many spots where enough timber every year falls to the ground or is ripe enough for cutting to supply firewood for the whole community. Yet in general not a stick of it is touched even by the owner, who prefers to buy coal or wood already sawed, split and brought to his door.

The other day a dependable journal in one of our great cities contained several columns of the results of its investigation of deaths from careless automobile driving. The total was shocking. This investigation proves that if the proportion is kept up throughout the country more Americans are destroyed every month by our own criminal negligence than were lost on all ships of belligerent nations on which our citizens took passage since the European war began. Yet it is safe to surmise that those who read the account in the paper forgot about it the next day and that no practical and permanent measures will be taken to stop it.

While at the pier in Chicago, a great lake steamer capsized and hundreds of innocent men, women and children were drowned, not many months ago. But our excitement died out in a week or two. Not a year passes that news of a mine accident, killing a few score or a hundred miners, does not adorn the valuable space of our newspapers for a day—only to be forgotten the next.

Still another example is the killing of children—and much worse, their mental and physical ruin—in our factories, mills, mines and sweatshops. This peculiarly cold-blooded destruction of human life and cynical creation of degeneracy is well known. But we will not pass a national law to stop it. Yet many want to go to war because a few of our citizens needlessly risked themselves on ammunition ships during a remorseless war among foreign nations, when they could have gone on neutral vessels—even on American ships from and to the same ports in perfect safety.



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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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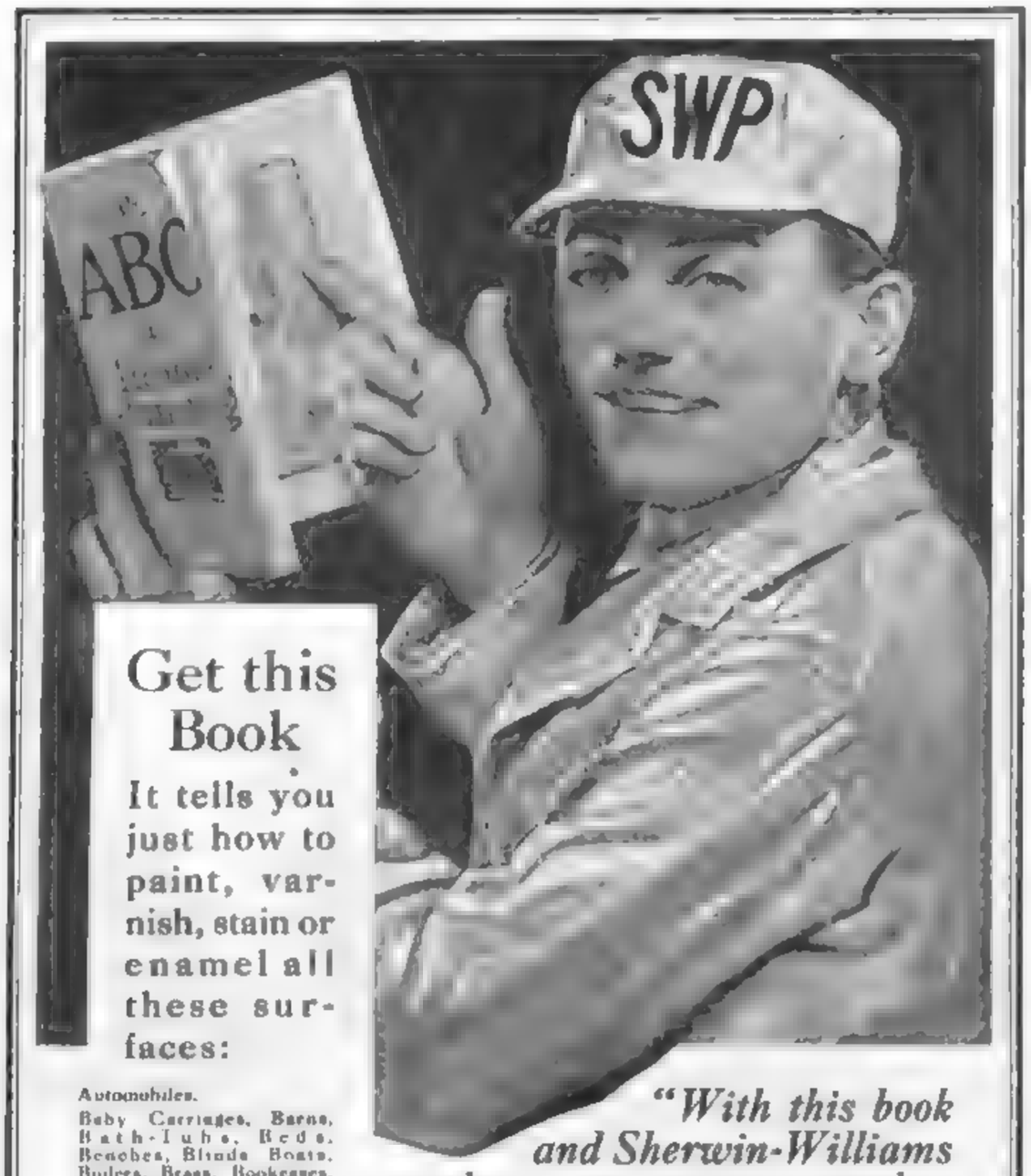

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Hundreds of facts like the above bring us face to face with ourselves. We find that, after all, our health, efficiency, comfort and even safety depend on character—on intellectual and moral ideals and discipline. To build these takes a long time, so had we not better begin at once? Would it not be well if, as a people, we fixed upon two or three fundamental principles of thought and action, and by teaching, suggestion and practice made them a part of the mental and spiritual growth of our children?

We talk rather vaguely of American characteristics, as, for instance, "American humor," "American push," and the like. Suppose we add to these admirable qualities that of thoroughness; and make it an American characteristic to master every subject we take up—to get to the bottom of anything we have to deal with. Thoroughness would save us much trouble, prevent waste of time, substance and energy, and accomplish permanent results.

And might it not help if we put some emphasis on duty and not all on rights?

One hears the word "duty" in Switzerland and France much oftener than the word "rights"; yet this does not interfere with their "liberty," of which they have at least as much as we. In Canada there is the same distinction. Indeed, if "duty" be thought of and performed, it will be found that "rights" largely take care of themselves.

To this might be added a still more important suggestion—the cultivation of the spiritual. But, since we are a practical people and do not perceive the business utility of a thing so apparently uncommercial, it might discourage us if we were asked to attend to this also.

Shortsighted Commercial Policies

Of course our young friend, Mr. Impatience, will say that this is preaching, to practice which means long and toilsome thought without immediate visible results—a process not relished by those who wish quick and easy returns. If this be our general attitude, then nothing but overwhelming national disaster will alter it and bring us to our senses. And it is by no means impossible that we will refuse to learn until taught by grim events—perhaps such schooling might not be a bad thing for us in the long run.

If, however, we do not wish for the instruction of defeat in peace and war, the organization of America must be commenced at once and from bed rock. That means character. Everything worth while is not solely brick and stone, and railways and bank accounts, and armies and navies. Even in these material and necessary things intellectual and moral ideals have their place; and I have mentioned two that are as practical as they are fundamental.

But are there no tangible and definite tasks to which we may set our impatient hands? Certainly, plenty of them! We can take the tariff out of politics, for one thing. This would clear away a good deal of rubbish through which American business is now forced to flounder. We could unify the regulation of our railways so that these arteries of national life would not be subject to the contradictory and puzzling control of several different sovereignties, as is now the case. This would simplify and cheapen transportation and increase railway efficiency.

We could put in the place of our laws in restraint of business, scientific and up-to-date legislation that would give scope to American industrial organizing genius, just as other countries have done to their great advantage. We could substitute for the hobble with which our trade statutes now bind the legs of business the bridle of intelligent government regulation. This would take from American enterprise its heaviest load and, at the same time, relieve us of business abuses not yet remedied by our ancient and moss-grown business laws—copied from English statutes, centuries old, which England herself long since supplanted by modern legislation.

We could look after our foreign trade, which will be vital to us as soon as the European war ends. It is amazing that we are not bending every energy to this right now—astounding that we should not have been doing so from the moment European hostilities broke out. Our munition trade is only temporary. At best it is a business stimulant, and a dangerous one from the economic viewpoint; for, when it ends, plants not adapted to the manufacture of the products of peace must be reorganized or dismantled, wages must be reduced or men discharged or both, and business depression and labor troubles will be thus invited and probably will follow.

Why are we not establishing ourselves in foreign markets during this period when competition is lowest? Great Britain, although at war, is making no such mistake. She is reëstablishing herself in South American, Oriental and African trade, where for many years Germany has been successfully contesting her ancient commercial supremacy. The dispatches teem with accounts of Great Britain's constant and practical attention to her export business, and she is quite right and wise to do so. Yet we are neglecting this sound and lasting source of permanent future prosperity for temporary present gain from war exports to belligerent countries which will be our trade rivals when peace is concluded.

So when the war ends we shall find ourselves in no better position in the markets which we could now be capturing than when the war began. Here, then, is a concrete and solid matter to which we could address our surplus intellect, if politics and our concern over a foreign war between autocracy and democracy leave us any mental energy for our own substantial affairs.

We are at peace with all the world and we should trade with all the world—certainly with all neutral nations. It is both our right and our duty to do so. And it is incredible that we should permit any power to forbid us to do so and actually keep us from doing so. Yet exactly that is what is happening right now and has been happening for a long time.

In this connection it is plain that now is the most favorable opportunity we ever had or perhaps ever will have to restore our flag to the high seas. Now is the "chance of a lifetime" to build a merchant marine. We could do that now more easily and cheaply and with more returns than we could have done it before the war or can do it after the war. Everybody knows this. Why are we not about it then? Why was not the necessary law passed long ago?

The Need of Child Labor Laws

This is an ideal time also to enact a National Child Labor statute. If there are idle men surely there is no need of overworking children. Even from the business—yes, even from the military viewpoint—the conservation of our human resources is not a negligible consideration. Let us indulge in no sentiment about it. Let us not consider humanity at all in the matter of child labor; although "humanity" is on the public tongue a great deal of late. But, as practical people, let us think only in terms of our own material advantage. A National Child Labor law is good, sound business. Also, it is excellent national policy.

Here are five or six subjects of national legislation which could be attended to by the Congress now in session.

There can be little doubt that they would have been attended to before now if that curious fraternity between reckless demagogy and greedy interests—a fraternity as unintentional as it is inevitable—had not blocked all effort at sound and modern handling of these vital matters.

There are, of course, many other things that need to be done for the organization of America, and that could be done without unreasonable difficulty or delay if only we would forget party politics for a year or two and get down to sensible work.

As to military preparedness, whatever aids the organization of America helps that along. The army and navy do not stand on their own legs—they stand on the nation's legs. Let us adopt a policy as to armed preparedness—a settled national policy—and then maintain it steadily and work it out thoroughly. If an army at all, then the very best army, for its size, in the world; if a navy at all, then the very best and, also, emphatically the biggest navy afloat. But, by all means, let us coördinate these with the whole activities of the nation.

Let us make preparedness for war a branch of our preparedness for peace—an incident in the organization of America. And let us realize that the systematic arrangement of our national life begins with ideals and character. A people cannot be developed and a continent set in order between sunrise and sunset. So had we not better begin at once? Or shall we go on in our former and present shiftless, happy-go-lucky manner? Will it require hard times in peace and harsh experiences in war to teach us discipline and sense?

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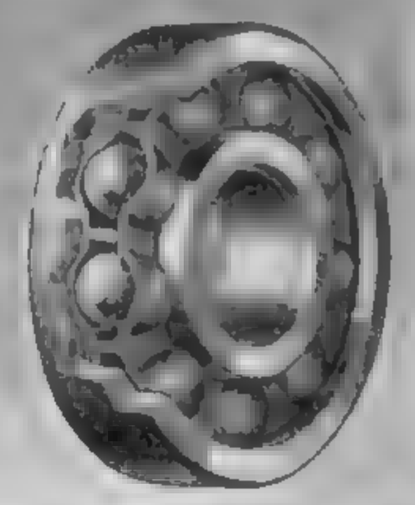

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PACKING BELTING HOSE VALVES

SPINDLE TOP PETERS OUT

(Continued from Page 17)

but he never got to the top again. Clint was mighty mournful over his loss, but he contended the dog was swimmin' in the water under the oil just the same. An' it's not me to dispute him."

This led to how the ducks came along in flocks, settled on the lakes of oil and dropped out of sight.

"Oil's light," suggests old Oil Boy as he tinkers with his tobacco. "It don't hold things up like water does."

"And getting mighty scarce on the hill," you remark.

"Heaps in the ground yet!" he flushes, firing in the defense of old Spindle Top, his beloved.

"Licking the bottom of the cup," you add tantalizingly.

Old Oil Boy bristles. Once more he turns his ameary back upon you and gives you silent scorn. Spindle Top, his life-giver, peter out! Never! That wells now gurgle up their thirty-five barrels a day haltingly, to the coaxing of a humble, steam-turned pump, has nothing to do with it.

Spindle Top's likely to come back. He knows it; is sure of it. Every whiskered old fiend on the hill knows Spindle Top can come back. Maybe she won't be as good as she used to be in those crazy first days! But who wants to go crazy again?

Tell them at the old store—and the store has been there from the beginning -that she's dwindling, dwindling, and slowly going by the board, and -well, even in these latter years there's been an occasional taking off among the lessening population of that inverted saucer.

My friend and I walked across the two hundred and fifty acres of Spindle Top. Rusted pipes upthrust themselves everywhere. Some parts of it might have been a dumping ground for junk. Here and there were windowless, uninhabited shacks. In a few of these were dwellers, the men who run the pumps. Some have wives; a few, children, we were told. Though we walked round for an hour at midday, in that first hour there we noted that we did not see woman or child. We asked a man we found with a hammer in his hand how many inhabitants were on the hill. He answered vaguely:

"Maybe a hundred; I dunno."

We asked another and he thought perhaps thirty or forty. The truth is that it's a changing population. Many of those who watch the pumps come as wanderers, get a little stake and move on—hunting for new Spindle Tops in the newer oil fields.

My friend, who got rich and went broke in Spindle Top, and got rich and went broke again trying to find another Spindle Top in Oklahoma, pictured to me the scenes on the golden hill in those days right after the discovery.

In the First Crazy Days

"When the second well came in," he said, "proving the field, a thing happened such as no man can describe in words. Overnight came five thousand people to live here! Another twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand arrived each morning to fight for a foothold. These vanished with the night. But they could not stay away when the sun came up again. Lumber was plentiful. Beaumont is in the heart of the yellow-pine forests. The railroad to Port Arthur passed but a mile away. Great gangs of carpenters appeared.

"Houses were banged together. Every one was movable. Men rented space on the treasured earth to let the house stand for a while. Then someone would want to drill under the house, and the house would be snaked away. A city came into being in the first forty-eight hours after the second gusher was developed. The whole place looked like a street carnival.

"Carloads of overalls were shipped in. Men discarded their old, oil-soaked ones and bought new. When these were oil-soaked they threw them away and bought again. Spray from the gushers ruined hats, and some captain of industry shipped in a whole stock of out-of-date headgear, which was grabbed up in no time at fancy prices. So keen was the demand for clean hats that finally all those available were put up at auction and a hat went only to the highest bidder.

"Fabulous prices were paid for styles of seventy-six, shopworn and moth-eaten. 'Hot-dog' men set up their stands and were almost mobbed by the hungry. Souvenir men invaded the camp. Man's love for the picturesque led to the importation of bright buntings, but these soon were wrecks; the colors, wet with rain and oil, ran in splotches and the wind whipped them down.

"Men set up boards on barrels and opened stores.

"They sold shoestrings, jackknives, beer, dope, food—everything.

"Fakers, hawkers, gamblers, evil women, all were there -the inevitable camp followers. I have seen a thousand derricks standing so close together that you could walk across the field in any direction stepping from one to the other without putting foot upon the ground. One man paid one thousand dollars for a square foot of ground. His scheme was to put his well straight down in the middle of it. But those who owned the land round it wouldn't let him put up a derrick.

"Wells were as thick as stars in the sky. The whole Top was pierced like a pepper shaker. It was all cut up in squares—like a window screen is made of squares—and every square won a fortune or cost one. I guess a hundred men to-day are worth a million dollars who got their start at Spindle Top; thousands more are moderately rich."

The Heywoods' Luck

"Some are in Oklahoma, others down in Tampico, a few at Humble; and the rest, if their money lasted, are wildcatting still—looking for a new Spindle Top. Poverty is the only cure for the disease. And I, though poor, feel the fever every now and then."

We wandered round. All was silent. The great, round, rough-board wheels of the pumps seemed to reel off time with the slow dignity of a grandfather's clock. They work ceaselessly, almost mysteriously, always after those last drops. Then we saw a child coming down a road. We knew it was a road because the grass was worn off. The child eyed us with the same curiosity the goats had shown. He moved by suspiciously. When he was past us his steps quickened.

"Come; let us get out of here," said my friend. "It makes me feel like—like I was in a graveyard!"

Right here I wish to get into the record of Spindle Top the rise and spreading out of those two great hyphenated families of America. They are the Poland-Chinas and the Duroc-Jerseys. Also, there is the English branch, the Berkshires, and those whose lineage is of the Old South, the Tamworths.

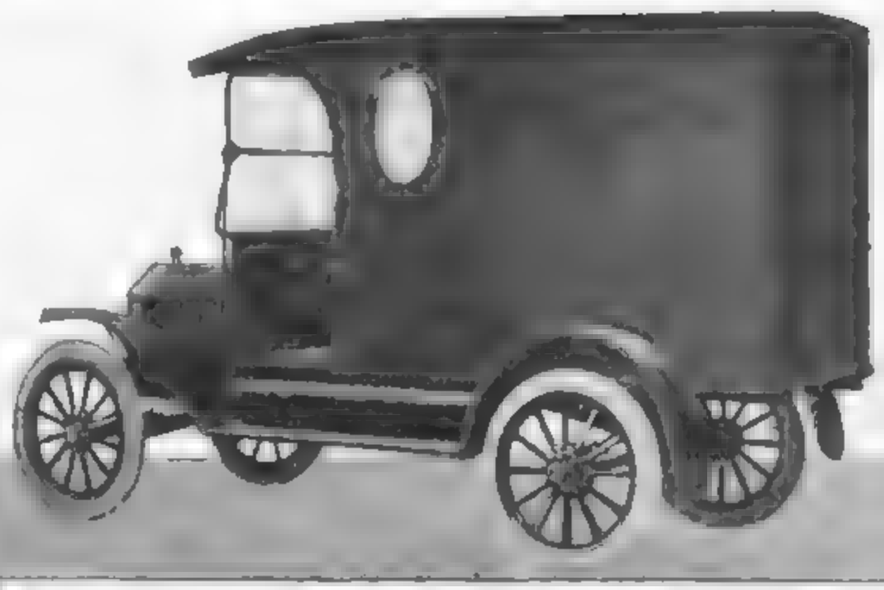
Their effulgence in Texas is largely due to the fact that a stock company happened to be in Beaumont on that great, particular January 10, 1901. Get me right. It was a company that had to deal with dramatic stock, and the company was billed at the old Crosby Theater all week. The handbills that had been printed were flaring. These people praised themselves highly, as tragedians do.

Alba and Dewey Heywood were hero and villain of the great Heywood Dramatic Company, purveyors and traffickers in the Thespian art. They were big, handsome fellows and, above all, actors. They have never been able to figure out what caress of Destiny led them to Beaumont for that particular week. It was Thursday, about one-thirty o'clock, when the Lucas Gusher came in. The show broke up. The Heywood boys, like the Arabs, folded their tents and silently stole away; but they didn't wait for the night.

They telegraphed to some loyal connection a most urgent plea. It was for five thousand dollars post-haste! Slam-bang! Now! They got it.

Before the town had caught its breath or begun the real shake of its delirium they had a lease on ten acres of land in the heart of Spindle Top. It lay close by to that which made a millionaire out of old Governor Hogg. But, though they left the stage, the Heywoods did not cease to act. They knew the value of dramatic effect.

They bought broad hats, blue-flannel shirts, overalls, high-laced boots; and they reeked in oil. It dripped from them. They set the style on the hill. It was the ambition of every oil-crazy man milling round on the prairie to look just like the Heywoods. They became leaders too; they got the greatest



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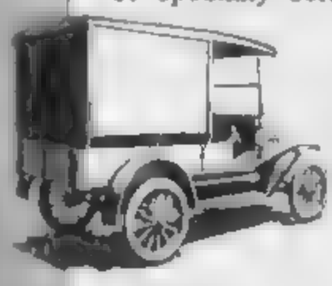

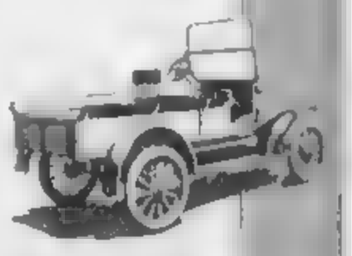

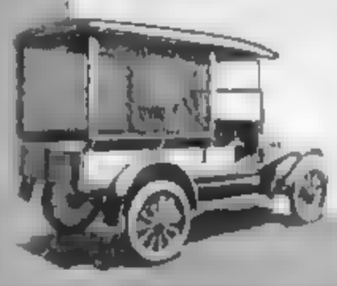

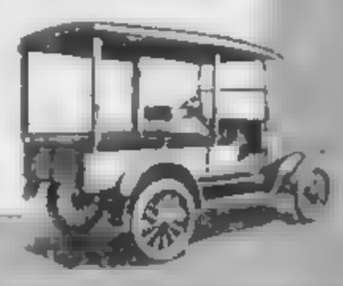

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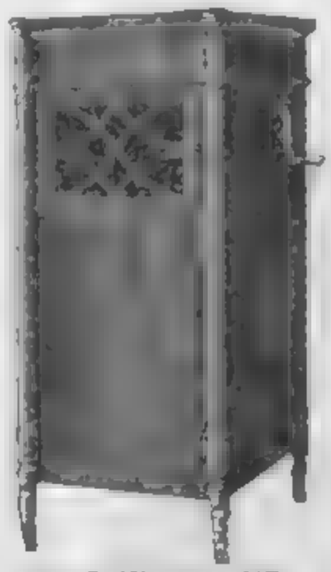

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well that was ever developed in this, the greatest, richest, most intense oil field for its size in all the world.

That day they left the stage forever. What business has a millionaire with paint and wig and paper dagger? Shakspere lost two who had been his most ardent disciples: lost them in a mess of oil. But it was a great day for pigs! Alba Heywood, capitalist, Hog King of South Texas, is the gentleman who forgot his lines when Lucas Well slopped over on the green grass that grew thereabout.

And shortly after it was Heywood Well Number Three that inundated the railroad and forced the trains to stop. Fate plays odd tricks with some men. Suppose the great Heywood Brothers' Dramatic Company, with its shipment of A-Number-One quality jokes, had been in Mudville that week? Answer: The Berkshire and Tamworth families would have been a far longer time making name and fame for themselves in Texas.

They say Alba Heywood is a bug on hogs. I have talked with him. He talked hogs. Hogs are the apple of his eye. He is convinced that a farmer without a hog has about as much chance for heaven as a celluloid cat in a coal-oil furnace.

In these fifteen years of millionairing he has developed largely and loosely at the equator. But his developing has been nothing to the fatty generation of his pigs.

Spindle Top has always been a game. There's a legend. No one seems to know if it is true. It likely is, for that was the spirit of the times. The legend is that, when land was a dollar an acre all through this level country, there once was a cowman's poker game. Each white chip was good for one acre of land.

How the Production Dwindles

It is said that Spindle Top was raked in as part of a pot. That made a white chip worth three hundred thousand dollars, you see. That's the price paid for bits of the hill, at least.

Now, in the end, I am constrained to record, Spindle Top, which last summer had but four derricks left standing after the hurricane of August sixteenth was done with it, is giving the old Oil Boys cheer. One by one they have started again the pumps that the stormwind stilled. They see only the wells that are living. The dead have passed their way. I have a time-scarred book with a blue cover. It bears no date, but was printed when Spindle Top was young. It lists eight hundred gushers. I could not swear that one of these persists. Almost all of the eight hundred must be dead, for most of these now pumping were born of more recent years.

Then I turn to the records. I find that if there are 100 wells that can still give up oil how little it is for each!—the recorded output would give 10.2 barrels a day for each, last October; that for a year ago for October would be, for each well, 16.59 barrels. In other words and to be exact, the entire field, in October, 1914, yielded 49,728; in October, 1915, only 30,600 barrels. Production for November was 26,845 barrels. In the olden days the Heywood Well alone belched, in a great stream more than twice the height of the tallest derrick, its 200,000 barrels a day.

Then a single well poured forth more oil—six times more oil—every twenty-four hours than the whole field now gives up, under pumps, in a month. And as I think of these figures I see my old Oil Boy with the yellow-brown corncob pipe in his mouth, and I say to him:

"Is Spindle Top coming back some day?"

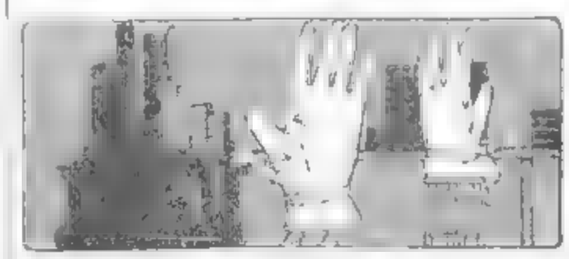
His eyes glow again with the light of love; and he says to me with great confidence and understanding:

"If they go deeper! God knows what's down there! Humble a'most petered out—a'most petered out—an' they went deeper. Look at Humble!"

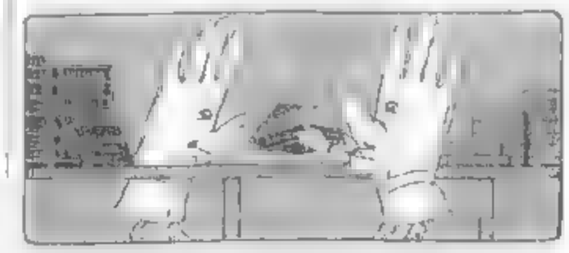
I did, and saw that new-made crop of millionaires. Maybe, if they would go deeper at Spindle Top ——

"Do you think they'll go deeper?" he asks. "They ought to try it deeper, don't you think? Maybe she—wouldn't—peter—out."

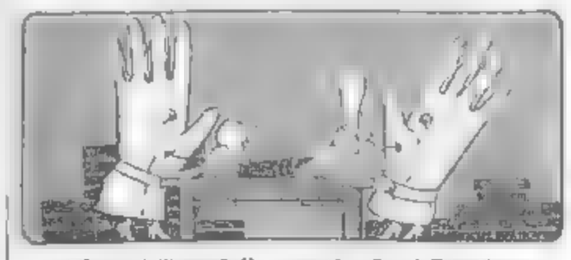
And in the fervor of his parting I found that he had left the imprint of those nails—the nails that had not been manicured in ages, and were thick and stiff and oil-yellowed—deep in the flesh of my hand. And there was a sparkle in his eye that was just a little bit too wet.



Gloved "hands" guide the wrapping of each Sterling stick and package.



Gloved "hands" place Sterling packages in double boxes.



Gloved "hands" wrap the final Sterling box air-tight with paraffin paper.

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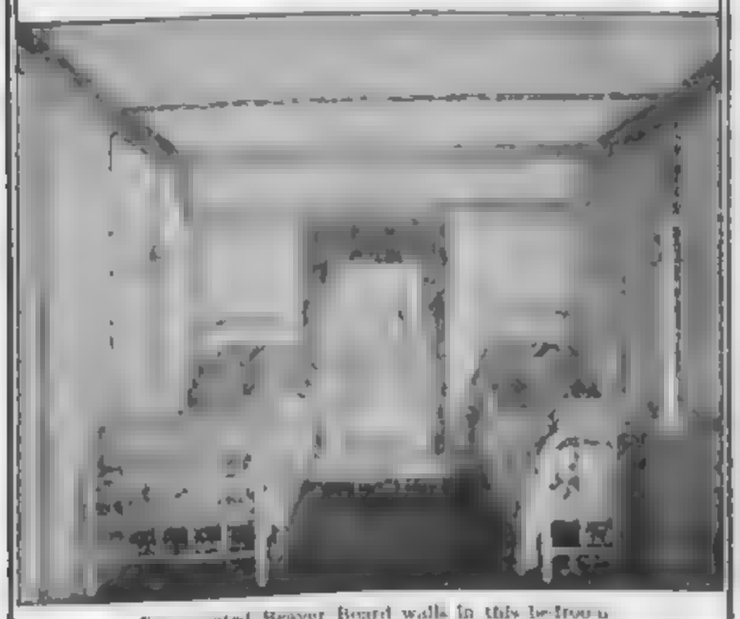
Novel Beaver Boarded bungalow at Elma, N. Y., designed for the Buffalo Valley Realty Co. of Buffalo by Green & Wicks, Architects

Living room in Elma bungalow. Note original treatment of Beaver Board and artistic effect.

Dining room in Elma bungalow. Timbers were painted light green and Beaver Board a rich cream.



The painted Beaver Board walls in this bedroom are completely sanitary as well as useful

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Only Beaver Board walls could produce this striking effect. Living room in Rohrheimer house.

Note the setting which the Beaver Board walls give the well-chosen living room furnishings.

Living room in the Rohrheimer home. These walls and ceilings will never crack, chip or fall

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Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure. I am interested in game breeding from the standpoint of

Very truly yours

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WILD ORANGES

(Continued from Page 23)

our breakfast." At the mention of Iscah Nicholas a slight shiver passed over her. This was what Woolfolk hoped for—a return of her normal revulsion from her surroundings, from the past.

"Nicholas," he said sharply, contradicted by a faint dragging from the stair, "is dead."

"If you could only assure me of that," she replied wistfully. "If I could be sure that he wasn't in the next shadow I'd go gladly. Any other way it would be useless." She laid her hand over her heart. "I must get him out of here —— My father did. His lips trembled a little, but he said quite clearly: 'Don't do that. Don't touch my daughter.'"

"Your father was a singularly brave man," he assured her, rebelling against the leaden monotony of speech that had fallen upon them. "Your mother too was brave." he temporized. He could, he decided, wait no longer. She must, if necessary, be carried away forcibly. It was a desperate chance—the least pressure might result in the permanent, jangling discord. Her waist, torn, he saw, upon her pallid shoulder, was insufficient covering against the wind and night. Looking about he discovered the muffler, laid out for her father, crumpled on the floor; and, with an arm about her, folded it over her throat and breast.

"Now we're away," he declared in a forced lightness.

She resisted him for a moment, and then collapsed into his support.

John Woolfolk half led, half carried her into the hall. His gaze searched the obscurity of the stair; it was empty; but from above came the sound of a heavy, dragging step.

XV

OUTSIDE she cowered pitifully from the violent blast of the wind, the boundless, stirred space. They made their way about the corner of the house, leaving behind the pale, glimmering rectangle of the lighted window. In the thicket Woolfolk was forced to proceed more slowly. Millie stumbled weakly over the rough way, apparently at the point of slipping to the ground. He felt a supreme relief when the cool sweep of the sea opened before him and Halvard emerged from the gloom.

He halted for a moment, with his arm about Millie's shoulders, facing his man. Even in the dark he was conscious of Poul Halvard's stalwart being, of his rocklike integrity.

"I was delayed," he said finally, amazed at the inadequacy of his words to express the pressure of the past hours. Had they been two or four? He had been totally unconscious of the passage of actual time. In the dark house behind the orange grove he had lived through tormented eons, descended into the depths beyond the measured standard of Greenwich. Halvard said: "Yes, sir."

The sound of a blundering progress rose from the path behind them, the breaking of branches and the slipping of a heavy tread on the water-soaked ground. John Woolfolk, with an oath, realized that it was Nicholas, still animated by his fixed, maniacal idea. Millie Stope recognized the sound, too, for she trembled abjectly on his arm. He knew that she could support no more violence, and he turned to the dim, square-set figure before him.

"Halvard, it's that fellow Nicholas. He's insane—has a knife. Will you stop him while I get Miss Stope into the tender. She's pretty well done." He laid his hand on the other's shoulder as he started immediately forward. "I shall have to go on, Halvard, if anything unfortunate occurs," he said in a different voice.

The sailor made no reply; but as Woolfolk urged Millie out over the wharf he saw Halvard throw himself upon a dark bulk that broke from the wood.

The tender was made fast fore and aft; and, getting down into the uneasy boat, Woolfolk reached up and lifted Millie bodily to his side. She dropped in a still, white heap on the bottom. He unfastened the painter and stood holding the tender close to the wharf, with his head above its platform, straining his gaze in the direction of the obscure struggle on land.

He could see nothing, and heard only an occasional trampling of the underbrush. It was difficult to remain detached, give no assistance, while Halvard encountered Iscah Nicholas. Yet with Millie in a semi-collapse, and the bare possibility of Nicholas' knifing them both, he felt that this was his only course. Halvard was an unusually powerful, active man, and the other must have suffered from the stress of his long conflict in the hall.

The thing terminated speedily. There was the sound of a heavy fall, a diminishing thrashing in the saw grass, and silence. An indistinguishable form advanced over the wharf, and Woolfolk prepared to shove the tender free. But it was Poul Halvard. He got, Woolfolk thought, down clumsily, and mechanically assumed his place at the oars. Woolfolk sat aft, with an arm about Millie Stope. The sailor said fretfully:

"I stopped him. He was all pumped out. Missed his hand at first—the dark—a scratch."

He rested on the oars, fingering his shoulder. The tender swung dangerously near the corrugated rock of the shore, and Woolfolk sharply directed: "Keep way on her."

"Yes, sir," Halvard replied, once more swinging into his short, efficient stroke. It was, however, less sure than usual; an oar missed its hold and skittered impotently over the water, drenching Woolfolk with a brief, cold spray. Again the bow of the tender dipped into the point of land they were rounding, and John Woolfolk spoke more abruptly than before.

He was seriously alarmed about Millie. Her face was apathetic, almost blank, and her arms hung across his knee with no more response than a doll's. He wondered desperately if, as she had said, her spirit had perished; if the Millie Stope that had moved him so swiftly and tragically from his long indifference, his aversion to life, had gone, leaving him more hopelessly bereaved than before. The sudden extinction of Ellen's life had been more supportable than Millie's crouching dumbly at his feet. His arm unconsciously tightened about her, and she gazed up with a momentary, questioning flicker of her wide-opened eyes. He repeated her name in a deep whisper, but her head fell forward loosely, and left him in racking doubt.

Now he could see the shortly swaying riding light of the Gar. Halvard was propelling them vigorously but erratically forward. At times he remuttered his declarations about the encounter with Nicholas. Stray words reached Woolfolk:

"Stopped him—the cursed dark—a scratch."

He brought the tender awkwardly, with a grinding shock, alongside the ketch, and held the boats together while John Woolfolk shifted Millie to the deck. Woolfolk took her immediately into the cabin; where, lighting a swinging lamp, he placed her upon one of the prepared berths and endeavored to wrap her in a blanket. But, in a shuddering access of fear, she rose with outheld palms.

"Nicholas!" she cried shrilly. "There—at the door!"

He sat beside her, restraining her convulsive effort to cower in a far, dark angle of the cabin.

"Nonsense!" he told her brusquely. "You are on the Gar. You are safe. In an hour you will be in a new world."

"With John Woolfolk?"

"I am John Woolfolk."

"But he—you—left me."

"I am here," he insisted with a tightening of the heart. He rose, animated by an overwhelming necessity to get the ketch under way, to leave at once, forever, the invisible shore of the bay. He gently folded her again in the blanket, but she resisted him. "I'd rather stay up," she said with a sudden lucidity. "It's nice here; I wanted to come before, but he wouldn't let me."

A glimmer of hope swept over him as he mounted swiftly to the deck.

"Get up the anchors," he called; "reef down the jigger and put on a handful of jib."

There was no immediate response, and he peered over the obscured deck in search of Halvard. The man rose slowly from a sitting posture by the main boom. "Very good, sir," he replied in a forced tone.

He disappeared forward, while Woolfolk, shutting the cabin door on the confusing illumination within, lit the binnacle lamp, bent over the engine, swiftly making connections and adjustments, and cranked the wheel with a sharp, expert turn. The explosions settled into a dull, regular succession,

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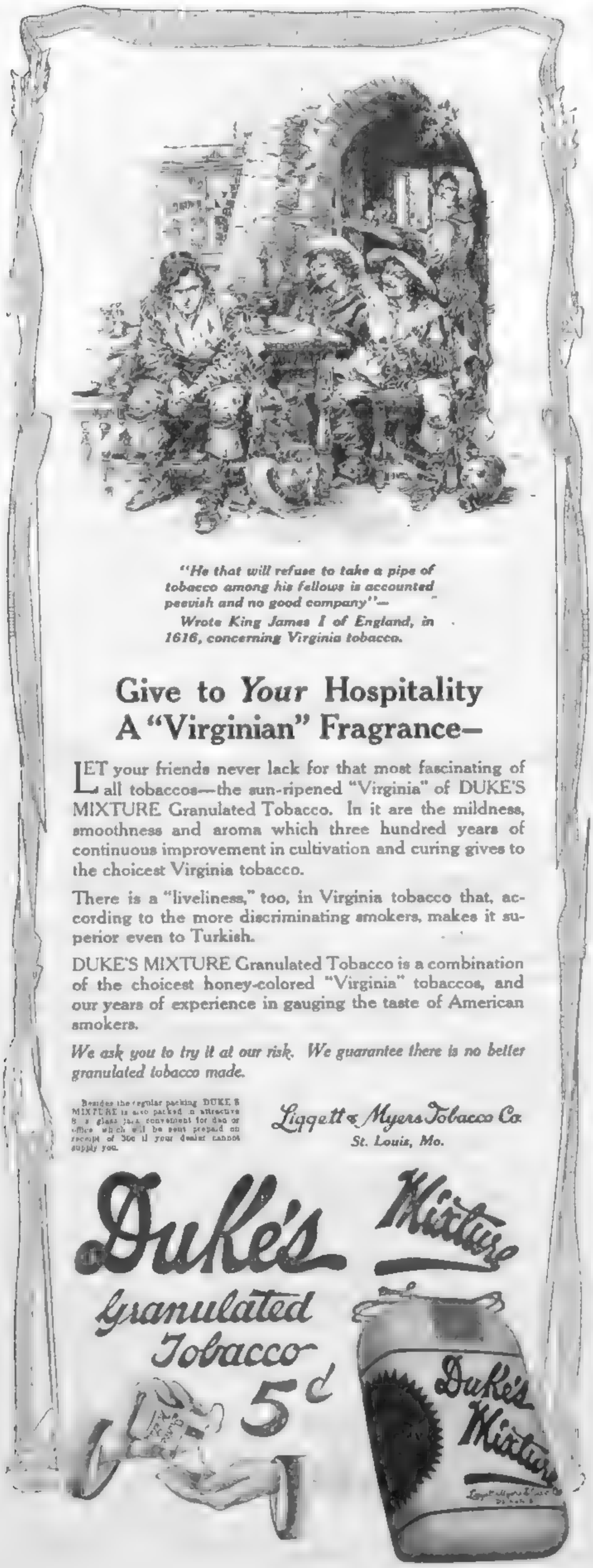

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and he coupled the propeller and slowly maneuvered the ketch up over the anchors, reducing the strain on the hawsers and allowing Halvard to get in the slack. He waited impatiently for the sailor's cry of all clear, and demanded the cause of the delay.

"The bight slipped," the other called in a muffled, angry voice. "One's clear now," he added. "Bring her up again." The ketch forged ahead, but the wait was longer than before. "Caught," Halvard's voice drifted thinly aft; "coral ledge." Woolfolk held the Gar stationary until the sailor cried weakly: "Anchors up."

They moved imperceptibly through the dark, into the greater force of the wind beyond the point. The dull roar of the breaking surf ahead grew louder. Halvard should have had the jib up and been aft at the jigger, but he failed to appear. John Woolfolk wondered, in a mounting impatience, what was the matter with the man. Finally an obscure form passed him and hung over the housed sail, stripping its cover and removing the stops. The sudden thought of a disconcerting possibility banished Woolfolk's annoyance. "Halvard," he demanded, "did Nicholas knife you?"

"A scratch," the other stubbornly reiterated. "I'll tie it up later. No time now—I stopped him permanent."

The jigger, reefed to a mere irregular patch, rose with a jerk, and the ketch rapidly left the protection of the shore. She dipped sharply and, flattened over by a violent bull of wind, buried her rail in the black, swinging water, and there was a small crash of breaking china from within. The wind appeared to sweep high up in empty space and occasionally descend to deal the yacht a staggering blow. The bar, directly ahead—as Halvard had earlier pointed out—was now covered with the smother of a lowering tide. The pass, the other had discovered, too, had filled. It was charted at four feet, the Gar drew a full three, and Woolfolk knew that there must be no error, no uncertainty, in running out.

Halvard was so long in stowing away the jigger shears that Woolfolk turned to make sure that the sailor had not been swept from the deck. The "scratch," he was certain, was deeper than the other admitted. When they were safely at sea he would insist upon an examination.

The subject of this consideration fell rather than stepped into the cockpit, and stood rocked by the motion of the swells, clinging to the cabin's edge. Woolfolk shifted the engine to its highest speed, and they were driving through the tempestuous dark on to the bar. He was now confronted by the necessity for an immediate decision. Halvard or himself would have to stand forward, clinging precariously to a stay, and repeatedly sound the depth of the shallowing water as they felt their way out to sea. He gazed anxiously at the dark bulk before him, and saw that the sailor had lost his staunchness of outline, his aspect of invincible determination.

"Halvard," he demanded again sharply, "this is no time for pretense. How are you?"

"All right," the other repeated desperately, through clenched teeth. "I've—I've taken knives from men before—on the docks at Stockholm. I missed his hand at first—it was the night."

The cabin door swung open, and a sudden lurch flung Millie Stope against the wheel. Woolfolk caught and held her until the wave rolled by. She was ridden by terror, and held abjectly to the rail while the next swell lifted them upward. He attempted to urge her back to the protection of the cabin, but she resisted with such a convulsive determination that he relinquished the effort and enveloped her in his glistening oilskin.

This had consumed a perilous amount of time; and, swiftly decisive, he commanded Halvard to take the wheel. He swung himself to the deck and secured the long sounding pole. He could see ahead on either side the dim white bars forming and dissolving, and called to the man at the wheel:

"Mark the breakers! Fetch her between."

On the bow, leaning out over the surging tide, he drove the sounding pole forward and down, but it floated back free. They were not yet on the bar. The ketch heeled until the black plain of water rose above his knees, driving at him with a deceitful force, sinking back slowly as the yacht straightened buoyantly. He again sounded, the pole struck bottom, and he cried:

"Five."

The infuriated beating of the waves on the obstruction drawn across their path drowned his voice, and he shouted the mark once more. Then, after another sounding:

"Four and three"

The yacht fell away dangerously before a heavy, diagonal blow; she hung for a moment, rolling like a log, and then slowly regained her way. Woolfolk's apprehension increased. It would, perhaps, have been better if they had delayed, to examine Halvard's injury. The man had insisted that it was of no moment, and John Woolfolk had been driven by a consuming desire to leave the miasmatic shore. He swung the pole forward and cried:

"Four and a half."

The water was shoaling rapidly. The breaking waves on the port and starboard hissed by with lightning rapidity. The ketch veered again, shipped a crushing weight of water, and responded more slowly than before to a tardy pressure of the rudder. The greatest peril, John Woolfolk knew, lay directly before them. He realized from the action of the ketch that Halvard was steering uncertainly, and that at any moment the Gar might strike and fall off too far for recovery, when she could not live in the pounding surf.

"Four and one," he cried hoarsely. And then immediately after: "Four."

Chance had been against him from the first, he thought, and there flashed through his mind the dark panorama, the accumulating disasters of the night. A negation lay upon his existence that would not be lifted. It had followed him like a sinister shadow for years to this obscure, black smother of water, to the Gar reeling crazily forward under an impotent hand. The yacht was behaving heroically; no other ketch could have lived so long, responded so gallantly to a wavering wheel.

"Three and three," he shouted above the combined stridor of wind and sea.

The next minute would witness their safe passage or a helpless hulk beating to pieces on the bar, with three human fragments whirling under the crushing masses of water, floating, perhaps, with the dawn into the tranquillity of the bay.

"Three and a half," he cried monotonously.

The Gar trembled like a wounded and dull animal. The solid seas were reaching hungrily over Woolfolk's legs. A sudden stolidity possessed him. He thrust the pole out deliberately, skillfully:

"Three and a quarter."

A lower sounding would mean the end. He paused for a moment, his dripping face turned to the far stars, his lips moved in silent, unformulated aspirations—Halvard and himself, in the sea that had been their home; but Millie was so fragile! He made the sounding precisely, between the heaving swells, and marked the pole instantly driven backward by their swinging flight.

"Three and a half." His voice held a new, uncontrollable quiver. He sounded again immediately: "And three-quarters."

They had passed the bar.

XVI

A GLADNESS like the white flare of burning powder swept over him, and then he became conscious of other, minor sensations—his head ached intolerably from the fall down the stair, and a grinding pain shot through his shoulder, lodged in his torn lower arm at the slightest movement. He slipped the sounding pole into its loops on the cabin and hastily made his way aft to the relief of Poul Halvard.

The sailor was nowhere visible; but, in an intermittent, reddish light that faded and swelled as the cabin door swung open and shut, Woolfolk saw a white figure clinging to the wheel—Millie.

Instantly his hands replaced hers on the spokes and, as if with a palpable sigh of relief, the Gar steadied to her course. Millie Stope clung to the deck rail, sobbing with exhaustion.

"He's—he's dead!" she exclaimed, between her racking inspirations. She pointed to the floor of the cockpit, and there, sliding grotesquely with the motion of the seaway, was Poul Halvard. An arm was flung out, as if in ward against the ketch's side, but it crumpled, the body hit heavily, a hand seemed to clutch at the boards it had so often and thoroughly swabbed, but without avail. The face momentarily turned upward; it was haggard beyond expression, and bore stamped upon it, in lines that resembled those of old age, the agonized struggle against the inevitable last treachery of life.

"When ——" John Woolfolk stopped in sheer, leaden amaze.

(Concluded on Page 61)

Indian Day

February 22

—the biggest annual national event in the world of motorcycles!

THE day on which the wigwams of over 2800 dealers—all over the United States—will be the gathering places of present and future Indian riders, on edge to get their first personal view of the 1916 models of the Indian.

¶ And what a treat is in store for them when they first see the New Indian Powerplus Motor with new ideals of power, silence, endurance, cleanliness, accessibility, speed! Everybody is talking

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Your local dealer's announcement will appear in the newspapers. Watch for it. He'll probably have something special.

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The ancient philosopher who insisted that heat traveled faster than cold because you can catch cold, knew what he was talking about.

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Shoes are a protection against many discomforts, but not against water or even dampness.

This is the difficulty that Dri-Foot solves. It is a waterproof dressing for shoes. But it is not a coating that spreads over the surface like a shellac. It is a penetrating, softening, preserving waterproofing.

Three million people used Dri-Foot on their shoes last year, and thousands more are learning about it every day. Once you try it you will never want to be without it.

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Nothing, if you like rubbers; nothing, if you and your rubbers and a rain happen to all get together at the same time; nothing, if you can remember to put them on or are willing to take that trouble.

The virtue of Dri-Foot is that after you put it on your shoes you can forget it. Your shoes look the same and polish just as well as ever. But the very minute you step out in the rain, or travel through melting snow, or step off the curb into a puddle, then you realize the efficiency of Dri-Foot. No water gets through, not even dampness. You are not chilled; you do not catch cold; you have no discomfort whatever. Your feet are dry as toast.

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A 10-cent can of Dri-Foot will waterproof one pair of shoes. This waterproofing will last two months under normal conditions. It takes but a few minutes to apply it. Then you are ready for a very comfortable season of freedom from wet feet, independent of the weather and immune from all the ills that wet feet invariably bring.

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Now Sold in Stores All Over the Country

Ask for Dri-Foot at any good shoe, drug, grocery or hardware store. It comes in both ten and twenty-five cent cans. The ten-cent size is carried by many 5 and 10-cent stores. If you have any difficulty in getting Dri-Foot in your locality, send us your name and address with the name of your most convenient dealer and we will see that you are supplied promptly. For 10 cents in stamps we will send you a trial can containing enough Dri-Foot to waterproof your shoes for two months.

Dri-Foot Prices

10c. for a can with enough to waterproof a pair of shoes for two months.

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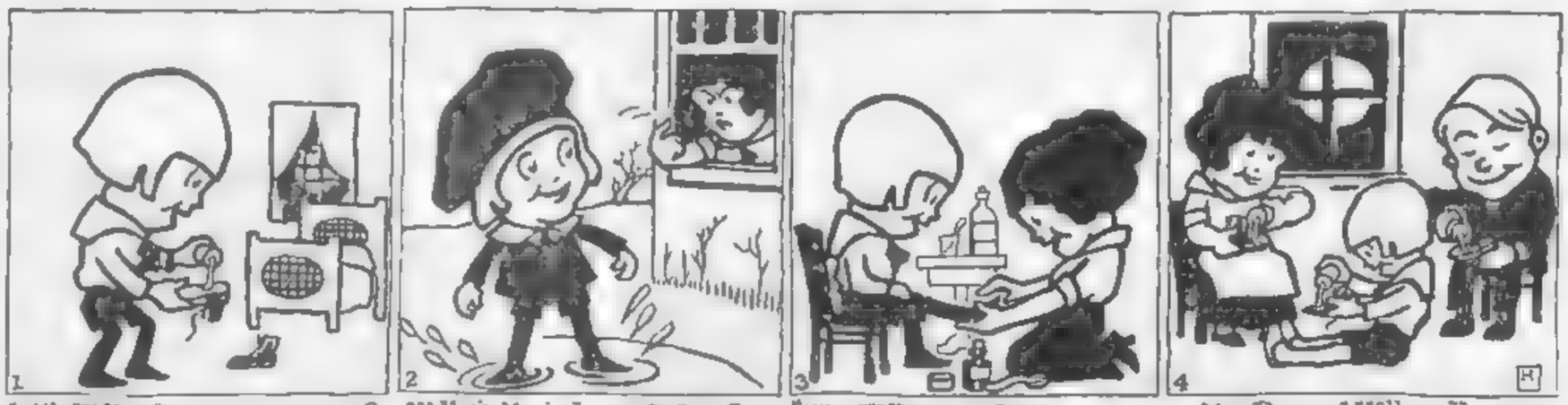

1 Little Wilbe discovers a can of Dri-Foot

2 Willie's Ma is horrified to find him playing in the wet

3 "Why Wilbe your feet are perfectly dry"

4 Ma, Pa and Wilbe all use Dri-Foot now

GRIP EPIDEMIC IS SPREADING RAPIDLY

Dri-Foot Recommended as a Means of Prevention

The epidemic of grip is spreading all over the country. It began to assume serious proportions just before the Christmas holidays, and now many cities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are reporting alarming increases in the number of cases.

Doctors say that, as in most forms of illness, the best of all cures is prevention. They recommend plenty of fresh air and exercise. Sleep with the window open. Avoid crowded places. In rainy, slushy weather be careful to keep your feet dry. The safest and surest way to do this is to treat all your shoes with Dri-Foot, the shoe-waterproofing.

FOOTNOTES

When it pours, Dri-Foot scores.

Wet street, dry feet—that's the Dri-Foot story.

A pair of dry feet is a hard pair to beat—for comfort.

A sudden rain never catches Dri-Foot off its guard.

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You cannot choose your weather, but you can weatherproof your shoes.

The proverbial rainy day never finds a Dri-Foot user unprepared.

A Dri-Foot toast: "Here's to your good health and long life to your shoes."

'Twas an angry old woman who lived in that shoe
When it rained and the uppers began to leak through,
But ever since Dri-Foot has treated the leather
Both she and her children sleep snug in all weather.

CARLOADS OF DRI-FOOT

Big Shipments to Pacific Coast Continue

Another carload shipment of Dri-Foot is on the way to the Pacific Coast, where the demand for this waterproof shoe dressing is increasing at a phenomenal rate. This is the second carload shipment to leave within a month.

ALL SPALDING STORES NOW SELL DRI-FOOT

Big Sporting Goods Firm Tests and Approves It

A. G. Spalding & Brothers, the well-known sporting goods firm, after carefully testing Dri-Foot, have placed it on sale in all their branch stores throughout the country. This endorsement by the world's leading dealers in athletic goods is convincing evidence of the value of Dri-Foot.

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FITZ CHEMICAL CO., Phillipsburg, N. J.

DRI-FOOT
THE SHOE WATERPROOFING

(Concluded from Page 58)

"Just when you called 'Three and a quarter.' Before that he had fallen on his knees. He begged me to help him hold the wheel. He said you'd be lost if I didn't. He talked all the time about keeping her head up and up. I helped him. Your voice came back years apart. At the last he was on the floor, holding the bottom of the wheel. He told me to keep it steady, dead ahead. His voice grew so weak that I couldn't hear; and then all at once he slipped away. I—I held on—called to you. But against the wind ——"

He braced his knee against the wheel and, leaning out, found the jigger sheet and flattened the reefed sail; he turned to where the jib sheet led aft, and then swung the ketch about. The yacht rode smoothly, slipping forward over the long, even ground swell, and he turned with immeasurable emotion to the woman beside him.

The light from the cabin flooded out over her face, and he saw that, miraculously, the fear had gone. Her countenance was drawn with weariness and the hideous strain of the past minutes, but her gaze squarely met the night and sea. Her chin was lifted, its graceful line firm, and her mouth was in repose. She had, as he had recognized she alone must, conquered the legacy of Lichfield Stope; while he, John Woolfolk, and Halvard, had put Nicholas out of her life. She was free.

"If you could go below ——" he suggested. "In the morning, with this wind, we'll be at anchor under a fringe of palms, in water like a blue-silk counterpane."

"I think I could now, with you," she replied. She pressed her lips, salt and enthralling, against his face, and made her way into the cabin. He locked the wheel momentarily and, following, wrapped her in the blankets, on the new sheets prepared for her coming. Then, putting out the light, he shut the cabin door and returned to the wheel.

The body of Poul Halvard struck his feet and rested there. A good man, born by the sea, who had known its every expression; a faithful and simple heart, as such men occasionally had.

The diminished wind swept in a clear diapason through the pellucid sky; the resplendent sea reached vast and magnetic to its invisible horizon. A sudden distaste seized John Woolfolk for the dragging death ceremonials of land. Halvard had known the shore mostly as a turbulent and unclean strip that had finally brought about his end.

He leaned forward and found beyond any last doubt that the other was dead; a black, clotted surface adhered to the wound which his pride, his invincible determination, had driven him to deny.

In the space beneath the afterdeck Woolfolk found a spare folded anchor for the tender, a length of rope, and he slowly completed the preparations for his purpose. He lifted the body to the narrow deck outside the rail, and, in a long dip, the waves carried it smoothly and soundlessly away. John Woolfolk said:

"' . . . Commit his body to the deep, looking for the general resurrection . . . through . . . Christ.'"

Then, upright and motionless at the wheel, with the wan radiance of the binnacle lamp floating up over his hollow cheeks and set gaze, he held the ketch southward through the night.

(THE END)

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT EFFICIENT

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'm sorry," returned Frederick, "but that would throw me all out for the week. Every Sunday afternoon between four and six I balance my personal accounts."

"Can't you let that go for once?"

"And be that much behind? No"

Some word of this reached Mr. Holmes. He had a talk with Frederick.

"Can't you get a little more good will into that shop?" he asked. "The men aren't happy. Efficiency is a fine thing up to a point. But human beings are human beings and not propositions in mathematics."

"Perhaps," returned Tonner, reaching in his pocket for a small "tickler" book which he invariably carried; "but whatever they are, I have increased"—he consulted his figures—"the production, per unit of labor, fifteen and seven-eighths per cent."

"Excellent, but you could make fifty men treat life a good deal more worth while by very little additional effort."

"Yes," returned Frederick, "but by additional effort. Remember that!"

"Ah, Mr. Tonner," said the president, "your theory is wrong. Also it is not really efficient. Good, honest, downright American efficiency of the true sort is entirely human. There's nothing hard or cold or cruel about it. It's a wonderful thing. But this thing of yours isn't that type of efficiency."

"What is it then? With minimum effort it gets maximum results."

"Maximum results of a kind, but of only one kind and they're not our kind. The men under you realize the difference. Do you know what they call you?"

"No." Frederick braced himself. "What?"

"The Prussian," came the reply. There was a pause before Mr. Holmes added: "Be efficient—as efficient as you can—but be human."

"But results, Mr. Holmes—results," argued Tonner.

Time went on. More and more Frederick's life became cold and inflexible. He had a set hour between five and six o'clock on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons for talk with his son. But he had little to offer the child in the way of amusement, and the boy made it clear enough that the occasions meant nothing to him. Tonner changed the manner of spending his vacations. Instead of the quiet weeks with his mother, he traveled the country visiting shoe factories and studying the manufacture of shoes. The fireside evenings at his home were gone. His break with Jimmy Perceval, his enforced neglect of Merle Safford, his preoccupation, his wife's moodiness, all contributed. Now and again Edward came, but his calls were almost the only reminder of the earlier time. Twice every week they gave a dinner. The guests were recruited from the class of friends and acquaintances represented by Sidney Hemingway—the people whom Frederick thought he ought to know, whether he liked them or not. By contrast they were dreary gatherings.

If anything went wrong with the meal Frederick had a severe struggle with impatience. His own supreme efficiency made any inefficiency in others, even Nora, more than irritating. But his rigid self-control concealed his most unpleasant feelings, and he would beam upon his wife with exactly the proper degree of public affection.

"That man Holmes was right," once declared Edward; "you're a Prussian; a damned piece of machinery, not a man. Sometimes you appear to take on human attributes; but you don't really do so. You assume them only when they seem necessary to the smooth running of yourself as a machine. And what's more, you're less of a man and more of a machine every day of your life."

"So that's your verdict, is it?" inquired Frederick, but did not pursue the discussion because it was unrelated to his scheme of life. However, he permitted himself the reflection that, say what they like, he was "getting there."

This was increasingly true month by month. He had more than copper-riveted his job. Indeed at the end of two years as a department manager he towered above all other men of equal rank with himself in the Cardover Company. It was simply impossible for the directors and for Mr. Holmes to ignore the amazing production figures which Frederick was able to display; while he was still in his early thirties he was elected secretary of the corporation, and he was generally regarded as a protégé of the chairman of the Cardover board.

"Every time I go to that house I feel like a hypocrite," his wife once declared. "I detest Sidney Hemingway. Oh, for an evening with Merle! This pretending is frightful—it's disgraceful. Can't you let me drop out?"

"That would not look well, my dear, and anyway pretense is a legitimate tool, and

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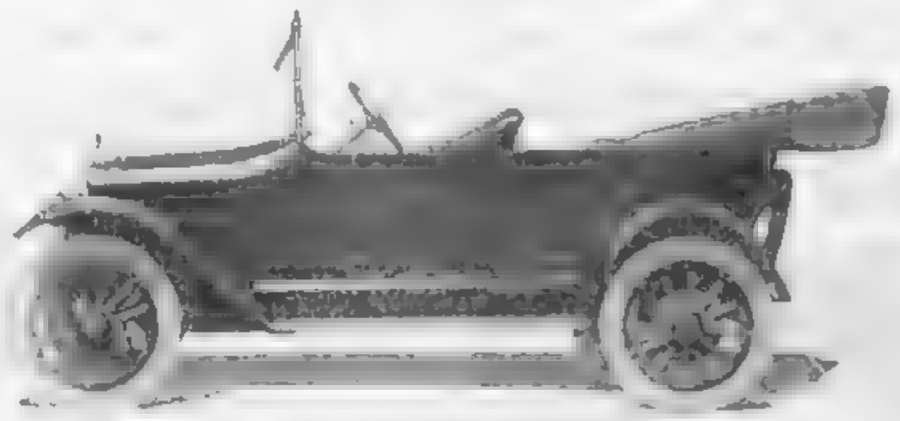

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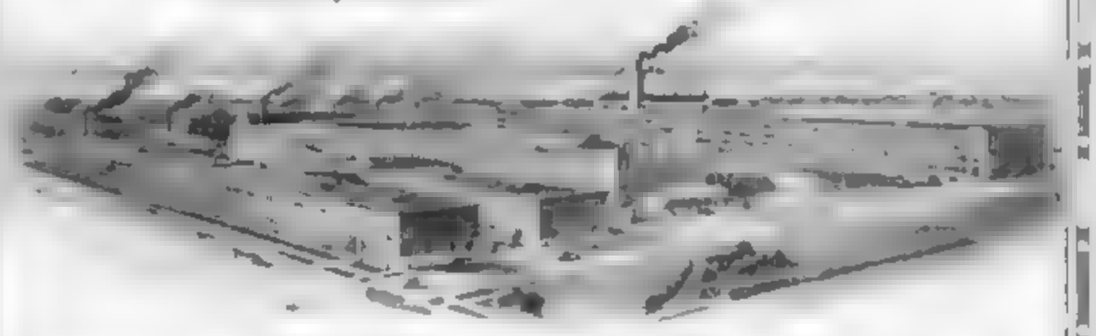

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the only disgrace in the world is failure. The Hemingways are extremely important to me. It's old man Hemingway who will eventually make me president of the Cardover Company."

When Frederick was thirty-four a great honor came to him. He was chosen a director of the Loan and Trust Company.

"We want some young blood in here," explained Philip Grant. "That deposit of yours has kept growing until it's now one of our best accounts. You're a coming man. That's why we want you on our board."

Tonner accepted election with his perfectly controlled smile, and settled back to study the next turn in his affairs. He was convinced that all that was now required to land him in the presidency of the Cardover Company was some spin of the wheel which would remove Harrison Holmes from his path. If his goal were to be attained within the time he had allotted, that spin must come within the next two years.

"It looks to me," observed Edward about this time, "that if you're going to see that program of yours through you have no choice but to plot some method of slaying your old friend and supporter, Mr. Holmes. He's your obstacle!"

"I'm considering that problem now."

"Without a flicker of compunction, too, I suppose?"

"Certainly. Why not? Every man is a battling unit."

"And you don't hesitate? You don't shrink from your task? You don't care if you do topple over one of the finest fellows in the world? Aren't you sorry?"

"No—I don't think so. At least I've never considered the matter from that angle. To me it's simply all in the day's work."

"I told you once that efficiency was more than method. I said that it cut to the heart of life. You had real pangs over Emma Carroll, you didn't enjoy the Jimmy Perceval affair. Now when it comes to Harrison Holmes you're not only indifferent, but you're going at it with almost a bloody delight. Where are those tears and sympathies you once told me of? Why, they're gone. You're a different man. Efficiency, as you've practiced it, has altered your very nature. Merely method? Nothing in life is merely method. Men make methods and then methods make men."

"Abstract philosophy of that sort does not interest me particularly," replied Frederick. "If methods do make men I'm quite satisfied with the product in my own case. In any event I'd infinitely rather be the kind of man I am than one of those poor, feeble-purposed, diffuse-thinking beings whom I see all round me. It's impossible not to have a certain contempt for them."

"Self-sufficient—contemptuous! Heavens, Frederick, I wish you would face about! Go after a little love, a little warmth, a little friendship. You need them badly. Nobody likes you—that's the brutal truth. Some people admire you; a great many more fear you; but who loves you? Scarcely a soul, and no one can live that way. You've got a big glittering success already, as far as material achievement goes. Try now to be a father, a husband, a friend. The presidency of the Cardover Company will come to you in time. Wait for it."

"Turn aside now? Weaken at the end? Absurd!" said Tonner.

Calmly and methodically Frederick set about his undertaking. He determined that there would be nothing concerning the life of Harrison Holmes which he would not learn, and following a suspicion gained as private secretary, he asked one day at a meeting of the trust company directors, with an air of casualness, to be allowed to glance through the loan book. He was rewarded. There was a heavy loan, maturing in four months' time, to Mr. Holmes. It had been authorized before Frederick became a director. At the conclusion of the meeting he appealed to the cashier.

"What did Mr. Holmes borrow that money for?" he asked, pretending the mildest interest. The cashier glanced up sharply, but Frederick was entitled to know.

"To carry a line of stock," the other replied.

"What stock?" Tonner seemed almost indifferent.

"P. and E."

"Chicago exchange, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And you look to his house uptown as a kind of security?"

"Yes, that and his salary."

"I see," said Frederick, and started to stroll away, a scheme of campaign already forming itself. He turned back and asked the cashier if he happened to have a copy of the by-laws of the trust company at hand.

This document confirmed two important facts which Frederick already knew—the proceedings of the directors were secret; a dissenting vote blocked a loan. It was too easy! And Frederick waited.

It must be said that during the next four months there did come to Tonner, in a fleeting way, some disturbing visions. He saw his old friend—the man who believed in self-respect, not push buttons—a rather colossal ruin, his big, burly form a prostrate mass and his genial, smiling features twisted with pain. It was, indeed, felling a good-natured giant. He half wished that Mr. Holmes—he always thought of him as Holmes now—held some other job and that a different man was in the Cardover presidency. Too bad—but it couldn't be helped! War was war and life was life, and Frederick Tonner was not to be denied.

The trust company directors met. "The business which we have before us to-day," began Philip Grant from the head of the table, "is purely routine in nature. Smythe & Wells desire $25,000. Charles H. Morrell desires $15,000 upon good collateral and"—he paused as he ran his eye down a sheet before him—"here are the Holmes and the Grenit Company loans for renewals. Of course they're all right. All these various applications stand approved by the executive staff. I do not believe, gentlemen, that there is any occasion to detain you longer to-day."

There was a scraping of chairs and one or two directors had got to their feet before Tonner spoke. "Mr. Grant," he said from his inconspicuous seat at one side. The glances of the room shifted toward him. Frederick paused for a moment before he continued in clear, steady tones: "When you asked me to join this board you told me you desired to bring in young blood. That meant, I take it, the new ideas which young blood may bring."

"Exactly, Mr. Tonner"; and the men who had got up resumed their seats.

"Very well; then in that case I should like to bring forward the suggestion that in authorizing loans running into a large total this board adopt methods somewhat more formal. For example, I really know little or nothing of the transactions which you have mentioned this morning, and yet I must share with each one of you responsibility for them."

"Quite true, quite true," Mr. Grant hurried to assent. One or two of the directors turned toward Tonner in an odd way. But Frederick cared nothing for the unspoken criticism; he had a single, set, definite purpose to attain. The president continued speaking. "Quite true. In accordance with our by-laws directors should vote individually upon all loans in excess of $5000. The Smythe & Wells loan ——"

The purpose for which that concern wanted money and the condition of its business were explained, and one by one the men round the table voted "Yes" to the application. Likewise, the Morrell proposition was approved. Some of the directors gave evidence of being bored. Then came the matter of renewing the note of Harrison Holmes. Four men with weary perfunctoriness voted "Yes" before the secretary called Tonner's name.

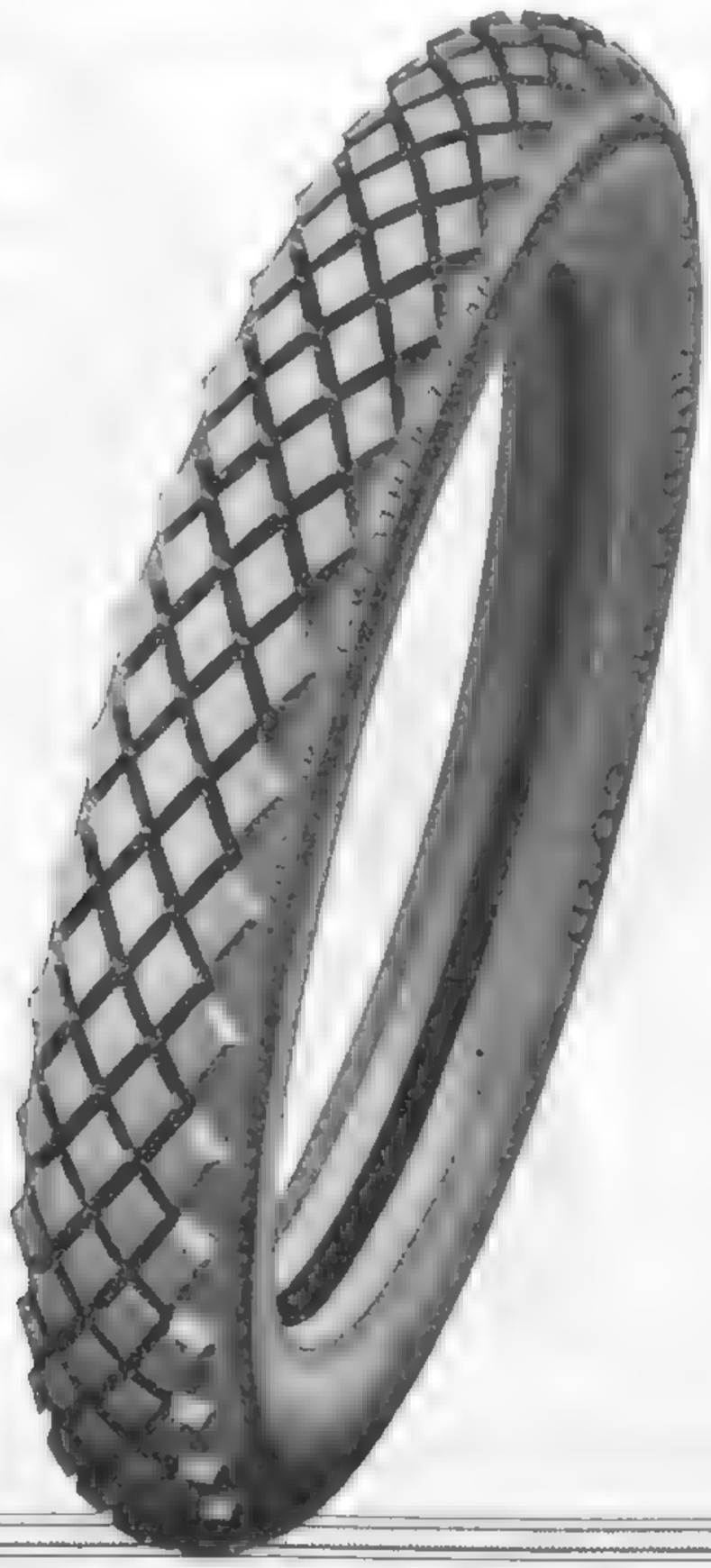
In that little second during which Tonner was pulling his thoughts together there came to him an illuminating flash. He felt that he was at a crossroad. Should he stick to his aim, swerve his career, slay his old friend? With a nervous cough he cleared his throat and spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, facing them unflinchingly, "painful as this task is, I feel that, having been elected to this board, it is my duty to present to you certain considerations in reference to this loan. I speak now as a director of this trust company and you must dissociate me from any other relation to Mr. Holmes."

A gasp went up from a dozen men in the room. Every eye was upon Tonner and there were two or three ugly smiles. He paused, but only for a second.

"I do not believe that the largest and most responsible financial institution of this city should lend itself to the encouragement of stock speculation." There was a tremendous silence and Frederick saw Mr. Grant's jaw collapse with amazement. "I do not believe," Frederick continued, "that we should aid and abet our first citizens in virtually mortgaging their homes

(Concluded on Page 65)



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It means that Goodyear Cord Tires as manufactured products have come unscathed through a fiery furnace of test and demonstration; that they have been proven pre-eminent by the experience of four exacting manufacturers.

Can we offer a higher endorsement for Goodyear Cord Tires than is implied in their adoption for these cars?

Goodyear Cord Tires are made in the Goodyear No Hook and Q D. Clincher types, with All Weather and Ribbed Treads, for Gas Cars and Electrics

Goodyear No Hook Tires are fortified against —

Blow-Outs—by our On Air Cure

Loose Treads—by our Rubber Rivets

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Rim Cutting—by our No Rim Cut feature

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AS ON
CORD
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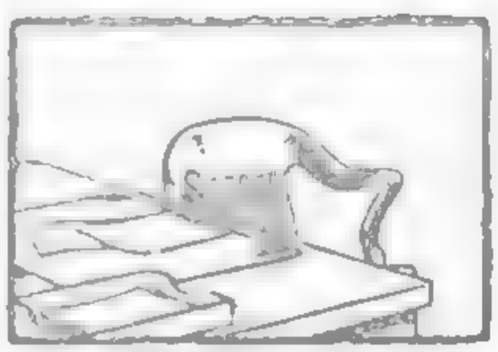

The pencil user goes to sharpen his pencil

The pen user interrupted by overturned inkwell

The pen user waiting for a new steel pen

The pencil user holding up dictation to sharpen pencil

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

NON-LEAKABLE

Because This is the Year of Efficiency and There is Just ONE Really Efficient Writing Instrument—Always Ready—Complete in Itself—With a Never-Deteriorating Writing Point—THE FOUNTAIN PEN

Get the fountain-pen habit—the habit of having always with you an ever-ready ink-writing instrument independent of everything but an occasional filling.

Get the companion habit of making notes—*in ink*. Carry a little notebook along with your fountain pen, jot down the bits of information that come your way and see how valuable these memoranda will become to you. Many successful men credit a large share of their success to this habit of "putting it down in black and white."

Use a fountain pen for your social correspondence, for signing your business letters, for writing your checks, for *all* the handwriting you do, and learn the satisfaction of always using the same smooth-writing pen, fitted to your own hand.

The self-filling fountain pen is filled in a few seconds. Once filled it writes on and on without interruption or attention. The solid gold pen points are tipped with hard iridium (the hardest metal known). With proper care they will give a lifetime of service. Thus it is possible to write at any time and anywhere during a period of many years, *always with the same pen point*.

The Conklin is the original self-filling fountain pen. Its self-filling device, the famous "Crescent-Filler," is far simpler and stronger than any of the self-filling devices that have followed it. It is devoid of any intricate mechanism, springs or hinges. A hundred years' use could have no appreciable effect on it. About a million and a half Conklins have been put in use during the past eighteen years—a test of time in service no other "self-filler" has had. All Conklins are non-leakable, no matter how carried.

Every Conklin is guaranteed to write and fill exactly as you think a pen should—it either does or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded.

Call on your local dealer, let him fit your hand with a Conklin having a point exactly matching your favorite steel pen and learn the joy of using a perfect writing instrument. Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, Department Stores, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up.

Write for booklet, with names of dealers in your town who will be glad to demonstrate the Conklin to you.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO. 293 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 62)

for gambling purposes. Furthermore, I am convinced that Mr. Holmes, in his speculations, is blundering disastrously."

Frederick calmly and deliberately drew from his pocket several carefully arranged papers. "Would you examine these, Mr. Grant?" he said, and passed the documents down the table. The president spread them and began to read.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Grant finally said, "these papers which Mr. Tonner has been good enough to submit are certain highly confidential reports on inside conditions in P. & E. They tend to support Mr. Tonner's contention regarding the nature of Mr. Holmes' speculations."

"I don't give a damn what they support!" suddenly burst out of one of the directors, a bushy-eyed, bald man of apoplectic color. His name was Richard Stone and he beat the table with his fist as he resumed: "I've known Harry Holmes since he was a boy. He never failed to pay a debt, he never broke a promise and he never did a dirty deed. He—never—did—a—dirty—deed, I repeat." He directed the last words at Frederick with towering rage, but Tonner, cool and detached, only smiled and nodded. "And," continued Mr. Stone, "if Harry Holmes wants four thousand, or forty thousand, or four hundred thousand from any bank I'm in, he can have it. And I'll tell you why! Because he's an honorable man—a man you can trust to the last ditch, and he ain't going to come here and borrow money if he don't know how he's going to pay it back. Why, Harry Holmes has the best banking security in the world. He's a real man."

Murmurs of assent went up all round the board.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" cautioned Mr. Grant. "We now have the facts and Mr. Tonner has expressed his views upon loans for stock speculation, even when made to such trusted and eminent persons as Mr. Holmes. We will now come to a vote."

"Mr. Gregory," called the clerk.

"Yes," came the reply.

"Mr. Ruggles."

"Yes."

"Mr. Jamison."

"Yes."

"Mr. Horn."

"Yes."

"Mr. Tonner."

The torpedo had not yet been dispatched.

"No."

What Frederick had foreseen would happen did come to pass. Mr. Holmes, a sudden demand made upon him without warning, had the utmost difficulty in raising the large sum of money he required. In securing it in such haste it was inevitable that he should severely injure his credit. Even the smallest cloud of that particular kind upon the name of the president of the Cardover Company was, as Tonner well knew it would be, intolerable to Mr. Hemingway. In due course, with the lapse of about a year and a half, Mr. Holmes, after the manner in such affairs, resigned to accept another job.

In the library of the Hemingway home, his arm over Sidney Hemingway's shoulder, Frederick was told of his promotion to the presidency of the Cardover Company. He was not quite thirty-seven years of age.

Tonner's story is not yet complete. Some jolts were in store for him.

The first was administered by the invaluable and trusted Miss McNish. This happened shortly before Tonner became president. "I'm efficient, too," she said one day, "and I'm going to quit."

"Why?"

"I have another job that pays me almost as well as this, and it's so much safer. You see, it's always possible that something may happen to me—injure a finger or an eye. Then where should I be if I stayed with you? Besides, I'll soon be getting on in years and maybe I won't keep all my speed and expertness. My results might go off as much as five per cent."

"But after ten years, Miss McNish?" interposed Tonner, amazed.

Miss McNish smiled a bright, hard smile and went out.

Another jar was a movement to drop him from the board of the Loan and Trust Company. But he piled Cardover deposits into the bank, and told the directors that if he failed of reëlection he would withdraw every cent. Thus he clubbed into line the dozen men who hated him.

"Efficiency brings power, and when you've power you've no need to care," he reflected.

His brother Edward forced upon him fresh consideration of the discharge of the two Carroll sisters. "I ran across a young fellow to-day," said Edward. "He was a clerk at maybe ten dollars a week in a hardware store. I got talking with him and he told me his story. I think it will interest you."

"Lots of room for efficiency in the hardware business," commented Frederick absently.

"Well, this young fellow's story was this: He had two sisters, older than himself, and their parents were dead. The girls worked and earned enough to keep him going while he was at high school. The three of them had a very neat plan worked out. The sisters would see the boy through a law course. Then when he got going they would both give up their jobs and he would support them. It was a good program, and all three of them cherished the idea."

"The Carrolls, eh?" cut in Frederick. "Well, if Emma had been efficient it might have been all right. But she wasn't, and of course she had to pay the price."

"Oh, it was more than merely Emma's paying the price. You see, you made her sister pay too. But even that wasn't all: When Emma lost her job the boy had to quit school and work until she got on her feet. Then there was another long break when Louise was fired. The setback in the boy's education and, most of all, the way in which the nerve of all three was broken by their experience spoiled their scheme. The brother abandoned high school, hopes of law, and all thought of a professional career. He resigned himself to working more with his hands than with his brain. He told me that having lost his chance for schooling he did not believe he'd ever get very far."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, except that a success like yours, attained as you've attained it, is so horribly unsocial. Instead of having two measurably happy women living comfortably at home, you've got two faded, unhappy women forced to keep up the struggle for a livelihood because their brother's earnings have remained small. Instead of a good type of young lawyer with hope in his soul and well-developed abilities, you've got a twopenny drudge of a clerk bitter with disappointment!"

"Is he very outspoken about me?" asked Frederick.

"I'm afraid so," answered Edward.

"Very well, I'll send them a check at Christmas."

The most severe body blow was from Nora. When their boy reached the age of fifteen it was decided that he should be sent East to school. A few days after this determination had been made Frederick's wife came to him and announced that she had resolved to accompany her son, and that during the years of his education she planned to make her home near him.

"You see, Fred, he's all that's tender and human that I've got. I must have something of that sort in my life. I'm frozen to death here. We live by your inexorable schedules. We see the people you think we ought to see, not the people we like. I've existed for years in dread lest I overstep the household allowance. You'd sneer me out of the room if I did. A piece of business machinery like you can't bring a woman happiness."

"But it's all over now. I'm through being a machine. I'm president of the Cardover Company. We'll abolish the schedules and the allowance plan. We'll have Merle Safford and all the rest of them back. I'll just radiate from now on."

"I wish I could think so, but I can't. Your capacity for some things has gone. You've played ducks and drakes with your soul. You locked it up, tight and fast, and kept it locked so long that it died of suffocation. I think it gave its expiring gasp when you discharged my brother Jimmy. Oh, that was cruel—cruel to think that my heartaches counted nothing in the feverish haste of your career."

"I'm sorry, Nora, very sorry, but think of what I am! I'm a great big success."

"Success?" sighed Nora. "No, you're not. You're only what you set out to be—president of the Cardover Company, and nothing more."

Nora departed. The boy went with her.

Frederick, mounting up to his fortieth year, lived alone upon a cold and lofty peak. He tried upon occasions to come down to the sunlit field where he had once been able to play. But he seemed to be frozen into his exalted seat.

Finally it was Frederick's fortieth birthday. Edward came to see him in the isolated grandeur of Tonner's now majestic home. There was a telegram from the boy at school upon the table. "Mother and I send you the greetings of the day," it read. Nothing else attested to the occasion. Edward sat down

"Well, Frederick," he began. "You're at one of the major milestones. Tell me what you think of efficiency."

The president of the Cardover Company laid aside a report on the leather industry and reflected before he replied.

"What do you think of it?" he parried by instinct.

"Oh, I think it's horrible. It narrows, it hardens, it's unfair to yourself, unfair to others. It squeezes all the juice out of life. It makes men supermen, but it steals the fun of living. Its triumph is a gloomy triumph and its glory a sham affair. There's no measure of the change efficiency made in you. It has dried up your soul!"

"Has it?" Frederick asked with a lift of the brows.

"Decidedly. I know it, your wife knows it, Merle Safford knows it."

There was a long and contemplative silence before Frederick spoke again. He did so with conscious effort and kept his face averted as he uttered his words. It was as if he were thinking aloud when he said:

"Of course you and my wife and Merle Safford are all wrong. You don't understand. Efficiency, as I once said, is the modern economic serum. Also, like a serum, it's a poison. With some men it works perfectly; with others all wrong. It poisoned me! I took it too hard—too big a dose."

"And you have been suffering from it ever since," contributed Edward.

"Exactly. It should be applied up to a certain point and no farther. But still I could not help myself. There are temperaments—and mine is one of them—in which merely to know of the doctrine of efficiency is enough. Once I got the idea of the thing in my head I couldn't leave it alone. It was like a drug. I was too ambitious. I had too much vision; I took a huge dose because I was bound I'd succeed. Moderation—that's the thing. Results may be ninety-nine per cent, but they're not one hundred. To get there is the important thing, but there's something else in the universe.

"A man ought not to have one absolute, supreme aim, particularly if that aim is material. I've paid high to be president of the Cardover Company—wife, love, friendship, warmth ——"

"And capacity for warmth."

"No," corrected Frederick. "Capacity to give off warmth."

"You don't mean to imply, Frederick, that there's any warmth in you?" This came with almost a jeer.

"What I mean is just this," concluded Tonner: "The self-checking, the perpetual downing of interfering instincts, the capitalizing of friendship, which should be spontaneous, the ceaseless watching of oneself, all make it impossible to burst forth suddenly as a jolly, back-slapping fellow. Efficiency of my kind dries up the channels through which warmth flows to others; kills the capacity to give it off, but—and remember this—it does not kill the warmth. That remains."

"What!" cried Edward, getting to his feet and now more earnest. "Don't tell me you harbor within you a desire for love, a desire for friends, a desire for the gentle, softer things of the world. You destroyed such desires long ago! You know you did!"

"If I only had!" said Frederick sadly. "But there is where efficiency played me its roughest trick."

"I don't follow you."

"It's simply this: Efficiency stripped me of the affection of wife and friends and child; it emasculated my powers of sharing love. But it didn't kill the desire for love—not for an instant. Here I sit upon my tall, lonely ice mountain. Torturing fires burn within me. Why didn't efficiency do a clean, neat job? Along with all else that it got in exchange for success, why could it not have demanded my desire? But it didn't!

"It left me ablaze with hot yearnings. They can never die. I can never put them out. That's where efficiency fails. That's why it's a perfidious god—why it's really an inefficient thing."

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A YOUNG department head with his plan enabled his company to eliminate certain costly parts of the business which the directors had not known were unprofitable. As a result the president appointed him his assistant.

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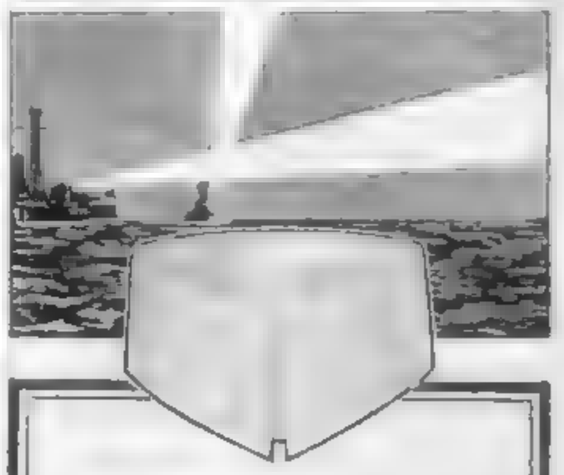

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SEATTLE, WASH.

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 20)

them lies, never even discusses his appointment, but confirms him immediately on the ground he is a purely personal attaché to the President. You would be far better off without a Cabinet on your hands to worry and hamper you, and so would any President, for it invariably happens that those Cabinet gentlemen get exaggerated ideas of their functions and importance. If you knew the inside White House history for years back you would know also that many a difficulty our Presidents have had came from the insertion by a Cabinet member of his ego into a situation where that ego was distinctly out of proper place. Don't worry about your Cabinet. We'll get a lot of politically acceptable and personally harmless statesmen for those places in due time. What we must discuss now is the policy of the Administration in the big things."

I had in mind a telegram I had received from Broad. It read:

Want to have a talk with you. Several melons waiting to be cut.

"The principal thing is to revise the tariff and put the country back on a protection basis," he said.

"That is the main thing."

"Well, you know my ideas about that."

"I do, and I know what we are pledged to do; but with your permission I want to set the Republicans in the House and Senate at work on a new tariff bill. Have you any instructions?"

"Any instructions?" he repeated rather blankly. "Oh, yes; I forgot that I am to be President and am expected to issue such instructions. None whatever, my dear senator, except to insist that the measure of protection in the new bill shall be sufficient to restore prosperity to our country, open our mills and factories, and give work to our great army of the unemployed."

"We'll do all that," I said; and thought, but did not say, "and considerably more."

We talked tariff for two hours, taking up its wide phases. He knew about the tariff. He had specialized on it. He was a sincere protectionist, and he demanded high protection, not incidental protection. I had never gone into the subject specifically with him before, and I was glad to learn that his views and mine coincided exactly and harmoniously. I could reassure Broad on that point.

"Now there is another matter," I said. "You understand, of course, that a large portion of the money used in electing you "

"How much money?" he asked.

"Oh, don't bother about that—enough, as it proved."

He looked at me gravely. He never asked that question again.

"A large portion of the money used in electing you came from a certain group of gentlemen in New York who have in mind the elaboration of a rather rudimentary, so far, principle of combination."

"You mean trusts?"

"I do—an expansion of the trust idea to its nth power. They conceive that the time is now ripe for a consolidation of various enterprises that have hitherto engaged competitively in the production of our most important products, and the distribution of them, for the purpose of lessening that competition and thus decreasing the cost of production, and for the control, in a beneficent and profitable manner, both to the operators and to the consumers, of the industrial situation in these lines. This will be an astonishing demonstration of the business genius of the American, of his capacity to do great things, to employ our vast resources scientifically and economically, and to place us in a commanding position in the market places of the world."

"Well?" he said, looking me squarely in the eyes.

It was now or never.

"Just this, Mr. President: I have made certain engagements with the projectors of these vast industrial enterprises that we must respect."

"What sort of engagements?"

"I have promised that there will be no interference from Washington in their plans."

He nodded.

"But, senator, if what you say is true, why should we interfere? What excuse could we have for interposition in projects that will mean so much to the well-being of the country?"

If I had been a Russian I would have kissed him on both cheeks for that. As I am not a Russian, but a rather unemotional American, I got up to go and shook him by the hand.

"I am glad," I said, "that you have so clear and comprehensive a view of the situation."

As I left he was standing by the table, drumming on it with the fingers of one hand and looking straight at a picture of Abraham Lincoln that hung on the wall.

XXI

WHEN you conduct a campaign of education in this eager land of ours somebody is bound to be educated—one way or the other. I was of the opinion that my curriculum related exclusively to the tariff, that the virtues and necessity of protection were what I had been teaching school about, and I was right partially. I had overlooked the fact that I had done considerable educating in the way of developing the inherent desire of the American public for office and emoluments. I had bought, with whatever equivalent was necessary, most of the services I had secured, and I considered those transactions closed. There is where I fell into abysmal error.

No transaction was closed. Most of the transactions were barely opened. The liberality I had displayed in getting what I wanted did not satisfy, it incited. I had spread the impression throughout the country that politics, as I played it, was a matter of barter, and there was no one, so far as I could see, who was not willing, even anxious, to continue on this basis. What I had fed them made them hungrier than they had been, instead of appeasing their appetites. If a man had an emolument, or the promise of one, he felt that the fact he had been valuable enough for recognition, even if he had received it, put him in line for further favors; and if a man had a promise he decided that his services were worth more than that promise projected.

The individual logic of it was in this wise: I was important enough to be bought. *Ergo*, I must be more important than I thought I was, and worthy of increased or further recompense. Everything is progressive in politics—except politics itself. Each man thinks a little entitles him to more and that more entitles him to much. I had rather crudely fancied that I had balanced my books when the campaign ended. How mistaken I was! I hadn't balanced anything. Instead of being a political merchant on a cash basis, I found I was a purchaser on the installment plan.

They fell on me in phalanxes. Nothing that I did or said stopped them or made them hesitate. They howled for jobs. They waylaid me, assaulted me, pleaded with me, cried to me, tried to bluff me, tried to bribe me; they used force, persuasion, tears, threats, bunko and blackmail. For weeks I was the center of an imploring, imperative, implacable mob of wild men, wildly demanding office, patronage for henchmen, perquisites for themselves. It was almost as bad at the home of Rogers, although he was defended, to some extent, and he referred almost everybody to me. I admired his poise and dignity in the matter. He was the principal and I was the broker. So far as patronage went he seemed as impersonal as a room in a hotel. But when I saw him alone it was different.

"Senator," he asked one night when I was at his house, "did nobody vote for me without exacting a promise of recognition?"

I laughed, but it was a forced laugh. There wasn't much mirth in it.

"A few," I answered; "but judging from the experiences I have been having—and you, too—there is an almost universal impression that even if there was no previous understanding, the act of voting in itself implies an obligation."

"But what shall we do?" He was distressed

"Do? Why, we'll do nothing. Let 'em howl. When the time comes I shall scrupulously redeem every promise I made. I know exactly where we stand. This onrush is nothing to worry about. It simply means that after a century or so of existence as a republic we have developed, to its highest power, the idea that the proper refuge of patriotism is the pay roll. If we had the courage of our knowledge we'd take down our legend *E Pluribus Unum* and substitute

(Continued on Page 69)

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- Lighting Equipment
- *Electrical Accessories
- *Underground Heating Systems
- Plumbing Specialties
- Floorings
- Waterproofing
- *Asbestos Lumber
- *Asbestos Clothing and Textiles
- Fire Extinguishers
- *Packings
- Acoustical Treatment
- Industrial, Commercial and Civic Lighting Service

For the Automobilist

- Speedometers
- Horns
- Clocks
- *Brake Lining
- Non-Blinding Headlight Lenses
- Shock Absorbers
- Spark Plugs
- Engine-Driven Tire Pumps
- Fire Extinguishers

*Materials into which Asbestos enters as an important part.

Mention the line or lines you are interested in, and we will send you complete literature covering same. Address your inquiries to the nearest J-M Branch

Akron, Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Galveston, Houghton, Houston, Indianapolis

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Nashville, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Tulsa, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Youngstown

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Important Announcement by the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NINETEEN FIFTEEN was a notable year in the history of the Postal Life Insurance Company, closing its first decade and opening a new ten-year period with every promise of still more vigorous growth and of even more decisive benefits and advantages to the insuring public.

Facts regarding the Company's advancement and standing appear in the following summary and statement by the President:

1. Fifteen millions of new insurance has been written through the by-mail method, the legality of which method was unanimously established by the United States Supreme Court, Justice Hughes delivering the opinion.

2. During the year just closed the Company's Surplus has increased $100,000.00.

3. Various parcels of realty taken over with the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society have been disposed of in accordance with New York State law, and at a profit.

4. The Company's new Home Office at Fifth Avenue and 43d St., New York City, is under construction and will be ready for occupancy May next.

5. The Company's lapse rate has been low and its mortality very light (42% of that expected by the American Experience Table) on its ten years of new business.

6. An entire absence of litigation with its own policyholders is another distinguishing chapter.

These favorable conditions enable the Company to announce out of its actual underwriting experience

10% reduction in premium rates with a continuance of the annual guaranteed dividend of 9½%

Besides these savings, policyholders receive the usual contingent dividends depending on the Company's earnings.

Old Business (reinsured policies)

The insurance history of the reinsured Provident Savings group, taken over by the Postal five years ago, discloses an experience most interesting both to underwriters and to the public. Barring policy-liens, the Postal acquired from the Provident Savings, aggregate assets of $6,340,112 at that time, and of course has received the current premiums since.

The Postal has paid out to Provident policyholders or beneficiaries, in cash, $7,661,267 and holds intact the full legal reserve, less liens, of $5,521,982 in legal investments to provide for the remaining policies. Though unrecruited by new risks for the five years (new risks go into the Postal group), the Provident group has continued solvent, that is, has met current demands *out of its own funds*; and in 1915 it shows a mortality within the American Experience Table.

Thus has the legal-reserve principle, joined with Postal economy, vindicated itself in a striking manner among a body of risks of advanced ages and without new blood—a test which is most cheering to life-insurance men generally.

New Business (direct-by-mail policies)

In the procurement of new business, "LET PUBLICITY DO THE WORK" is the slogan of the Postal Life.

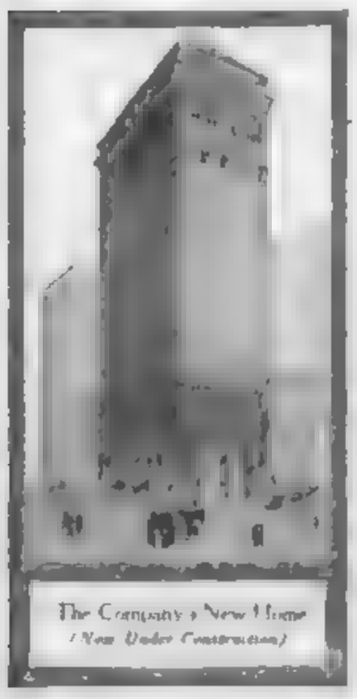
Its non-agency economies resulting therefrom have made most convincing demonstrations in the ten years. Its public announcements have appeared in periodicals, which have a nation-wide circulation.

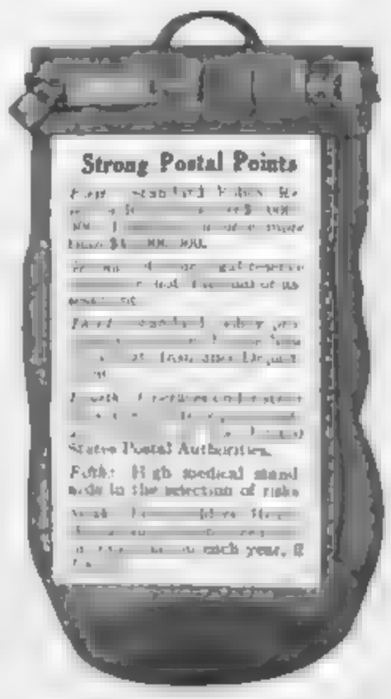
See what a piece of publicity "POSTAL LIFE SAVES YOU MONEY AND SAFEGUARDS YOUR HEALTH" carried in *The Saturday Evening Post* of March 2nd, 1912, its size 9½ by 4⅝ inches, has done in its outreach. 872 inquiries have been traced to it. They have come from every State in the Union, save one, Nevada; from throughout Canada; from Porto Rico; from Mexico; from Honolulu; from Brazil and Korea.

Over $200,000 of paid-for business has been placed on the Company's books through this one advertisement, providing the Company with a premium income of $7,000 a year. The traditional agent had no hand in assuring the negotiation of these contracts: this is true of all the POSTAL'S *new* business.

Over 150,000 people have written the Company; their letters are traceable to magazine announcements and are from the cities, from large towns, from villages and country districts, wherever the mail facilities reach. Some have come from distant foreign lands. Solely through correspondence initiated by the inquirer himself, but stimulated by advertising publicity, $15,000,000 of insurance has been placed—four policies being upon Americans living as far away as China, and 40% had taken no insurance before. More than half, namely 60%, who had previously taken insurance in other established companies, preferred the POSTAL and voluntarily took their additional insurance in it.

The story of the Postal Life Insurance Company has been one of easily understood practical economy. It has been carried in many advertising mediums for ten years. Less than $170,000, during this period, has been disbursed for publicity. That an insurance company in so short a period has extended its influence so far and can so economically keep it continually activating, is possible only through the established publicity mediums. A body of policyholders so widely distributed and thoroughly understanding their policies, because they purchase them direct, and voicing the good name of the Company, gains for it an increasing business asset of good will everywhere. It cannot be said that every town in the United States has a policyholder in the Postal Life, but every Congressional District has, and probably every county. Its policyholders reside, also, in Alaska, in Labrador, in Hawaii, in Manila, in every Province of Canada, and some few in the European countries, one in Australia. Verily *"its line has gone out through all the earth and its words to the end of the world."*





Find Out What *You* Can Save at *Your* Age

You should take advantage of the 10% reduction in premium rates and other Postal economies. Call at the Company's office or simply write and say: **"Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in *The Saturday Evening Post* of Feb. 19th."** In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name. **2. Your occupation.** **3. The exact date of your birth.**

You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligation and no agent will be sent to visit you. The commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct*.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM R MALONE PRESIDENT

THIRTY-FIVE NASSAU STREET NEW YORK

After May 1st, Fifth Ave. Cor. Forty-third Street.

(Continued from Page 66)

therefor the great, actuating principle of our system of government which is: 'What is there in it for us?'"

"It is deplorable'"

"It is, but it is the logical outcome of our politics and of all politics. Politics is based on two propositions, inducements and influence, and influential inducements are required to secure inducing influence. I don't mean the rank and file. You and I have to deal with the professional or semiprofessional politician. The rank and file, mainly, shift one way or the other as exterior circumstances dictate. The people do not think, they are impressed. If crops are good and work is plentiful the party in power gets the credit, not because the party in power had anything to do with the sunshine and rain that made crops good or with the conditions that made work plentiful, but because nobody goes deeper into the real causes than the lively sense of gratification that ensues. There is something in it for them, and they respond generously with their votes. Conversely, if conditions are bad the party in power is held responsible. We turn parties in and turn them out emotionally. We have become a volatile people and vote sensitively instead of sensibly."

"But the people were right this time."

"We think so because we won. The true badge of political merit is to attain control. I fancy our opponents do not think the people right, but egregiously wrong. The point of view in politics, as in everything else, determines the virtue of a cause."

He sighed.

"Well," he said, "we must do the best we can."

"That being the case, suppose we stop moralizing and begin manipulating. I want to talk about two places in the Cabinet."

"I thought you consider the Cabinet of no importance."

"It isn't, except in this regard—I want Holcombe appointed Secretary of the Treasury and MacGruder Attorney-General."

"Holcombe? Why, he is a politician, not a financier."

"Certainly, and that is the reason I want him appointed. There is plenty of financial talent in the minor places in the Treasury. There are bureau chiefs and heads of subordinate departments in there who know more about national finance than all the bankers in the country rolled into one. Also the Treasury is needed in our business, and the politics of it. Holcombe knows enough finance to distinguish between our friends and our enemies, to spot unerringly the interested interest when contrasted with the opposed organization. And MacGruder is a capable and astute lawyer whose astuteness is at our command."

"I had thought of Emerson for Attorney-General. He is a great lawyer."

"I know, but he isn't an amenable lawyer. We don't want a legal giant there, Mr. President; we want a legal lever. A leader at the bar is all well enough in his way, but we desire no leader. Our need is one who can be led. We are not looking for independents. We want dependents who are dependable."

"I'll consider the matter."

"Pardon me, Mr. President, but it requires no consideration. Those men must be appointed."

"Must?"

"Certainly; the whole fabric of our Administration depends on them. They are nonobjectionable. They have good records. They will not subject you to criticism. And we need them."

He walked about the room.

"All right," he said. "I'll appoint them. Now about the Secretary of State."

"Oh, that can wait."

"But the premier of my Administration is important."

"Premier? There is to be no premier to your Administration but yourself. What difference does it make who is Secretary of State, if he measures up to the entirely nebulous standard the public has put on the place? What is a Secretary of State but a mouthpiece for the President? What man in this country would you allow to dictate a foreign policy for you when you must take the responsibility? We'll find some one right geographically and right politically, who moves with proper dignity and circumspection to be classed as a diplomatist by the public, and who will do as he is told."

We had several conversations on these lines. It took me a long time to dispel some of the ideas the President had about that Cabinet of his. He wanted it strong. I wanted it innocuous. I won. The final determinations of the membership in that Cabinet, as in every Cabinet, were geographical and political, not mental. We picked men who represented areas, not achievements. It was a good, harmless, ultra-respectable Cabinet, and it paid off several of my political obligations.

The President was keen to have big men for ambassadors also.

"Wait a minute," I said to him. "I admit the desirability of representation abroad by important men, but where are you going to get them? The men you want cannot afford to go, and the men who want to go you cannot afford to send. Every time there is a proposition brought up in the Congress to increase the salaries of our ambassadors, and put them on a footing with the representatives of other powers, there is a wild clamor from our legislative guardians of the Treasury, who mostly come from small towns and who, giving their precious services to the country for a few thousand dollars a year, consider the ambassadorial salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year as wealth incalculable."

"Well, where shall I get my ambassadors?"

"I'll give you a list of names, Mr. President, of good men and true who will shine at the various courts, and they will each one have a most essential qualification."

"What will that be?"

"Why, every one of those the organization has in mind is rich or has a rich wife, and every one of them contributed heavily to your campaign fund."

"I suppose," he said, and there was a tinge of bitterness in his voice, "the organization will permit me to select my own secretary?"

"Certainly," I reply, "provided you select Talbot."

I had no intention of allowing an outside man to get into a confidential position with the President. There's no telling what might happen without a trusty man on guard just outside the President's office.

Broad sent for me. I had kept away from that colossus of collateral purposely. I knew he was not of the temper to hold off in his collections. Delay, when there was money in sight, did not appeal to Broad. Quick action and quicker returns was his motto.

The stock market had been booming. We sunk the idea of forthcoming prosperity so deep into the minds of the public that it took only slight manipulation of the Wall Street market to get them coming for investment in droves, with their money in their hands. They had gone into the secret places and had taken out their hoards, and they were flocking to the market, eager to lay their offerings on the altar of no-chance. The market manipulators had not been idle. They rigged and whipsawed and jockeyed and spread rumors and reports, and they had plenty of stocks on hand to sell the eager investors. They had been buying in securities at the bottom during the depressed period, and they were preparing to let them out at the top. They were happy. Nothing is so gladdening to a captain of high finance as a big bull market. When their abattoir is crowded with lambs they exude joy at every pore.

I had been thrifty. I had laid in a judicious selection of specialties and had taken some excellent profits. Nothing is so simple in this world as knowing when to buy stocks. The acute problem is to know when to sell them. I had no very wide skill of speculation, but I rounded up Uncle Lemuel Sterry and took his advice, and reimbursed myself for my personal expenditure in the campaign. By the time I had done my realizing I had a profit, in a financial way, on the investment I had made in the promotion of the prosperity then enjoyed by those who conducted the stock market.

Broad was almost genial. He asked me to sit down, which was an excess of cordiality for him.

"How-do, senator," he said. "How-do. Glad to see you. Wondered where you had been keeping yourself. Hope you got in on the boom."

"Conservatively," I replied. "Conservatively."

He barked a laugh, or laughed a bark, I never could tell which he was doing when he was giving way to mirth.

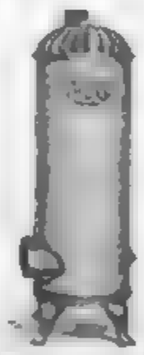
"Not much conservatism round here. Everything pretty wide open and free. All optimists now, even our professional pessimists, the bears. Speaking about bears—where did you pass your boyhood?"

Are you contributing to this load of junk?

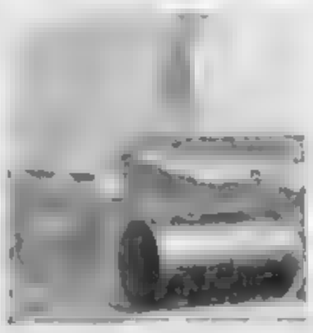
Most of it is here because of rust—the great destroyer of sheet metal products. And most of it is here unnecessarily, for you can have rust-resisting sheet metal.

The Grand Prize awarded Armco Iron at the Panama-Pacific Exposition indicated Rust-Resisting Property as one of the special characteristics of Armco (American Ingot) Iron. Welding Quality was another.

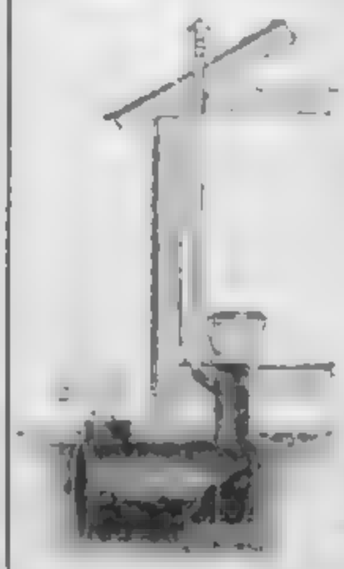
ARMCO IRON Resists Rust



galvanizing will outlast any other. Made by The Edwards Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.



The S. F. Bowser Co., Fort Wayne, Ind., uses Armco [illegible] in its well known underground gasoline storage [illegible]



Because of its welding qualities and cast iron like properties, the [illegible] Iron for the chemical tanks of [illegible]

This award is a victory also for the judgment of every manufacturer who, like those mentioned in this advertisement, has adopted Armco Iron for his product.

Armco Iron resists rust as no ordinary sheet metal can, because it is not only the purest iron made but the most nearly perfect in respect to evenness and all other qualities that form the basis of rust-resistance.

The use of pure and lasting Armco Iron is practicable in grave vaults and caskets. The Galion Metallic Vault Co., Galion, Ohio; The Champion Chemical Co. and the Springfield Metallic Casket Co., both of Springfield, Ohio, and the National Casket Co. of Long Island City, N. Y., all use Armco Iron in their products.

You can get many products made of Armco Iron. Armco Roofing is sold by most tinners and hardware stores.

If you have any trouble securing sheet metal products of rust-resisting Armco Iron write to us.

Write for Book, "Defeating Rust"

This book is for makers, sellers, users of sheet metal products. Send for it. Decide now to contribute no more to the junk pile. Get the book today.

The American Rolling Mill Company

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company

Box 754, Middletown, Ohio

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and San Francisco

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Box 754, Middletown, Ohio

Please send me "Defeating Rust" and tell me why Armco is best for

Name

Street

City State

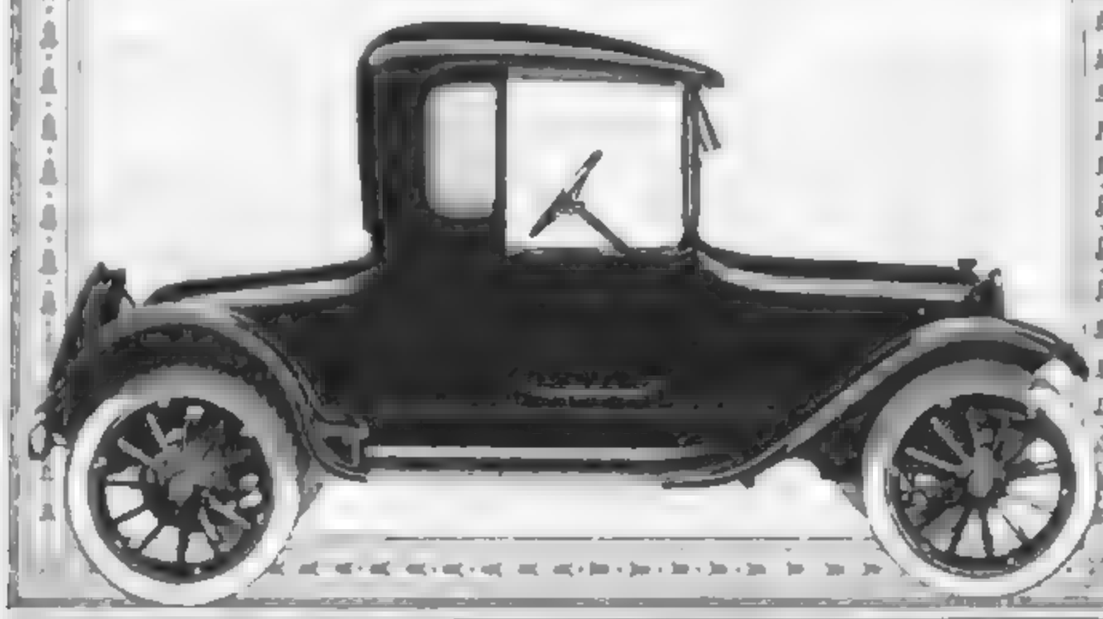
DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

As Spring approaches it is pleasant to remember that the side panels of the Winter Car can quickly be removed

It is not necessary to take down the Winter top during the uncertain Spring months. If a warm spell comes suddenly, free passage for fresh air is furnished by removing the panels

The tire mileage is unusually high
The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster, complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



He had settled back in his chair and had lighted one of his biggest cigars. Evidently he wanted to chat. I had not seen him in this mood many times.

"Out in the West."

"Any bears round there?"

"Not your kind, but plenty of black and brown ones."

"That's what I mean. Ever see one of those big ones operating on a honey tree?"

"Often."

"Interesting and instructive sight, wasn't it? The bees work all summer to fill the hollow in the tree with honey, and when it is so loaded with the sweet stuff that it is about cracking open Mister Bear arrives, climbs up, sticks his big paw down into the honey, and gathers for himself the delicious fruits of the labor of the industrious, highly productive, but nonorganized bees. Very interesting and instructive sight."

"Meaning what?" I asked, although I knew well enough what his parable was leading to.

"Meaning that the first rule of progress is the distribution of wealth. Now the bees hived up that honey. It was doing them no good. They hived it up because they didn't know what else to do with it. Only process of accumulation they had—make it and save it. Bees have only an elementary economic understanding. All they know—make it and save it. They represent the people. Along comes the bear with ideas of his own, one of which is that honey has no legitimate function hived up in a tree. It should be used for the sustenance of those who know how to get it, not those who know only how to keep it. He gets it. As I have said, very interesting and instructive sight."

"Yes," I replied, "it is—but often he gets stung while he is getting it."

"Pooh! What does that amount to?"

"Meaning, I opine, that you and your friends, representing the bear, are about to find the public honey tree, where the industrious little bees—the people—have hived their honey?"

"Exactly that. There's a whole forest of honey trees spreading before our enchanted vision, senator. We are all fixed to begin climbing. What I wanted to see you about was to confirm my understanding that no hunters with obnoxious legislative guns will happen by while the bear is up the tree."

"Well," I said, "continuing the figure of speech, if I may, the only thing I can see to deter the bear is a slight constitutional barrier that surrounds the forest for the time being."

Instantly he became the domineering, suspicious Broad.

"Constitution?" he exclaimed. "Constitution? You fellows are always lugging in the Constitution. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, except that that archaic and much-interpreted document is still operative. It won't be exactly safe for the bear to climb the trees until after March fourth next."

He relaxed.

"Oh, is that all? Why, of course not. You don't think we are so wild after the honey that we can't restrain ourselves until the hunters are amiably disposed, do you?"

"Judging from what I have seen round here, the bear is pretty wild."

"Not the real bear, senator, not the real bear; only the cubs. Old Father Bruin is too wise to be precipitant. He has his honey trees located. He has picked out the easiest ways to climb them and the surest ways to get at the honey; but he can wait—he can wait. Strain of fox in that bear, senator; strain of fox."

"That being the case, I can assure you that when the honey season opens, as it will early in the forthcoming March, there will be no hunters round who will disturb the pleasant process of extracting the honey from the trees. Of course ——"

"'Of course' what?"

"Some of the amiable hunters may want little dabs of honey now and then."

He made a comprehensive gesture with one of his big hands.

"Plenty for all who look the other way," he said. "Plenty. More than you think. And, senator ——"

He turned and bored into me with those cold eyes of his.

"Senator, you put it down on your calendar that the bear will begin to climb at one minute after twelve o'clock, noon, on March fourth next."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Do You Get For The Second Nickel?

You can buy at almost any cigar store for 10c a panatela as good as the one shown here.

The whole point is, would you rather pay 10c each at a store for your cigars or would you prefer to buy the Shivers' Panatela direct from our factory at $5 per 100?

Buying from our factory you save about half your money if you are inclined to smoke 10c cigars.

Of course you sacrifice the convenience of being able to buy your cigars one or two at a time—if that *is* a convenience.

But you gain one remarkable advantage—an advantage that goes with no cigar sold over the counter. It is the right to *know* you like our cigars before you buy them.

OUR OFFER is: Upon request we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

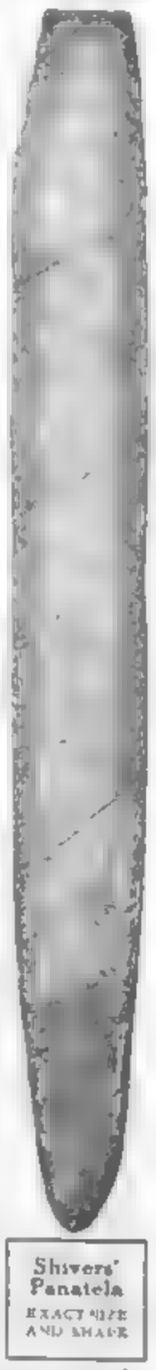
You will note that we take upon ourselves the entire burden and risk [illegible]

When you try these cigars, don't [illegible] yourself if they are worth 5[illegible] If if they are worth *10*[illegible] That is what we claim. That is the basis on which we solicit your order.

Selling direct to the smoker saves a great deal of expense. It enables us to offer a hand-made long Havana filler and Sumatra wrapper panatela to you at practically a wholesale price.

Our offer protects you absolutely. Take us up this time. You *can't* be sorry.

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Incorporated
21st and Market Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

$140 and $25

With the first amount as the initial deposit and the second as the regular monthly payment, you can buy on the Partial Payment Plan one share in each of five of the best railroad systems. Total cost about $535. Average yield about 5½ per cent. You receive the dividends while paying for the stocks

Send for List 95.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
Members New York Stock Exchange
MAIN OFFICE, 61 BROADWAY, N.Y.

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

ROSES of NEW CASTLE
—the most reliable and beautiful book on roses ever published. Superbly printed in natural colors. Contains [illegible]
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 210, New Castle, Ind.

SPRAYERS FOR EVERY NEED
Whether you have 1 tree or 10 thousand, you must spray, or eat wormy, scabby fruit. Directions free
FIELD FORCE PUMP CO. Dept. X, Elmira N.Y.

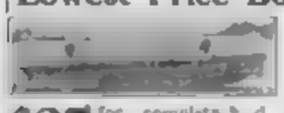
WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO. Dept. 13, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D.C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send [illegible] books and [illegible] RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D.C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D.C.

Maternity Gowns Skirts
Write for our FREE booklet of styles
MRS. GRACE MINOR Dept. 24, 83 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Lowest Price Boat in the World

$89 for 18-foot boat finished ready to run, with either inboard or outboard motor.
$25 for complete k. d. boat, oak frame—cypress planking. Free Catalog—100 Boats
Builder-Agents Wanted

BROOKS MFG. CO.
8303 Rust Ave. Saginaw, Mich.

WRITE Your Name on a Postal

Leaders for 35 Years
and get our 1916 Incubator Book FREE and postpaid. Shows why Prairie State Incubators "hatch most chicks that live."
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
[illegible] Main Street, Homer City, Pa.

LAW
Offers YOU Success
[illegible] Opportunities Open. Big firms now get lawyers on their regular payrolls at large [illegible] Big Men Needed [illegible] subjects required for bar exam [illegible] Write for remarkable offer and book on law [illegible]
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 271 FA, Chicago, Ill.

1916 Model
Rider AGENTS Wanted
[illegible] "RANGER" [illegible]
DELIVERED FREE [illegible] 30 days trial. [illegible]
84 STYLES [illegible] $11 [illegible]
[illegible] $1 [illegible]
[illegible] Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries and all [illegible] Do not buy [illegible] Write Now
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-55, CHICAGO

Your College or Conservatory Expenses next Fall will be paid by us in return for some of your spare time given to us during this summer's vacation. Write now and find out about it.
EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

The Sun never sets on the *Stewart* Speedometer

All over the world, wherever you find automobiles there you will find the Magnetic Type Stewart Speedometer the choice of practically every car owner.

In every clime and every country the Magnetic Type Stewart Speedometer is so emphatically first in the choice of all motorists who insist on getting the best in everything, that there is practically no second. To all corners of the globe have gone forth cars bearing upon their dash the Magnetic Type Stewart Speedometer. Made only by the Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n. No other automobile accessory even approaches it in world-wide prestige. It girdles the world.

It has been the standard of motorists for years. They are proud to have it on their cars by reason of its wonderful performance, its wonderful accuracy, and the wonderful dependency that can be placed upon it.

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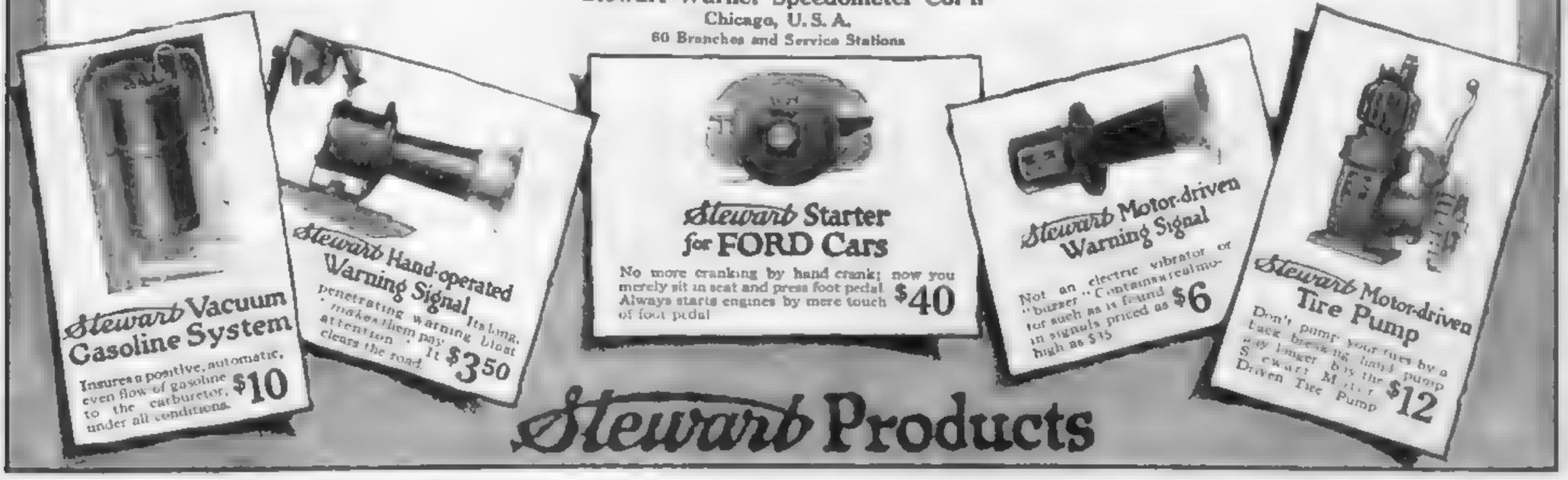
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THE MAN HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 8)

he was thoroughly searched. It must be borne in mind that the bankers furnishing the gold for this experiment were not taking any chance of loss. The laboratory was practically a vault from which nothing could be removed. There was no drain or waste pipe, no entrance except one door, and before going in or out of this door the chemist was carefully searched.

For two or three months the man went to work in his laboratory. No detail of this surveillance was relaxed. Every time he went in or out he was searched. And at all times, as though one guarded the vault of the Bank of England, a rigid supervision was constantly maintained. For several months the man worked in the laboratory; then finally one day he failed to appear. Several days passed. Inquiries were set on foot; but no trace of the man could be discovered.

He had vanished out of London!

The bankers caused the door of the laboratory to be forced. They found bottles of various chemicals apparently undisturbed; but the twenty thousand gold sovereigns had disappeared. There was not a single gold piece in the laboratory. The whole bulk of several hundred pounds of gold coin had vanished. The discovery was amazing. It was incredible that this man could spirit away such a weight and bulk of metal. The guard could not have been passed, and the man had himself insisted that he should be searched every time he came out of the laboratory.

No detail of this search had ever been relaxed.

The guards knew that no coin had ever been carried out in the man's clothes or on his body. They also knew that no other person had ever entered the laboratory, and that there was no means by which even a spoonful of liquid could have escaped from this room, which was practically a steel-lined vault. The thing was simply an insoluble mystery. Two facts alone remained—the chemist and the twenty thousand gold sovereigns were gone. The most acute police agents in Europe were called in. But they could offer no explanation of the mystery; nor was any one of them able to locate the vanished synthetic chemist.

The thing would have remained forever a mystery had not this obliging adventurer written a note to the bankers, expressing his thanks for the sovereigns which they had put at his disposal, and explaining that he had slowly carried them out of the laboratory packed in the hollow shaft of his gold-headed walking stick!

Accustomed to the common crooks and types of criminals of a low order, we are not apt to realize how much a criminal agent of the first class, an educated, accomplished man of the world, is able to effect. A further incident is cited by the same authority:

Disappearing Expense Money

When Count Schouvaloff, chief of the Political Police of Petrograd, was crossing one day to England, he fell by accident into conversation with an accomplished gentleman. A Channel boat is a cosmopolitan affair; one talks with his neighbor. The stranger had every aspect of a person of an elevated class; his address and manner were charming. As soon as he discovered the identity of Count Schouvaloff he explained that he had just been to Spain on a mission of the department of the secret service of his country which was concerned with the treasury, and that he had got on the track there of an organization of forgers who were then flooding Russia with counterfeit ruble notes manufactured somewhere outside of the empire and smuggled in.

The count asked him to call upon him at the Russian Embassy in London.

The stranger appeared at the hour of the appointment. He gave convincing evidences of his connection with the secret service of his own country, but requested that his visit to the embassy be not made known to his government. His government was not concerned about Russian affairs and it might be difficult for him to explain why he had volunteered this information to the Russian authorities. He gave precise details about the organization of the forgers and their methods, and indicated that one of the group could be approached if a sufficient bribe were offered. He then rose, saying that it was a great pleasure to give Count Schouvaloff this information, which might lead to a discovery of the counterfeiters. He pointed out where the corruptible member of the criminal group could be found and how he might be approached. But he urged extreme care and the necessity for delicate negotiations.

The count inquired if the visitor would be willing to undertake this negotiation. The man hesitated. He was reluctant to undertake the thing. It would require a good deal of time and a long journey to Spain. It would involve considerable expense, more perhaps than the count imagined, and it would take him away from the duties to his own government.

It was of vital importance to the Russian Government to get rid of these importations of counterfeit notes. Count Schouvaloff was on the trail of the thing and he was not to be turned aside. He finally overcame the objections of his visitor, and the man left the Russian Embassy in London with a check for one thousand pounds.

The power of such a personality to impress one is strikingly illustrated in this instance. So long as this extraordinary person was before Count Schouvaloff he was able to make him believe implicitly in the truth of his statements; but the moment his dominating personality was removed the natural wary instinct of the chief of the "Third Section" at Petrograd asserted itself. Within thirty minutes after the visitor had left the embassy the bank in London was directed to stop payment on the check. But the accomplished visitor was expeditious as well as convincing. He had the money on the check before the message from the Russian Embassy arrived, and he vanished with it. Neither Scotland Yard nor any agency of the imperial Russian police has ever found a trace of him!

The Escape of Prince Krapotkin

The detective department of the imperial Russian police seems to confine itself to a single method. The dragnet system is everywhere relied on. It, therefore, happens that ingenious devices and masterpieces of finesse and strategy are in Russia the work of those who are endeavoring to outwit and evade the cordon of police agents that everywhere make up the great imperial net.

Some of these plans are beyond belief elaborate and ingenious. The escape of Prince Krapotkin from the hospital of the military prison in Petrograd demonstrates how a series of coincidences may be made to dovetail after the manner of the process by which an elaborate combination lock can be made to open by a mechanical adjustment at a dozen points. The plan of this escape in its elaborate structure would be rejected as fiction if it did not rest upon the authority of Kennan.

Prince Krapotkin was a member of one of the secret circles in Russia. He was arrested and confined in the military fortress of Petropavlovsk. His health broke down and he was transferred to the prison connected with the Nikolaievsk Military Hospital. The secret circle to which he belonged determined to release him. There was a vacant house near the prison. This was leased by members of the circle. The prisoner, for his health, was permitted to exercise in the yard of the prison between the hours of four and five o'clock in the afternoon. There was a guard at the door to observe him while he took this walk. There was a sentinel in the street opposite the prison, and there was a second sentinel in a cross street.

The master intriguer who had charge of this affair waited until the prison authorities began to put in their supply of wood. This meant that the gate of the prison inclosure would be open while the carts entered and discharged their load. For a long time before this day an elegant carriage had been accustomed to enter the street before the prison and wait there while a lady and gentleman visited the hospital. This visit was repeated so constantly and for so great a length of time that everybody became accustomed to the carriage in the street.

On the evening selected for the escape of the prince this carriage stood by the curb near the gate through which the woodcarts entered. At four o'clock a young man approached the guard at the cross street and persuaded him to show him a room which this guard was offering for rent in his house,

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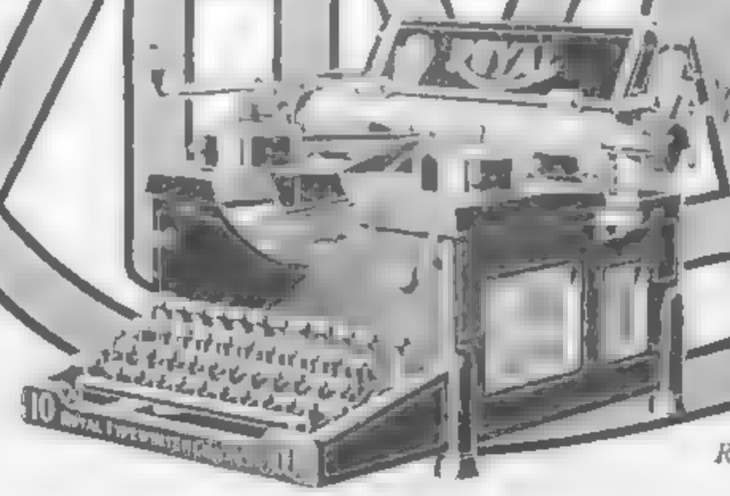

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At the same time a drunken peasant approached the sentry in his box before the prison, engaged him in conversation, and told him that he had just purchased a marvelous device that would make an insect look as big as a dog. The sentry was incredulous, whereupon the drunken peasant produced a cheap microscope. The sentry put his gun down inside the box and helped the peasant look for an insect.

These arrangements meant that the guard in the cross street was now absent, the sentinel in the box disarmed, the carriage ready and the gate open.

These facts were signaled to the vacant house by a peasant who sat down on the curb opposite the prison with a hat full of cherries. The direction in which he threw the cherry stones indicated to the conspirators that everything had turned out as they had planned it. The prince, taking his walk in the prison yard at this hour, was notified by the music of a violin played in the vacant house opposite the prison. This was the signal. He ran through the gate, entered the carriage and escaped. The whole city was dragged for him, and he eluded the net only by the daring device of boldly dining in a private room of the most fashionable restaurant in Petrograd.

Here were a series of events made to appear in their natural order as in life and to dovetail into a complicated system of precautions. That such an elaborate plan could be made to work smoothly and with a unity of design indicated an intelligence of the very highest order. Everything connected with this escape was artificially built up, except the one coincidence of the gates being opened to allow the woodcarts to enter. Taking advantage of this one coincidence, the ability of the members of the secret circle to which Krapotkin belonged devised a method to meet and overcome every precaution of the Petrograd police, and to do this by a natural and unsuspicious series of events. Everything seemed to occur as in the ordinary affairs of life.

It is the first right of a government, recognized by all men, to protect itself. It cannot permit itself to be destroyed by a small group of persons, no matter how intelligent. The most democratic government rests upon the wishes of the majority of the people. The government of Russia is willed by the Russian people. It is the form of government which they elect to maintain, and it must protect itself against these secret organizations that undertake to attack it by violence. It is, therefore, charged with measures that seem harsh and autocratic to governments not menaced by groups of secret enemies composed of persons of the greatest learning and ingenuity.

Anton Chekhoff's Story

We are not encouraged to believe that the Russian police inspector is the equal of the trained French official or even the Scotland Yard constable, if Anton Chekhoff's story of the deductive method in Russia is illustrative.

One morning a young man hurried into the office of an inspector of police and reported that his master, an officer of the guard who had been separated from his wife and lived alone, had been murdered. He was greatly excited. The inspector went with him at once to the scene of the tragedy.

When he arrived at the house he found the door to the officer's bedroom locked, the key on the inside. It appeared that no one had entered the bedroom. The servants, unable to awake their master, had concluded that he was dead. The inspector found the door uninjured. He had it forced open. The bed had been tossed about, the pillows on the floor. On a table near the bed was the officer's watch and some silver coins. There was no furniture in the room except a table and chair. Under the bed were a number of bottles. The officer and his clothing were gone except for a single boot that lay on the floor. The inspector examined the room carefully. The only thing he found was a partly burned safety match. It was known that the officer did not smoke and that he used only sulphur matches for his candles. There were the marks of teeth on the pillowcase and the room had the aspect of a struggle. He examined the garden below the window. The grass and some bushes had been trampled. He found a piece of cotton on some twigs and some fine threads of dark-blue wool. At some distance from the window, in the garden under a bush, he found the second top boot.

The inspector, bearing in mind other cases in which men had been murdered and their bodies removed, came to the conclusion, from the evidences, that the man had been strangled and his body taken out through the window.

The fact that the watch and money were undisturbed showed that the purpose of the crime was not robbery. The safety match indicated that some person above the ordinary was connected with the affair, since peasants or common servants would have only sulphur matches. The fact that one boot remained in the room made the inspector believe that the guardsman had been killed while he was undressing. The finding of the other boot in the garden indicated that this one had been partly removed and had fallen off while the body was being carried away.

The inspector in his report reconstructed the crime: On the evening in question the guardsman, who had been on a prolonged debauch, went to his room drunk. As he sat on his bed, taking off one of his boots, he had been attacked and smothered with the pillow. During the struggle the candle was knocked over, and afterwards one of the assassins relighted it, striking a safety match, which had been found on the floor.

Domestic Discipline

When the man was dead his body had been taken out through the window and carried across the garden. As it passed the lilac bush the remaining boot, partly removed by the man before he was attacked, dropped off.

The inspector, having arrived at this deduction, determined to locate the safety match, which seemed to be the distinguishing clew. He went to all the shops in every direction; but not one of them carried in its stock such a thing as a box of safety matches. Finally, at some distance from the scene of the tragedy, he found a shopkeeper who had a single pack of such matches. It was a broken pack, with one box missing. The shopkeeper remembered precisely who had purchased this missing box. It was the wife of the guardsman, a big, masculine woman of unusual physical strength. She lived near the apartment in which the guardsman had been murdered. It was now night, but the inspector went at once to the woman, charged her with the murder of her husband and demanded to know what she had done with his body. She seemed in terror.

"I know all about it," he said. "Take me at once to the place where you have concealed your husband!"

She got a key from a nail on the wall and went out into the courtyard. The inspector followed. They finally reached a little house at the end of the garden. The woman unlocked the door and they entered. By the light of a candle the inspector saw the long body of a man lying motionless on a bed in the corner of the room. He approached to examine the murdered body.

But here his deductions went to pieces. The supposed dead man sat up, and the explanation of all the tragic incidents appeared. The guardsman was going to bed every night drunk. His wife heard of it, and went across the garden to his window to remonstrate with him. He put the window up and, seeing who it was, threw his boot at her. She was a resolute woman of masculine efficiency. She climbed in through the window, thrashed the drunken guardsman soundly, dragged him across the garden and locked him up in the bathhouse, where she determined to keep him until he should be sober enough to go about his affairs.

He had been thus a prisoner for one day, while with swift deductions the inspector had worked out his complicated murder.

Author's Note—See: Siberia and the Exile System: A Russian Comedy of Errors, Kennan; The Lighter Side of My Official Life, Anderson.

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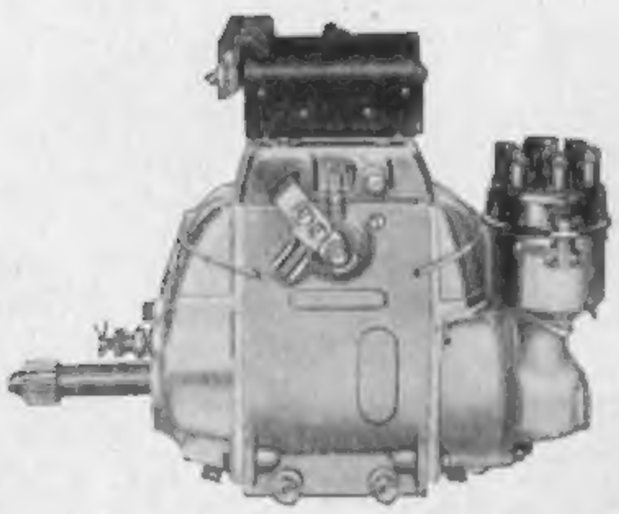

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